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MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

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THE PIONEER MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS

Catholic Foreign Missionary Society of America

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

— CHINA —

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VOLUME ONE

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS AND DIARIES OF THE PIONEER MISSIONERS OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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DEDICATION

THIS VOLUME IS
DEDICATED TO THOSE
AMERICAN CATHOLICS,
PRIESTS AND LAITY,
WHO, SINCE THE
FOUNDATION OF THE
CATHOLIC FOREIGN
MISSION SOCIETY
OF AMERICA,
HAVE OPENED FOR IT
HEARTS IN SYMPATHY,
PURSES IN SUSTENANCE,
AND LIPS IN PRAYER.

Nihil Obstat:

ARTHUR J. SCANLAN, S. T. D.

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Imprimatur:

✠ PATRICK J. HAYES, D. D.

Archbishop of New York

NEW YORK, August 2, 1923.

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PREFACE

The story told in the following pages is of unusual interest to me, since it has been my privilege, as Apostolic Delegate to Japan, to come into close contact with Catholic mission life in the Far East. With many, too, in Europe, as well as on the mission field itself, I have watched with ever increasing satisfaction the development in this country of the mission spirit, which is so signally exemplified by the work of the American Foreign Missions of Maryknoll.

Letters from the Maryknoll Missions have given to the bishops and priests of the United States, as well as to its laity, a picture of mission life which should redound to a marked increase of interest and zeal in this holy work. I believe that the printed record of these letters will do incalculable good, not only for the cause of missions, in which our Holy Father and all Catholics worthy of the name are interested, but also because mission activities notably react in blessings to the home land.

I heartily welcome the appearance of this book and wish it Godspeed.

+ P. Fumasoni – Biondi

Archb. of Diocles

Apostolic Delegate.

Washington, D. C.,
July 17, 1923.

CONTENTS

PAGE

Preface ix
Introduction xv

PART I

FROM NEW YORK TO YEUNGKONG

CHAPTER

1. The First Departure 3
2. Through Japan and Korea 10
3. On China's Soil 32
4. Maryknoll-in-Yeungkong—Christmastide 57

PART II

PIONEERING IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSION

1. Getting Acquainted 81
2. Seed Sprouting 99
3. The "Parish" of Tungchen 116
4. The Wilds of Loting 133
5. Yeungkong News 149
6. "Beati Mortui" 165

PART III

VETERANS AND NEW RECRUITS

1. Welcome Reinforcements 175
2. Maryknoll-in-Kochow 183

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
3.	The Shepherds of Tungchen	211
4.	Yeungkong Developments	237

PART IV

THE THIRD YEAR

1.	A New Group	265
2.	Wuchow, a New-Old Mission	274
3.	Loting and Tungchen	298
4.	Kochow in Peace and War	316
5.	The Mother-Mission	338

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE PIONEER MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS ..... *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

MARYKNOLL PRO-SEMINARY AND CHAPEL 6

HALLOWED GROUND IN JAPAN 20

AT THE CATHOLIC MISSION OF SEOUL 30

WHERE THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS HAS BEEN THE SEED OF CHRISTIANS 40

A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER'S FIRST BAPTISMS 50

ON THE WAY TO YEUNGKONG 60

MARYKNOLL-IN-YEUNGKONG, CHRISTMAS, 1918 70

SPIRITUAL FATHERS OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSION IN CHINA . 81

IN THE YEUNGKONG COUNTRYSIDE 94

THE YEUNGKONG FIELD FOR SOULS 108

TUNGCHEN IN THE MOUNTAINS 120

THE WOMEN OF CHINA 130

THE PASTOR AND CATECHUMENS OF LOTING CITY, 1919 138

THE APPROACH TO LOTING CITY 148

REVEREND THOMAS F. PRICE, A. F. M. 166

THE SECOND GROUP OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS 175

TO MARYKNOLL-IN-KOCHOW 186

WOMAN'S WORK IN COUNTRY DISTRICTS 198

HARVEST DAYS IN THE MISSION-FIELD 210

THROUGH THE TUNGCHEN MISSIONER'S CAMERA 226

BY WATER AND LAND IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSION 240

VISITATION SCENES IN THE YEUNGKONG SECTOR 252

THE THIRD GROUP OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS 265

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
Catholic Chinese Notables of Shanghai	272
At Wuchow on the West River	282
Children of China	294
The Maryknoll Mission at Tungchen, 1921	304
Loting, its Pastor, and Some of His Charges	314
After Kochow's Grand Annual Athletic Meet	328
Hopeful Signs in the Yeungkong Section	344
Maryknoll Missions in China, 1921 (Map)	358

INTRODUCTION

In the fall of 1917, the Very Reverend James A. Walsh, Superior of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, an organization known more commonly by the name of *Maryknoll,* went to Asia to find a field for the missioners of his young Society. Father Walsh crossed the Pacific from San Francisco, landing in November in Yokohama, from which point he made an extended tour, visiting the heads of Catholic missions in Japan, Korea, Manchuria, China proper, the Philippines, and Indo-China. It was his desire to continue eastward to Rome, but war conditions were unfavorable and he returned to America in April, 1918.

Shortly afterwards, Father Walsh published an account of his experiences, which appeared in book form under the title of *Observations in the Orient.* This book, beautiful and generously illustrated, has already run into three editions and has made thousands of friends for the mission cause. It is the first book of its kind in the English language.

In September, 1918, following Father Walsh's return, the first group of Maryknoll missioners set out for the new mission in the Province of Kwangtung, South China. They were:

Reverend Thomas Frederick Price (Superior)
Reverend James Edward Walsh
Reverend Bernard Francis Meyer
Reverend Francis Xavier Ford

Father Price, co-founder of Maryknoll, was well along in years; too old, in fact, to meet and overcome the difficulties of languages and customs incidental to apostolic life among strange peoples. Yet physical hardships had been Father Price's lot throughout his long priestly life in North Carolina, and his zeal, born of an intense faith, impelled him to offer himself for this first mission. Father James E. Walsh,

of Cumberland, Maryland, was a graduate of Mount Saint Mary's College, Emmitsburg, from which excellent institution his father and grandfather had both received their degrees. Father Walsh was one of the six pioneer students at Maryknoll. Father Bernard F. Meyer, from Stuart, Iowa, after finishing his arts course at Saint Anselm's College, Davenport, Iowa, went to Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, as a subject of the Des Moines diocese. The present revered Archbishop of Saint Paul was then Bishop of Des Moines and graciously allowed a change to Maryknoll, although Des Moines needed priests urgently. Father Francis X. Ford, the son of A. Brendan Ford and Elizabeth Ford, both well known among Catholic editors, was a native of Brooklyn and a graduate of the Cathedral College, New York City. He, too, was one of the first six Maryknoll students. These four were the pioneer missioners of Maryknoll, and at this writing three are toiling in China, while one—Father Price—has fallen under the burden and the heat of the day. Father Price's body lies in Happy Valley Cemetery, Hongkong, an inspiration to those with whom he labored in exile.

Each succeeding year has witnessed the departure of other Maryknoll groups. The autumn of 1921 marked the close of a period in the history of the American Foreign Missions. That period, the real pioneer days of Maryknoll missioners, is recorded in the following pages. Some of these extracts are "official chronicle"; others, occasional messages from one or other of the missioners. Together they form a continuation of *Observations in the Orient*, and will in turn be succeeded by the relation of further Maryknoll activities in Eastern Asia. With brave gaiety the exiles have "sung the song of the Lord in a strange land". Their joy is good to read of—but there is a deeper spiritual significance in the passages that tell of the dying of the seed. In their words is the spirit of Young America, ennobled by its union with the spirit of the worldwide Church. We feel that this blending gives a very special value to these records of our American missioners in China.

PART I

FROM NEW YORK TO YEUNGKONG

MARYKNOLL MISSION LETTERS

Chapter 1

THE FIRST DEPARTURE

A Last Glimpse of The Venard

ON September 6, 1918, we left Maryknoll on the eight-twenty train, arriving in Scranton about two. Father Byrne, Director of The Venard,* and friends took us out to the College. After a last look at the familiar surroundings, now dearer than ever, we hurried back to Scranton to the Cathedral, to assist at the services of Holy Hour.

Bishop Hoban spoke. He told the congregation of his early interest in Maryknoll, of how near Maryknoll itself had come to being located in the diocese of Scranton, of what pride the people of Scranton take in the Maryknoll that is there (The Venard), and of how evident the hand of God is in the establishment of Maryknoll's work at this time when the missions are in such sore need.

At the Bishop's request, Father Price also addressed the congregation. He emphasized the opportuneness of the work; the big part that America must play in the work of foreign missions in future, owing to the results of the war; and the benefits that will result to American Catholics, since it is only through the exercise of a truly apostolic spirit that ardent faith can be kept alive.

After the services we were waylaid by a large number of Scrantonians, who came to wish us goodbye and Godspeed.

* Maryknoll's Preparatory College at Clarks Summit, in the diocese of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

September 7

Bishop Hoban, Father Byrne, and several friends accompanied us to the station. The eight o'clock train was on time and soon we were speeding away from Scranton, away from so many loyal and warm-hearted friends. All of us have spent some time among them and we venture to say that in no diocese of the country can be found a livelier faith, a truer generosity, or a deeper reverence for God and His anointed.

Maryknoll, My Maryknoll, Goodbye!

Returned to Maryknoll about four o'clock, we found Doctor Mahoney, pastor of Ossining, with his assistant, Father Collins, and Doctor Phelan, our professor of Church History, there to say farewell. As it was Saturday, they could not remain for the ceremony of Departure. Miss ——, a staunch benefactor, had come also, bringing vestments and other supplies for the Mass kits.

At the table that evening were: Monsignor Dunn of New York; Father Bruneau of Saint Mary's Seminary, Baltimore; Father Cyril, our French professor; Father Caruana of Brooklyn, an old friend, now in khaki; and Doctor Paluel J. Flagg of New York, our medical instructor. From His Eminence, Cardinal Farley, Monsignor Dunn brought a message that moved us all. We had intended going personally to ask the Cardinal's blessing, but because of his illness he could not see us. Monsignor had spoken to him of our coming departure, however, and, weak though he was, he replied that we were in his thoughts and that he sent his "children" a blessing.

The evening passed all too quickly. At eight o'clock the ringing of a bell that had once hung in a Japanese pagoda—significant, was it not?—called the community together for the Ceremony of Departure. The four missioners, kneeling before the altar, recited the *Propositum*, expressing their firm intention of spending the rest of their lives as missioners. Being simple, the ceremony was all the more impressive and it will not soon be forgotten by those who took part. After the chanting of the beautiful *Itinerarium*, the Church's prayer for those going on a long journey, in which the trav-

elers recommend themselves to the Divine protection, Father Superior gave a brief address.

What must have been his feelings at that moment! We who had known him could realize something of what they were. Here he saw the beginning of the fulfillment of that for which he had so longed and prayed. Still, as he pointed out, we had not been proven by trial. There had been good men who said that candidates for the foreign missions could not be found; and others who believed that American youth would not make good missioners. Now we had candidates, but their ability as missioners must be shown. However, just as American youth had proven themselves good soldiers in the face of so many misgivings, so we might be confident that Americans would prove good missioners.

Upon these first men rests a great responsibility, because it is to them that the world will look for the first proofs of the abilities of Americans as missioners. But responsibility is upon all at Maryknoll, also, because they also are of the first—laying foundations and establishing traditions. All must bear the burden together. We should consider that there is an invisible vine joining Maryknoll-in-China with Maryknoll-at-home, a part of the True Vine that is Christ and drawing from Him the elements that shall make it flourish. Those who go out will not be forgotten by those at home; the prayer that is said daily for Maryknoll-in-China will be said all the more fervently as each will vizualize his absent brothers. At the end of the community rosary each evening there will be added an *Our Father* and three *Hail Marys* for those in the field afar; and they will likewise remember those at home. Then Father Superior blessed for each the mission crucifix, the banner, of the King, under which we had pledged ourselves to fight until the end.

The farewell followed. We stood on the altar steps, received the embrace of our Superior, and embraced in turn, with the salutation of the Church, "*Pax tecum*," the priests, students, and Brothers. At the altar rail we gave a blessing to the Teresians.*

* The Maryknoll Sisters, now called "The Foreign Mission Sisters of Saint Dominic".

Then the King was raised upon His throne, Benediction was given, and the ceremony was over. By the kindness of Monsignor Dunn and Doctor Flagg we were to be taken by automobile to catch the midnight train for Baltimore. Outside, a veritable mob, albeit our own brethren, sought a final word and hand-clasp. At the last moment we found that if we did not wear overcoats during the ride to New York we should stand little chance of reaching China; but, as so often before, the brethren did not fail us, and, while they may never see those coats again, they can comfort themselves that they saved the lives of the first missioners from Maryknoll. At last all were aboard, the motors began to whir, a sudden start—and we were off!

Maryknoll, my Maryknoll, good-bye! We shall probably never see you again, nor look again upon all those, brothers in Christ, who have helped to make you for us Mary's Knoll.

But the same Voice that now calls us away brought us to know you, and so we go, with grief for the parting, but glad that our lines have been so long cast in pleasant places and rejoicing in the unity of purpose and action that you have given to us. And this parting, even, is only a physical one. United by love of Christ and souls, we shall be ever one in heart and deed, depending on one another, bound together by an invisible but potent bond that even death cannot break, that will be only strengthened the other side of the grave.

BERNARD F. MEYER

[Everywhere on their journey to the Pacific Coast the Maryknollers encountered the greatest kindness. Their letters tell especially of the warm welcome of priests.

The travelers arrived at the Maryknoll Procure in San Francisco on the fourteenth, and the week that followed was an eventful one. On Sunday Father Price preached at the Cathedral. During the week various schools and convents were visited and at Saint Patrick's Seminary at Menlo Park the four missioners received a warm welcome. Thursday

THE PRO-SEMINARY, FROM WHICH THE FIRST BAND OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS WENT FORTH

THE HEART OF MARYKNOLL—WHERE THE DEPARTURE TOOK PLACE

evening, at the Procure, the San Francisco Women's Catholic Foreign Mission Auxiliary gave a reception in honor of the future apostles.

The much loved Archbishop Hanna was present and gave the principal address of the evening. He paid a glorious tribute to the vigorous vitality of Mother Church, who, despite the ever-increasing needs that the war has occasioned, is able, nevertheless, to send missioners to pagan lands to extend the kingdom of Jesus Christ.]

Eastward Ho!

On September 21, after the Mass of Saint Matthew, the Apostle, and our last meal in the Land of the Free, we made for the dock, where our boat pulled at her moorings as if eager to get away. There were no further difficulties about baggage and we could not help congratulating ourselves as we watched the inspectors go through other people's trunks. Father McShane, Brother Thomas, and Father O'Neill got permission to go on board for a few last words. Then they left us, and our pulses were a little quicker as we saw the gangplank raised and felt our craft begin to back away and turn her nose out into the bay. There was no delay, and as we came up after lunch we were passing between the Golden Gate posts.

They were soon left behind and out on the after deck we sang softly, "Ave, Maris Stella!"

Steamer Notes

All the waiters and cabin-boys are Cantonese and they are an interesting study. They are very quiet, even when gambling on the after deck. How far their traits may be national we cannot say, but they are observant, neat, and faithful.

Outside of the score of United States Marines and a Catholic couple, the passengers are either missionaries and their families, or European office-holders returning to the Orient. Father Price likes to retreat to a corner of the smoking room for private prayer and rest, but yesterday a

party of these Chinese port-dwellers, women and men, after downing an appetizer at the bar, calmly sat beside him and lit cigarettes. Two of the business men on board said they prefer China to any other place on earth. When we asked why they finally admitted that it is because servants are so cheap and so faithful there.

Opposite us at table sits a young man still in the twenties, clean-cut, with a steady eye and smile. He spent six years in our district, going up and down the Si-kiang, and he has grown to love the Chinese as a people he can understand and trust, as thrifty and intelligent, with ideals of honesty and truth. He is a Standard Oil agent. My estimate of Standard Oil rose quickly at the news and I marveled that God can find few willing instruments for China while commerce has its choice of men.

Met a Doctor G——, a medical missionary from Ningpo, who saw his first service there in 1889. He knows Sister Xavier at the hospital there and pays a high tribute to the practical medical knowledge of the Sisters. He is a graduate doctor sent out by the Baptist Missionary Conference and in addition to his medical work sees that services are held in the hospitals he attends, and himself distributes literature. If we were able to support them, what a great work on similar lines could be done by Catholic doctors!

Any swelling of the head at the thought that four American priests are representing the United States in China is easily punctured by the fact that the boat that bears the four carries also thirty Protestant missionaries, and the non-Catholics of America have the handicap of several thousand in the field already.

One day on the ocean is much like another. After Mass in the morning we have the day, outside the time required for the Breviary and other religious duties, free for reading or study—or sleeping. To what influence it is due we cannot say, but we do know that even the mighty have fallen victims. We are all in excellent health and spirits.

FRANCIS X. FORD

THE FIRST DEPARTURE

[The Maryknollers arrived at Yokohama, Japan, October 12. After a few days in the Island Empire they separated into two groups, Fathers Price and Ford making a more extended inspection of the Japanese missions, and then visiting Korea and Northern China, before sailing for the Philippine Islands, and Fathers Walsh and Meyer sailing almost immediately for the Philippines by way of Shanghai.

Both groups met again, a month later, in Canton, at the residence of Bishop de Guébriant of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, of whose vicariate the first Maryknoll Mission was a part.]

Chapter 2

THROUGH JAPAN AND KOREA

Tokyo, Japan,
October 15, 1918.

IT seems good to say that word "Christian" after only one day in Japan. I don't know how to explain it, but I can realize better Our Lord's hunger for souls, after walking through Tokyo. Can you place yourself in imagination in a city of two million and realize that there's hardly a Christian in it? I'm afraid I'm going to ramble somewhat, but honestly I am worked up about it. Father Price sees here only filth, and dirt, and reeking smells, and immodesty, and depths of immorality, and is yearning for China (which may be worse, for all we know of it yet), but it's all an inspiration for me. I should like to work here all my life. I hate to think of leaving it all to save others. It's like ignoring the first drowning man simply because there's another further on in the same condition.

If you never felt an attraction to the pagans, you'll get it here. There's so much need of Christian influence that it calls out the best that's in you. The few Christians are splendid specimens. At my first Mass in Japan (Sunday, October 14, at the Cathedral in Tokyo) I had a good-sized congregation—about one hundred. The men predominate in this parish and at the altar rail two railsful were men, the third was women. Two of the churches in Tokyo have the same curious proportion, two men to one woman. There were six Europeans (all received Communion), among them the Belgian and Italian Ministers at the Imperial Palace. Tokyo has few Europeans; the whites are mostly at Yokohama, and as we go north they will number less and less.

We are staying with Father Steichen, a quiet, refined scholar, who talks clear English and insists continually on

the superiority of Americans for foreign mission work in Japan. He edits two monthly magazines in Japanese.

Poverty of Japanese Missioners

Let me give you an idea of the simplicity of the lives of the missioners. Remember, both Yokohama and Tokyo get imported foods from America and Europe, yet outside of bread (baked in Japan, of American flour, five cents a loaf) and coffee for breakfast, they live mostly on native foods, curry and rice and beef (of the "preserved" variety).

It's pitiable to see these old men, the relics of a strong clergy before the war, trying to do the work of young men. At Yokohama, Father Evrard was in bed with a sprained ankle. He lay on a bed with two blankets over him and one for a pillow, an old man with all his hair on his chin, feeble even when well, seventy-four years old and fifty-one years on the mission, almost blind because of cataract on his eyes. Father Pettier was eating his breakfast at three in the afternoon, as he had been a little sick that morning. His meal was a hunk of bread and a slice of cheese. We wore our overcoats and shivered, yet there was no sign of a fire in the damp house. At Father Steichen's where we are staying two days, conditions are similar. He is a younger man (fifty-eight). My room contains a Y. M. C. A. bed, two chairs, a water pail and basin, a table, candlestick and tiny strip of carpet. The little candle is the sole illumination. As our host gets up at five and goes to bed at nine, he uses very little light.

I always thought missioners were "drawing the bow" when picturing conditions, but at both these places, and at the Jesuits' in Tokyo, all live very simply. Don't think for a moment the missioners are dramatic in all this; they don't seem to realize they are missing anything. They chuckle so often at their ability to buy bread that they forget such a thing as milk exists.

Japanese Churches

The churches are neater than most American buildings,—I mean inside. No dust or dirt is allowed to remain on the

floors, as the people squat there during services. There is no stamping around; the native straw slippers or wooden miniature stilts are tucked away in the vestibule and scores of people come and go noiselessly. At the Gospel not a sound is heard as they rise from their kneeling position and stand in stockinged feet. They recite simultaneously with the movement of the Mass a Japanese translation of the Collects, Epistle, Gospel, Offertory, and so forth, and as Japanese has no tones (unlike Chinese) it is a solemn *recto tono*. I'm afraid perhaps I scandalized them by my rapid reading of the Missal until I realized they were accompanying me. Japanese takes a little longer than Latin to express any idea.

Of course we all offered our Masses for the conversion of Japan. I put in a little afterthought that God would hasten the day when Maryknoll would work in "Xavier's land".

School Work

The only Literature professors in the Imperial University are four Catholics: Father McNeil, S. J. (a Baltimorean), for English; Father Hoffman, S. J., for German; Father Heck (Marist) for French; and Brother Walter (brother of Father Walter of Osaka) from Indiana.

The Marists have "L'Ecole de l'Etoile du Matin", with five thousand boys; the Jesuits, the beginning of a University with one hundred pupils; and the Sisters of Saint Maur, where Miss Nobechi met us gladly, teach one thousand girls in their school. Very few if any of these pupils are Catholic—in fact, religion is taught only after school hours and then only to those who ask it—but every one of the priests here agrees that even this much is breaking down prejudice among the Japanese.

Formerly, like the Athenians, when it was a novelty to hear their language spoken fluently by a foreigner, the Japanese listened to the missioners; but apathy has since struck them deaf and converts are almost none, except in Nagasaki where generations of Catholic blood tell in their favor.

The Sights of Tokyo

We saw Tokyo as few outsiders see it, under the experienced eye of missioners. We squeezed and pushed through side streets and alleys so successfully that for five hours we saw no European faces except our guides'. Murray's *Handbook of Japan* will tell you something of what we saw, but it does not mention fleas or smells. Towards evening, as we grew tired and hungry, the smells were overpowering, but fortunately an ocean breeze sprang up and relieved us.

There were many types of Japanese, some almost ruddy and clear-skinned, others biliously yellow; some with unmistakably Chinese suggestions. Their speech reminds me of Polish, with *sh*, *k*, and *a* predominating, and seems soft and smooth.

Japanese dress is surprising. Wealthy men walk the dirt-laden streets clothed and re-clothed in layers of silk. Their loose-sleeved kimonos, however, leave their arms exposed to the chilly October winds. The student class—distinguished by wide-legged pantaloons and a biretta-like cap—is neatly dressed, usually in subdued colors. Carpenters and small shop-keepers—whose number is legion—shed one or more of their outer garments and usually wear short tights and a soft cloth coat. As we go down—or up—the scale to the push-cart men and sampan-dwellers, we find some wearing simply a loin cloth hanging loosely from another bound tightly around the waist. I saw only three boys entirely naked, one of them shoveling coke from a river boat. No one seems to mind how much or how little he is dressed, and the *Broadway* of Tokyo will have men working side by side, one almost entirely nude, the other reveling in two or three garments. Some of the workers wear picturesque gowns that recall "Gobbo" or "the Grave Digger",—a medieval shirt-like effect, usually blue, with hieroglyphics stating the wearer's trade or master's name painted in huge characters on back and front. Their long legs may or may not be encased in tights that show the marvelously developed thighs and calves of men who smile at half-ton weights—and live on rice.

Last Impressions

Did I mention that the altar-boys shamed me in my recollections of my boyhood, serving Mass? Silent, attentive, calm—almost solemn—in their dignified office, and clear-toned in their Latin, they surpass the noisy eye-roving youngsters of the United States.

I have fallen in love with Japan. I can't say what is in my mind in a few words, and the train for Sendai leaves soon and I must get this letter off.

We pump every priest dry as to methods and opinions. Father Spenner is a godsend to American missioners. The Jesuits devoted all Sunday to us, and Father Steichen was a soothing spiritual influence in the mornings and evenings. The East seems to have a warm welcome for Maryknollers everywhere.

Father Walsh and Father Meyer left on Sunday to go to Osaka and Kobe. They leave Kobe on October 15.

FRANCIS X. FORD.

Sendai, Japan,
October 16, 1918.

We could be in Subiaco or Los Angeles, judging from the view before me, but the fact is we are with "Sa Grandeur, Monseigneur l'Eveque du Sendai". Bishop Berlioz was genuinely pleased to welcome us,—in fact, on the rumor reaching him that we were on our way, he made a few trips to the city in the hope of greeting us. He lives at the Seminary, about a league outside the city of Sendai, but one of his Japanese priests, Father Januarius Hayasaka, whom Father Walsh and Father Price met in Rome as a student in 1911, was at the train; and after Mass at the Cathedral, and a few words with Father Jacquet, we walked in our cassocks through the quiet lanes and really beautiful roads that lead to the river.

The Seminary overlooks the river, and the sharp hills beyond on all sides give the ten or more acres a sunken-garden effect. The Bishop has beautified the grounds with the usual waterfalls and floating islands, by means of a

strong spring that flows to the river. An acre of grape vines and the Japanese persimmon makes the view Italian or Spanish, just as you wish. The gnarled pines and toy dwelling house, however, with the figs and huge spiders, bring your fancy back again.

Father Januarius Hayasaka is the elder of two brothers whom Bishop Berlioz has ordained. He speaks English and French with ease and was as sympathetic as an American with our point of view towards the oddities of Sendai. We had the luck of a two-hours' walk with him through the lanes of the city, and another hour's walk with the Bishop, so Sendai, which offers little attraction in the way of "sights" to the ordinary traveler, was intelligible, more or less, to us. We handled kitchen utensils, squatted on floors, poked Japanese bed-pillows, opened lids on boiling pots of oats, nuts, and fish, and behaved as curious foreigners generally.

Teaching of English

Before dinner we visited the school of the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres. The "Mère" and six or eight Sisters, all French except two Japanese, were really kind to us. They follow closely *The Field Afar*, and in fact, use it for their English course in the High School for girls. The usual cry here as elsewhere is that everyone wishes to learn English. All their pupils, even the little tots, are given two or three lessons in English a week. Of the two hundred and fifty girls here only three are Catholics. The Sisters cannot baptize the others unless their parents are willing, for a subsequent marriage with a pagan would prevent, in most cases, any further practice of their religion.

The Martyrs of Sendai

In the afternoon, under the guidance of Bishop Berlioz, we puffed our way up a dignified approach to the Sendai "Palisades" where dwelt the famous daimyo who, in 1624, after hypocritically sending an embassy to Paul V and receiving promise from him of religious instructors for his petty kingdom of Sendai, suddenly persecuted the Jesuits

in his domains and put to death Bishop James de Carvalho, S. J., (Bishop Berlioz's first predecessor) with his companions.

We walked to the spot, now dominated by a Shinto temple, where the daimyo watched from the summit of the cliff the slow martyrdom of his former friends. Below the cliff lies the river that flows through Sendai. Here Bishop de Carvalho and his companions were stripped naked and ordered into the frozen waters up to their waist. They knelt on the pebbly bottom and sang and prayed from noon till evening. The torture was prolonged by hauling them out of the water whenever they threatened to die. Two died before midnight, February 18, 1624; the others were taken out and kept in prison till February 22. On that day the ordeal was repeated in a heavy snowstorm with the water up to their necks. One by one they died. Bishop Carvalho was the last and he survived until February 23. Their bodies were decapitated and cut into small pieces and thrown in the stream.

We passed over the route taken by the martyrs to the judgment seat; stood on the spot where the governor watched the proceedings; crossed one plank bridge to the very place of the martyrdom, and, in spite of the curious onlookers, all Japanese, knelt and prayed to the beatified Martyrs of Sendai.

After gathering a few pebbles from the spot we "pousse-poussed" to the house of Father Montagu, a zealous young Frenchman who smiles over years of lonely uphill work with few converts to console him.

We took supper at the Cathedral residence, and after that His Lordship left us to the care of Fathers Jacquet and Hayasaka and tramped back the two-and-a-half miles in the dark through all sorts of alleys to his home. He seemed to take it as a matter of course.

Every missioner so far has been delighted at the chance to show American priests, especially Maryknollers, his appreciation of the good-will America manifested both in mission help and in the war.

Wednesday we go to Nagoya for a visit.

All well, thank God! My love for Japan increases alarmingly.

FRANCIS X. FORD

His Imperial Majesty's Railroad, Nagasaki to Moji,
October 24, 1918.

I should have written sooner, but His Majesty's train shakes too much.

From Sendai we went to Osaka, stopping at Nagoya. The trip was an experience I shall never forget. The train was crowded when we entered, but Father Spenner was experienced and, after waking several men who had planted themselves lengthwise on the seats, squeezed Father Price between them. They offered no objection and showed no impatience at being obliged to sit up all night.

I got a place between two women with babies. As the air became close and more uncomfortable, one by one the men shed their garments. Both men and women smoked, and ate, and drank tea bought at the stations on the way. Cries of food vendors burst out in the dead of night with little concern for the passengers, and sleep was impossible.

Industrial Nagoya

The first surprise at Nagoya was to find it the third largest city in Japan; at least, after Tokyo and Osaka, for there are three cities whose population runs abreast,—Nagoya, Kobe, and Yokohama each claiming four or five hundred thousand souls. Nagoya is centrally located between the two larger cities, Osaka and Tokyo.

We arrived about six o'clock and, thanks to the Brothers' students, were soon at the church. It is on the main street, with trolley passing the door, three minutes from the station. It comprises about one acre of ground, with a catechist's house, assembly hall, priest's residence, a Lourdes Grotto, and a church holding possibly one hundred or more.

Father Delahaye from Shizuoka was there, unvesting from Mass. Nagoya was not in his territory, but since the war took away its pastor he has supplied every few months. I said Mass and Father Price followed, giving Communion to his server, a bashful young man who knew his Latin well.

Father Delahaye was a trifle flustered by our appearance,

as he had nothing but three chunks of bread in the house. We managed to set the hens laying, and by ten o'clock two eggs were on the table with a piece of beef left over from the catechist's dinner of the day before. With three or four cups of weak Japanese tea we survived until dinner, when we lightened our host's heart by inviting him to dine at the Nagoya Hotel with us. The really excellent dinner cost only seventy-five cents.

We reached Nagoya on the great national holiday in honor of the chrysanthemums. Nature worship seems to rule the Japanese. In the most incongruous places they stick a single rose or other bright flower in a vase.

Nagoya has little of interest to outsiders, hence it is not written up in any guidebook, but it is a big industrial city of small family-made products, such as pottery.

For such a large city it has very few Catholics—about three hundred.

Osaka

Father Spenner at Yokohama had sent a telegram to Father Walter to meet us at nine in the evening, but after waiting a half-hour we "pousse-poussed" it through back streets and dark lanes, and dirt and ugly sights, which my imagination pictured as preludes of robbery and death. Ten-thirty found us in front of The Bright Star School but it took us five or ten minutes to waken one of the Brothers by shouting. The telegram arrived the day after. The unusual delay was caused by a strike among the operators. Rice has gone "sky high" because of the demands of the Allies, and the better price Japan can sell it for abroad leaves little for home use. The telegraph operators, as everywhere else, want higher wages.

Father Walter dropped everything except necessary classwork and took us through Nara to see the largest bell in the world. It is a side attraction near a large temple. Father Geley, the local missioner, was saying his beads in the park as we passed by, so he became our guide. In the park were some sacred monkeys, natives of the Nara mountains, highly esteemed as the ancestors of the present gene-

ration of the Japanese. The theories of Darwinism have a firm grip here and are taught in all the schools, along with Kant and other German philosophers.

"The Rome of Buddhism"

After Nara, Father Walter took us to Kyoto, "the Rome of Buddhism", where the centre of Japanese worship is. We had an unkempt bonze, toothless and with several dirty handkerchiefs tied around his neck and forehead, as a guide through the "Vatican". He mumbled constantly as he pointed with a stubby, besmudged fan, and Father Walter translated for us his account of the faded and unpainted wonders of the palace. The room of the Emperor, used when he prays, was shown us, empty and unpainted, with ordinary matting on the floor and a square yard of extra matting for a throne in the center. A hole in the screen that formed one of the walls was explained as the result of a too-realistic painting of a bird that suddenly took wing and flew away when the painter finished. He protested, when Father Walter ridiculed, that nowadays the bonzes do not tell the story any more to devout pilgrims.

Father Walter brought out a rather good point in the style of pagan temple architecture. It is mostly roof, heavy, thick layers, piled one on top of the other, as though to press down the believer to earth; while Christian architecture soars to Heaven. No matter what the explanation, there is a feeling of depression there and we were always glad to get into the fresh air, even though it smelt of fish and the odor peculiar to the East.

Father Aurientis, the senior of the diocese, tried to make us stay overnight, but we compromised by taking supper with him. He speaks English well. Outside of three or four priests, all we met knew no English and we talked in French exclusively for days at a time. It gets easier as we go along, but they warn us that at Canton none speak English. However, the French are nothing if not polite, and they patiently bear with our mistakes and seem to expect them.

From Nagoya we went to Osaka, Nara, Kyoto, and Kobe,

thence to Yamaguchi and Nagasaki. I will write later of Yamaguchi.

The pest, influenza, has caught two-thirds of the population and we have a touch of it.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Seoul,
October 28, 1918.

After we quit Kobe we began our real pilgrimage in martyrs' footsteps. At Yamaguchi we walked the road Saint Francis Xavier walked so often in his year's stay there.

We took the only street in town and walked its limits. Prudence puts many restraints on the eyes in Japan and our curiosity is continually snubbed by shocks to common decency. It was early and folks were just lighting their fires. As Japanese houses consist of one room, with the front merely a series of detachable screens paned with oiled paper, you feel you are one of the household as you stand in front. Very few huts boast of a pane of glass, and Samson would never have won renown for pushing down the egg-shell walls. Yet it is cold here, even for us who are wearing overcoats.

Meals are cooked in an iron pot embedded in sand, in which a few chunks of charcoal give glow enough to boil the tea. Bishop Berlioz had one right beside his seat at table and occasionally stirred the charcoal with his knife to give emphasis to some remark. Perhaps it is the only safe fire in a house of cardboard. The Japanese seem to play at keeping house, and their social life is all bowing and smiling. The man opposite us in the train bowed nine times to his friend on leaving,—not the nervous jerk of the Frenchman nor the courtly sweep of the cavalier, but a dignified, slow, gymnastic movement from the hips, counting ten when at right angles with the legs. While our babies are being taught to bless themselves, Japanese youngsters are practiced in bowing.

On turning back along the wide street (Japan and Korea can boast of wider streets than the few towns in the United States I have seen), we saw at the other end some whiskers

Beach of Oita, where Saint Francis Xavier landed nearly four centuries ago

Church of Yamaguchi, formerly a Shinto temple, and its pastor, Father Cettour

and a cassock making towards us. It was Father Cettour of Yamaguchi. Father Spenner had written on ahead, guessing at the day of our arrival, and Father Cettour stayed over at Yamaguchi for an extra day to greet us. He is a young man despite his fifty-odd years, twenty-three of them in the mission at Yamaguchi. Of course, he knew no English, but his French was slow and clear and we had a delightful day with him.

Yamaguchi boasts of four white people in a population of perhaps fifty thousand. Three of them are American professors at the Government University here, the other is a Protestant minister—and I mustn't forget Father Cettour, though he is more native than European by this time.

I shall write more of Yamaguchi and its really apostolic pastor another time.

Our colds are getting better, and we have had hardly one day of really disagreeable weather through Japan, so we're grateful.

FRANCIS X. FORD

[It was not until February, 1920, that Father Ford wrote the promised description of Yamaguchi. The letter is inserted here in its natural, though not chronological, order.]

The Foot-Steps of Xavier

The nearness of Sancian Island keeps Saint Francis Xavier ever in our minds over here, so you'll pardon me if I run back over the trip through Japan to speak a little more of Yamaguchi. It was Saint Francis' headquarters in his mission work in Japan.

He stayed longer at several places in India, but Japan was his mission field as the term would be understood today; for here it was not a question of directing the work of his many helpers, as in India, in a Christian atmosphere, but of announcing the glad tidings in a hard tongue to purely pagan auditors. I think we missioners can get more inspiration from his life in Japan than elsewhere. And Yamaguchi was his residence for nine months of the short two years he spent in Japan.

It is of Yamaguchi the present that I wish to tell you, for in the rapid trip through Japan I shamefully slighted this interesting city in my letters.

One of the most pleasant memories I have is of a quiet afternoon's talk with Father Cettour, the missioner there. I remember telling you that, as we stood waiting for the train, "some whiskers and a cassock" came walking towards us. That is as much of Father Cettour as I described before, so I must do him justice to soothe my conscience.

The energetic voice behind the beard would impress you as that of a young man, full of ardor or animal spirits,—but he has been twenty-three years at Yamaguchi. It may be he has caught the zeal of his first predecessor, for his optimism keeps him young, despite the fact that Saint Francis' headquarters in Japan is represented only by a little house that is a combination chapel, dwelling, school, and sundry other necessaries for a mission.

It is just what Saint Francis would have liked, for it was a pagan temple when old Father Villion the veteran apostle bought it. The bonze who had built it at the expense of the worshippers grafted so much of the fund for private use that the scandalized people refused to support the temple once it was built, and Father Villion quietly bought it and raised the first cross that Yamaguchi had seen in three hundred years.

Father Cettour was sent to start this new old mission. The chapel is on the road that Saint Francis walked and much of the view is as he saw it. It is no wonder that his spirit is felt as the guiding light. It seemed, when Father Cettour talked, that he must have spent hours in communion with his Saint.

The poverty that stamps the missions of Japan was unheeded by the pastor as we ate our little meal in a room that is at once bedroom, parlor, dining-room, and sacristy, separated from the Lord of the World by a paper partition. And lighting our pipes we squatted on the floor of the little porch outside and talked.

He told me of the search for the footsteps of the Saint, the finding of the well he used and other little sacred spots that

in a Christian world would be enshrined as scenes of pilgrimages. The site of the house in which Saint Francis lived was finally discovered, but it cannot be bought, for the Imperial Government has built an armory adjoining and no structure may be raised within defined limits that include the historic site. We contented ourselves by feasting our eyes on it later.

A K. C. Hut

In our talk I tantalizingly asked Father Cettour what he would do if he had a thousand dollars. It is a harmless pastime in its way and Father Faber says even good intentions are meritorious for Heaven. He replied that the most urgent work for him would be the starting of a young men's hut on the plan of the *K. C.* huts at the front.

In the old days, he said, the Japanese were attracted by preaching in the open squares, but that had been driven to the wall by Protestant endeavor. The building of a college is beyond his means, but a small clubhouse would be appreciated by the students and workingmen, and serve as an opening wedge for contact with them. He had already tested the worth of the plan in a small way. He hires prominent Catholic Japanese to give a series of lectures on Catholic subjects for a fortnight each year and packs the hired hall. Backed by the local press, that gives the lectures a good write-up, he has attracted and held the Japanese, eager for knowledge but critical of the prestige of the lecturer. He did this yearly on an annual gift of sixty dollars from an old friend. The war has stopped this gift. What he could do with a thousand dollars is beyond his wildest dreams.

He has the vision of youth, restrained by the experience of a quarter of a century of work in the arid field of Japan, so his view of the needs there was not only startling to me, but authoritative.

As he spoke I thought of the big *Columbus Hall* in Brooklyn, and of the more recent talk of a huge Knights of Columbus Club in New York City, and here before us was a splendid opportunity to raise a monument to the Apostle of Japan in his chief mission station. Father Cettour's enthusiasm

was contagious and I look forward as eagerly as he does to the realization of his plan for the Apostolate of the Spoken Word in Japan.

Goa, Malacca, and Sancian have their monuments that mark the dwelling of Saint Francis Xavier, but Yamaguchi, where he labored long among his "dear Japanese", the great historic spot in Japan, is without a token of him. Perhaps God has left it for the present generation to erect a little house that would further His cause the best in these latter days—a *K. C.* Hut.

Peking,
November 5, 1918.

At Nagasaki, after a parley in Latin with an old Chinese priest, we were taken to the Bishop. Rooms were ready for us and we were made welcome. Father Price said Mass at the altar where hangs the image of Our Lady that attracted the Urakami Christians.

With the exception of a few words in English with Father Van Oyen, a Dutch Lazarist whom I had met in San Francisco and Tokyo, nothing but French, or our nearest approach to it, was spoken. As most of the priests could speak faster than I could follow, the three or four days there were dizzy ones for me. We found relief in an American Brother of Mary from Dayton, Ohio, named John Grote, recently transferred from Yokohama to Nagasaki. He was as homesick for English as we were, and he piloted us for three days.

The Nagasaki Martyrs

It was delightful going to Urakami, a half hour's trolley ride across the bay. As we neared the village, children came out and bowed, women stopped, ankle-deep in muddy rice paddies, to smile, and sun-tanned workmen, struggling with loads of rice-straw or urging little horses hidden under a miniature haystack on their backs, stood and mopped their foreheads and gave us a salute. Every one was barefooted and poorly clad, but the grace of Baptism seemed to ennoble them and somehow they were different from the pagan vil-

lagers. Urakami is a Catholic village of seven thousand souls and here, away from enervating civilization, the priests have been able to keep their people simple and honest. It recalled Arcadia, or the Curé of Ars and his flock, and as we picked our steps along the narrow cowpaths that wind, with apparently no reason for winding, along the rice-fields, it was painful to see signs of a new era in the life of the little village. A factory was being built and it would mean the coming of several thousand pagans into this chosen spot, where the church built by the villagers themselves has always been the centre of the village.

Another day we visited the sites of the two martyrdoms of Nagasaki, when the Christians of Urakami, hundreds in number, were driven along the road we walked, and, with the Christians of Nagasaki, were martyred on a hill overlooking the city and in view of the harbor. Both cities, within a hundred years of each other, are natural amphitheatres for such a sacrifice. As we knelt and kissed the spot, and looked before us as the martyrs must have gazed from their crosses, the mountains in the West were dark and purple, and behind them an orange-red sun was dying and making the mountains darker by the contrast. The city lay at our feet outlining the water's edge and seemed quiet from the distance, and the many white sails of the Japanese junks were resting unmoved by any breeze. It was hard to visualize the clamoring crowds that threw the martyrs' bodies over the cliff into the sea, and Japan of today seems never to have risen in wrath against the Church.

Entering Korea

We crossed to Fusan and the rickshaws carried us to the "Catholic Church". It had a cross on it, but the square-jawed ministers told us it was the "English Catholic Church", the "French one" was down the street.

Father Ferrand welcomed us from a second-story window and hastened to prepare altars for us. His joy was evident, and he "spread himself" to make a dinner for his guests. It was Friday, but a fish apiece, and peanuts, and some wine that had not been opened since Bishop Dougherty and

Father Walsh had honored him with visits, were *pièces de résistance* to which we gladly succumbed. We were tired after a rough night on the straits between Fusan and Shimonoseki, but we pushed on to Taikou before midnight. Father Vermorel welcomed us in English at the station, and we bumped our way through a real Korean settlement until the "pousse-pousse" could go no further,—then we walked.

Taikou, a Young Mission

Bishop Demange could not meet us at the station, because he was engaged in laying a new altar in Father Robert's church, the Cathedral. He designed and superintended the whole affair, inspecting it brick by brick as it rose. The bricks are made behind the Bishop's house, out of clay taken from the church grounds.

In seven years the Bishop has built up a series of buildings that will give him lasting consolation as the years speed by. Every one of them is urgently necessary, yet he seems to have planned each carefully and with thought for the future. His cathedral, seminary, orphanage, two or three schools, young men's hall, convent and residence were designed and built on the spot with the minimum of expense, yet somehow he has chosen well each site, and left plenty of room for expansion. He commenced seven years ago with nothing; but an optimistic viewpoint, and virility of mind, and a deep devotion to Our Lady of Lourdes, have found him means to raise up a sturdy Catholic life in Taikou. He was ready for Father Price's inquisition and knew the details of his work. (All along the line the Bishops seem favorably impressed with Father Price's grasp on the minutest details of construction and his scholastic love of getting at the bottom of the working plan of each vicariate.)

We had the honor of greeting Father Robert, an older brother of the well known Procurator of Hongkong. He is a Confessor of the Faith. After months of hard living with his Christians in the mountain caves and hidden valleys, he was captured and beaten and imprisoned, during the years of persecution in Korea. Unlike Dorie and De Bretenieres, he could not give his life, but he gave all he could; and it

was thrilling to realize that the jolly old man who smoked his pipe with us as he took us through the schools and orphanage of his mission in the city of Taikou, was really a connecting link with martyrs of the past.

I had a little talk with one of the seminarians and found him as proficient in Latin as I was—at least, he answered me more readily than I could think up the questions. These seminarians use the same text books as at Maryknoll. Handball seems to be their chief game. In fact, in every school we went to, wherever baseball was played it was rather tame and I was seriously afraid they would dislocate their arms, they threw the ball so stiffly.

Seoul, City of Martyrs

Father Poisnel, one of the ancients of the city, met us at the station and put us to bed, as it was already late when we arrived. It was a dingy road to the Cathedral, and my room was lit by candle, so I was unprepared for the stately building daylight showed me from my window. When Bishop Mutel bought the good-sized hill it was for a song, but the city grew around it and the Cathedral dominates all. There's a miniature Rocky Mountains behind it as a background, and the crows and magpies give a touch of wildness to the scene, but many a pastor in New York City would congratulate himself on the church property. It takes the good part of a day to merely visit the compound, with its hospital, dispensary, orphanage, day and boarding schools, convent and printing establishments, and the wonder is how money is ever gotten to keep everything out of debt. It was Sunday morning when we arrived, the last week in October, so we had a good view of Catholic life in Seoul when hundreds came in relays for Mass and morning prayers. The disregard of the value of time, habitual among Orientals, is turned to good account here, for the faithful seem to think nothing of coming an hour before Mass and remaining an hour after it.

After the *Missa Cantata* on Sunday, in which the three or four hundred in the congregation sang in so high a pitch I could not join them, the Bishop and a half-dozen priests

showed us, in a vault below the main altar, the resting places of the martyrs of Korea, Fathers Beaulieu, Dorie, Petitnicolas, and the niche where Just de Bretenieres had been placed before the removal of the relics to France. I know Father Dunn * must envy us the chance to kneel in such a spot. It is inspiring throughout the mission lands to see the reverence given the scenes of martyrdoms and the relics of martyrs, and I'm sure much of the courage and constancy of these men is found in prayer to their holy predecessors.

The priests here all along the "front trenches" are attractively simple, hearty, and ready with a smile and joke. They recalled the jokes Father Walsh had told them last year, and repeated them to me. Then they seemed to think the joke in English funnier; then we got the greatest fun out of my re-translating it into French again.

There is a personal love for Maryknoll everywhere and we were recognized by our photographs in The Field Afar several times before I could stammer our names to them in French. An account of our arrival preceded us in the Japanese and Chinese newspapers and in the *Bulletin de Pekin*. The Lazarists were even up-to-date enough to include us in the Catholic Directory of China, their annual publication, called *Les Missions de Chine et du Japon*. It gives the names and addresses of every missioner in China and Japan, with an extended account of the history of each vicariate.

Educational Institutions

Before leaving Seoul we visited the Seminary, which is at the other end of the city and quite a walk from the trolley line. It is on the eastern bank of a river, and has a view, but as it is built on a slope the grounds are not as good as Maryknoll's. Here we met Father Joseph Kim, the professor of Dogma. The body of Father Andrew Kim, a fellow-martyr of Dorie, is laid in the Seminary chapel floor. When I remarked the happy coincidence of names, the priest smiled and said "Kim" is the "Walsh" of China and Korea—in

* Director of the Propagation of the Faith Society in the Archdiocese of New York. Now Bishop Dunn, auxiliary bishop of New York.

fact, seven of the seminarians were distinguished by it. We got a glimpse at a dozen of the "sems" coming in from their Sunday tramp through the fields. The rest of the house was in bed with influenza. Father Poisnel was the architect of both the seminary buildings and the cathedral.

The printing establishment here is small, but it turns out books in Chinese, in Korean (entirely different characters from Chinese), and in Latin, and the low prices would make *Barclay Street* blush for shame. A *Korean Fortnightly Review* is published also, having three thousand subscribers, and the press is self-supporting—in fact, bringing in a little revenue devoted to the printing of prayer books selling at three to five cents each.

Another day was given over to the Benedictine monastery in the suburbs, where Korean boys are taught carpentry, from the making of their own hammers, lathes, and blue prints to cabinets, desks, chairs, altars, and even episcopal thrones. Classes in agriculture and bee-raising started this year. Though not direct missionary work, the school has a solid worth in developing self-supporting Korean Catholics. I asked one missioner what he thought of a priest or Brother working in the fields raising crops in Korea or China. He said it is good as a hobby, and profitable, and that many missioners are doing it at present, buying a field adjoining their houses and growing there their vegetables, without in any way affecting their "prestige".

FRANCIS X. FORD

Cathedral, Seoul, Korea,
October 27, 1918.

Japan was a revelation to me. No amount of reading could have enabled me to understand half so well the situation of the Church in Japan as this actual visit.

I find that methods of work vary greatly in different places. In Korea the missioners employ no catechists and do not want them. They aim to make the Christians apostles, who of themselves will go and try to make converts, instruct them, and bring them to the priests; and this works

so well that the bishops and priests here wish no other way. A layman is placed at the head of each station and performs many offices, including the baptizing of children.

One of the most interesting features of mission work I have seen is the organization of the "Virgins of Nagasaki". There are two hundred of them, in a sort of convent near Urakami. They are self-supporting and are employed in teaching the Christians. Poor humble peasants, without much education, they take no vows, cultivate their own fields, and live together a simple community life, employing their time chiefly in teaching the Christian children and in other works of charity.

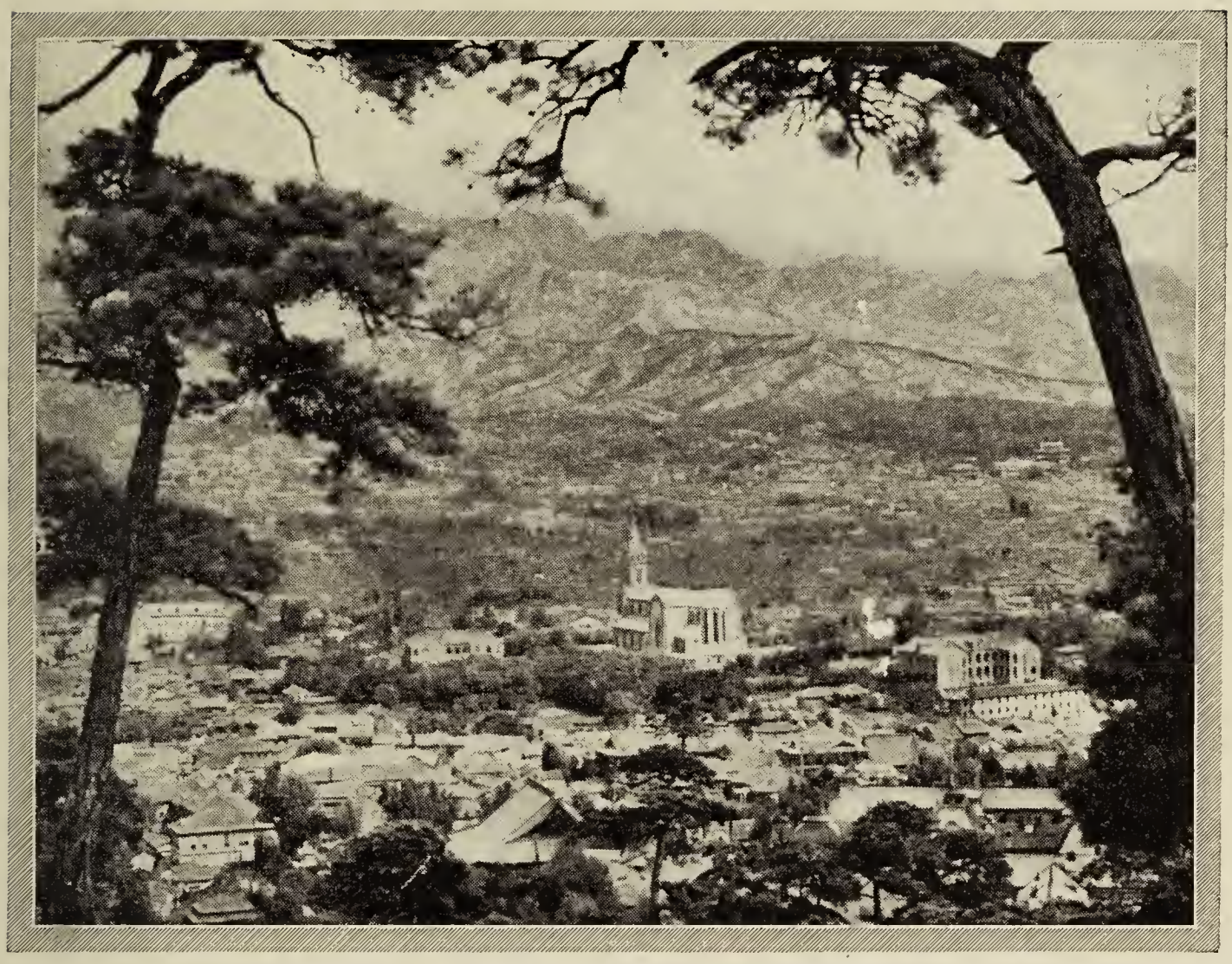
The Jesuits in Japan were very kind to us, and the Marist Brothers were especially so. They are all doing a great work, but none of them see any real hope of anything great under present conditions, and they carry on their work enduring, abiding the hour of the grace of God. All whom I have met seem real missioners, rejoicing to suffer all things to bring souls to God, and it is a great happiness to live in such an atmosphere.

We expect to be in Mukden October 30, and in Peking All Saints' Day. More as we go along; for the present, God bless you all.

THOMAS F. PRICE

Catholic Mission, Seoul,
October 27, 1918.

Can you picture us? A Bishop, young in spirit though his beard is almost white, and his priests, six in number, are seated around the table. One is old in the service and his hand trembles as he lights his pipe; at his left is a Korean, more reserved than his confrères, with his long Korean pipe in his hand, the bowl resting on the table; next a young man from one of the distant missions, staying for the night with his brothers; then an older man, still in the fifties, who cares for the Japanese immigrants of the city; a younger priest, alert, with sparkling eyes, the Procurator of the diocese; another, the life of the little group, a sick missioner recuper-



The dignified Cathedral dominating the city

Bishop Mutel and Benedictine Fathers with graduates of the Benedictine Normal School

AT THE CATHOLIC MISSION OF SEOUL

ating from a long siege of typhoid; and we two Americans on our way to China. The plates were removed and then some one threw on the table the song books of the Paris Foreign Missions. These were old men, comparatively, and had seen much service, yet their hearts warmed to the two new confrères from America and they sang and sang, their voices sometimes husky, then clear, and always musical, the words of the hymn of greeting to new brothers:

"Friends, let us sing, it is a new brother, a young soldier;
He comes likewise to struggle under the banner of Jesus Christ,
Gladsome soldiers that are brought together by the good God,
Let us sing, let us sing!
It is so peaceful to find ourselves gathered together—
To the Missions, to the Missions!"

And it was all from the heart. The Bishop, leading the song, waved his pipe as a baton and, standing, swayed back and forth with the sturdy movement of the words. The poor lamp in the centre softened the lines on the faces of these veterans and drew us all together. It was a simple hymn written by one of their dead confrères whom the oldest of them knew in the Seminary, but it united us, the old and the new, and showed that the hearts of the old were warm in welcome to the new, and all had one soul, and boundary lines of nationality were not recalled when confrères came to join their ranks.

As it ended all were subdued by the love of God that had flashed through their hearts. And then they turned the pages and sang still other songs and hymns that made me jealous of the traditions of three hundred years of fellowship in their Society, and I saw the day when we of Maryknoll will group around a common table and bridge the years of mission work and welcome younger brothers to the field.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Chapter 3

ON CHINA'S SOIL

Peking,
November 6, 1918.

LEAVING Seoul we crossed into China at Antung, and as the train touched Chinese soil we sang the "Magnificat" quietly by ourselves. It was cold and dark at nine in the evening but the sight of our first "pig-tail" warmed us a bit. In Mukden and Peking many still cling to their pig-tails. Our first remark was what fine sturdy men the Chinese are. We found out later in Peking that the six-footers are Tartars. They seemed on an average taller than Americans, but perhaps our brief stay in dwarfy Japan has biased our eyes.

A handsome young man presented the Bishop's card to us as we hopped off the train, and soon we bumped along the miles of rutty road frozen hard by the first frosts of the year. For such distinguished guests His Lordship had hired a carriage. Kublai Khan may have ridden in it in the years gone by, and the ponies may have belonged to early Manchu chieftains, but it sadly lacked springs or axle grease and was built for milder climates. Providence, however, has given these toy horses strength enough to pull these modern Goliaths, and within an hour we sighted the Cathedral. At the entrance were a half dozen dogs scarcely a generation away from the wolf in looks and disposition, but starvation has tamed them. Shaggy, rough ponies and unkempt Tartars blocked our path, and razor-backed pigs were everywhere. Our first glimpse of China made Father Price remark the dirt, but we found later it was all on the surface, and beneath were healthy minds and honest souls that attract us more each day.

A quiet, simple priest, who proved to be the Bishop, directed us to Mass and breakfast, and later spent the day

jumping over mud puddles and pigs to show us the city of Mukden. His cathedral, and residence, and seminary, and college, and school for children, and home for the aged, seem to be the only five buildings in the city. He had massive apples and grapes for us, but he himself preferred to eat the native dishes. We could not stay longer with him, and after enjoying the warm fire he had thoughtfully prepared, and the clean rooms and the luxury of hot water for shaving, we pushed on next day to Tientsin.

Father Walsh writes from Shanghai that all is well with Father Meyer and himself.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Cathedral, Peking,
November 6, 1918.

We have been spending some days here. I am much interested in the method used by the Lazarists, whereby they obtained fifty-seven thousand baptisms last year,—the largest number on record, I believe. The priests are enthusiastic over the method and the results. They say that nearly all whom they baptize have farms or work near the catechumenates and that nearly all of them *stick* after baptism.

The Lazarists have about two thousand five hundred catechumens, and these catechumens cost two dollars a month each to feed, and it requires about three months for instruction. At this rate, it costs about three hundred thousand to procure the fifty thousand baptisms. This figure is reduced somewhat by the fact that some of the catechumens pay board while being instructed.

Yenchowfu,
November 10, 1918.

I was prevented from finishing the above before leaving Peking. I wish to add that nothing could exceed the kindness and hospitality of the Lazarists at both Peking and Tientsin, and they enabled us to learn much that will be very useful to us on our mission.

We came to Yenchowfu because we were anxious to see

the work carried on here at the center of the Society of the Divine Word. The trip was difficult, but we succeeded. Traveling is at present hampered by the revolution and the large number of brigands. There are said to be thirty thousand of the latter in Shantung, where we are now. Bishop Henninghaus has received us royally. As far as I have been able to see, the work of these German Fathers is most thoroughly organized and most effective, and they have quite a few points it might be well for us to adopt. Their methods of training and utilizing catechists, and getting effective work out of them, are especially noteworthy.

Under the advice and direction of the Bishop and the conduct of Father Koesters, we went yesterday to Chefoo and inspected the tomb, the temples, the home, and so forth, of Confucius. We were very glad we did so and feel that visit will be of considerable service to us in the future. I am sending you some flowers plucked from Confucius' grave.

The more I see of the Chinese, the more I love them. I cannot but feel the deepest and most unspeakable pity to see a people so industrious, and peaceful, and amiable, dying by the millions without the True Faith, simply for lack of missioners to take it to them. May God speed the work, not only of Maryknoll, but of all missionary societies throughout the world, in sending missioners to this field whose harvest is ripe unto whiteness!

THOMAS F. PRICE

Yenchowfu,
November 10, 1918.

The train pulled in at three-thirty, and as we buttoned our overcoats and shivered in the cold dark we hesitated whether or not to try our luck here. Then the train pulled out and left us to our fate, and we made for the light in the station waiting-room. There were no chairs in that waiting-room, so I tackled the station-master. He gave us the usual Chinese kindness and invited us into his combination bedroom-and-office. It was warmer than elsewhere, for the kerosene lamp gave as much heat as light, and the windows

had never been opened. We could not get into the city of Yenchowfu, three miles away, until seven o'clock, as the gates were closed against the bandits.

At seven we waylaid a grateful Chinaman pushing a wheelbarrow, which takes the place of cab or rickshaw here, and I with the bags balanced Father Price, while the Chinaman shoved us along. There is a custom, handed down for generations with the wheelbarrow, never to use axle grease. The Chinese seem to like the squeaks, but five minutes of it was as much as we could stand; besides, there's an undemocratic something about one man pushing another on a wheelbarrow.

There must be only one gate to the city, for we walked around three sides of it before reaching a narrow opening guarded by soldiers. Opposite the gateway was the lean-to of an old beggar. He was the most wretched I have seen so far. It was bitter cold and the narrow passage was simply a flue for the wind, yet this old cripple had propped up a piece of straw matting against the stone wall and called it home. Absolutely all he wore was a potato sack tied on by cords. In the two days here I saw three persons clad in the same way.

The officers searched our bags for concealed weapons, though they did not ask for passports. This region as well as Central and Southern China is overrun with brigands. The railroads are crowded with soldiers, all "dead beats" as far as tickets go, but agreeable fellows. Two of them offered us tea and one gave us a slice of a huge radish considered a delicacy by them. There are so many soldiers on the train that honest, simple bodies with tickets have to stand.

The "S. V. D." Mission

After twenty-four hours of dozing against a wall or leaning over a table, from Peking to Yenchowfu, we were far from presentable, but the welcome given us at the Bishop's made us forget our stubby beards and bleary eyes. We were "tickled" to find that most of the priests and Brothers, and even the Sisters, could speak a few words in English, while two or three were fluent talkers.

Bishop Henninghaus and Father Koesters appointed themselves our body-guard and gave us an even better insight into details of mission life than we had gotten before. This mission is a model for methodical thoroughness and every branch has been given attention. The war made but little inroad here, as the German Government did not mobilize German missioners.

The Seminary has about forty students, bright fellows, some of them, and better versed in Latin than most seminarians. They use the same text books in *Dogma* and *Moral* as we do at Maryknoll. They promised to correspond with Maryknollers, and they remarked that all the Americans they had hitherto seen had been Protestants. I forgot to say that as we entered the Mission the first day the Brother responded in poor English to my equally poor French that the *American* Mission was further down the road, this was the *Catholic* Mission. Our beardless chins and American dress made him believe we were Protestants. However, we were not twenty-four hours in Yenchowfu before the word was passed from mouth to mouth, and we found later, in speaking to a soldier, that he knew we were American Catholic priests bound for Canton.

There is a printing-press here that has turned out one hundred and thirty books in Chinese and Latin, mostly devotional, refutations of Confucianism, and Bible commentaries. The Brother printer gave us visiting cards with our official Chinese names assigned by the officials at Peking. Father Price is "Pou-ri-ce", meaning "Universal jewel here", and mine is "Fou-er-day", meaning "Happiness and virtue". Not half bad for our mission? The Chinese like exalted titles, though one priest received the Chinese equivalent of "Chimney" for his name.

The hospital is interesting. There were twelve soldiers in one ward, with wounds or amputations as the result of a recent conflict between Government and bandit forces. The Brother in charge treats bandits and soldiers without distinction and has won his way into the hearts of lawless and law-abiding. He has had thirty-five-thousand-four-hundred consultations in the past year, and seven thousand patients

in the hospital. He showed me his rows of medicine cases almost empty, and wondered wistfully where he could get them filled. The Sisters were in a similar fix with their dispensary for women. The Mandarin called on the Bishop while we were there and made a donation of four hundred dollars for the dispensary. He had been a patient in the hospital.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Shanghai,
November 11, 1918.

It was harder to leave Yenchowfu than to enter it. There is only one train, at midnight, and the city gates were securely locked. Father Koesters with his mule teams rattled us through the lanes loudly enough to wake the guards, and a written order from the Mandarin swung open the huge gates, and as we drew up before the station the watchman blew a horn to announce that the train had just left the last station and would soon appear to carry us in its draughty bosom towards Shanghai.

I found an upper berth with three fairly quiet Chinamen; while Father Price with my overcoat about his knees said his rosary until five o'clock, when another berth was vacated.

In Nanking there was another scramble for rickshaws and carriages, for, like most of the railway lines we have seen so far, the Nanking-Shanghai line is at the other end of the city.

The train is supposed to connect with the Tientsin one, but the conductor had gotten tired of waiting and the train had gone. We had until midnight to wait for the next one, so we took a rickshaw to the little church. Five minutes with the sacristan convinced us the pastor was not at home, and he obligingly gave instructions to our driver to take us to the next mission post, where the priest made his headquarters. Had we realized that it was five miles away we should have hesitated, but the two tireless pullers trotted the distance without murmuring and we gave them twice as much as they expected, to ease our consciences.

Nanking is a small Shanghai as far as European buildings go, and we passed rows of stately dwellings and institutions which we found later to be American Protestant mission buildings.

Father Verdier, S. J., is the missioner in charge here, and he had with him Father Goulet, S. J., a Canadian, who had been to Maryknoll only last year while studying at Poughkeepsie. The latter is in his third month of Chinese and is hopeful of learning it eventually. Father Verdier and his companions are the only Catholic missioners in this good-sized city, while the Protestants have over two hundred American missionaries.

The night train took us to Shanghai, where we reached the *Missions Étrangères* Procure in time for Mass. Father Price offered his thanksgiving for the Allied victory that seemed imminent. I said the Mass "Pro Pace"; and then at breakfast the news was flashed to us that the Armistice was signed and that the Kaiser had abdicated. Shanghai is *en fête,* with flags and guns and the ringing of church bells.

I despair of telling you all about our stay in Shanghai, for so far, in three hours, we have visited: the Bishop; Saint Joseph's, the Jesuit Church in the heart of "Chinatown", a converted temple three hundred years old; the Helpers of the Holy Souls, who conduct numerous schools and orphanages hereabouts; and several Buddhist and Taoist temples. However, I look for a breathing spell on board ship for it all.

My condolences to each of you on not being able to celebrate Christmas with us in Canton!

FRANCIS X. FORD

Manila, Philippine Islands,
November 22, 1918.

We are having five days in Manila and I expected to write about Shanghai and the Philippines, but, from the landing at the dock till now, His Grace and half a dozen of his priests have plotted successfully to show us Manila. If it isn't Father McErlaine, O. S. A., of Philadelphia and Lawrence,

Massachusetts, at eight-thirty in the morning, it's Father Brown, C. SS. R., or Father McDonough, S. J., of New York, after dinner—always leaving five to seven for the Archbishop and his Secretary. I can't even promise myself the return trip to Hongkong for writing, as the northern winds make it a bit choppy.

On the trip from Shanghai we had one Catholic on board, a Filipino Knight of Columbus who attended our Mass.

But one line is enough to bring you our greetings and tell you how proud we are to be Maryknoll's representatives at the Christ Child's Crib in pagan lands.

FRANCIS X. FORD

15°, 20″, N. Lat.; 120°, 47″ W. Long.
November 25, 1918.

We are the observed of all observers now. As escort to the boat we had His Grace, Archbishop O'Doherty, in full regalia, attended by Father McErlaine, an Augustinian; Father McDonough, a Jesuit; Father Mazzieneti, a Spaniard; Father Exler, a Lieutenant in the United States Army, who is a Premonstratensian, I think; Father Brown, a Redemptorist; and several laymen. Bishop Hurth was at the house but could not come to the wharf. His Excellency, Archbishop Petrelli, came the evening before to say goodbye.

Sunday was a busy day. I spoke at the Catholic Young Men's Club, called "Saint Rita's Hall", run by the only American priest on the island, Father McErlaine, O. S. A. (I take it back, Father McDonough, S. J., is a New Yorker, but he belongs among the Moro tribes and was only on a visit to Manila to edit a catechism in the Moro tongue.) There are about one hundred young men living there, mostly students at the Government university. Father McErlaine feeds and rooms them for fifteen or twenty dollars a month. They have a swimming pool and gymnasium with a running-track upstairs, and seem to be the pick of the islands as far as Catholic training goes.

Father Price spoke in the Cathedral for thirty-five minutes and gave a rousing exhortation to the Filipinos to

straighten their spines and make sacrifices to erect schools or they would degenerate.

After Father Price's sermon we went to the Delegate's for dinner in our honor. The Delegate struck us as being a simple, genial man, well versed in Philippine conditions. He was at his best and made us feel at home.

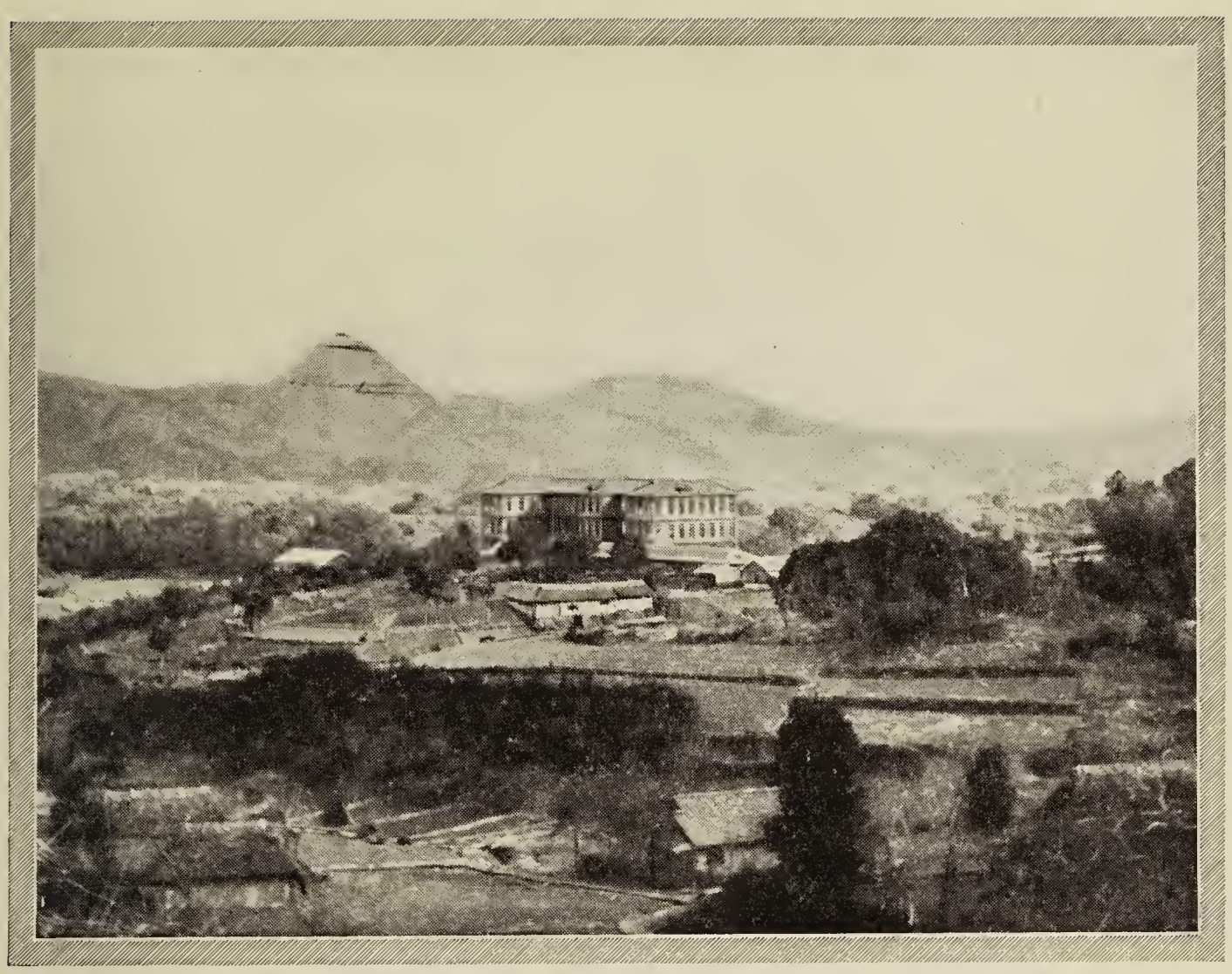
We left the Delegate's to go to the Redemptorists'. You may not know it, but Sunday was the feast of "Our Lady of the Remedies" and the three-hundred-year-old ivory statue here was much venerated. The celebration marked the close of a novena which thousands attended, even though they do not go to Mass and have joined the Masons. Half the city of Manila took part in the procession; the other half crowded the sidewalks along the line of march. Father Brown, C. SS. R., Father Beck, S. V. D., and myself, with antique and very heavy Spanish copes and dalmatics, marched. The procession was headed by a band; then, two by two, with dripping tapers, the men and women marched in silence. Their quiet, downcast eyes and reverent attitude impressed me. Most of the pilgrims were *young men*, thousands of them, and seemingly unconscious of their piety. It can easily be seen that cold Protestantism will never get a hold here. Unfortunately, Catholic training has been neglected and their acts of worship are largely sentimental, but it is not too late to save thousands to the Faith by parochial schools. The Archbishop has built twenty schools in the last two years, but the people have contributed nothing to the sum and he must even pay the teachers now.

The China Sea is a bit rougher than the rest of the Pacific, at least, it is this trip, but so far I haven't "reneged" any bugle call.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Shanghai,
October 25, 1918.

At about nine o'clock we two—I do not know which was the first—stepped onto the soil of China. No, we did not fall down to kiss it nor did we plant a cross on the sand, or



Apostolic School at Urakami, conducted by the Brothers of Mary

Seminarians of Nagasaki

WHERE THE BLOOD OF MARTYRS HAS BEEN THE SEED OF CHRISTIANS

rather, mud; but we were not unmindful that this was "the land of our dreams" and something akin to a thrill went through us, with a vague curiosity as to what the future might hold for us here in this other world to which we had come.

There was little time for conjectures and day-dreams, however, as a shouting, pushing crowd of coolies seized our bags and came within an inch of shoving Father Walsh off the dock for a mud-bath. It was our first experience and, of course, they robbed us, but by the time our rickshaws reached the office of the Paris Foreign Mission Procure we had gathered our wits and one of us held the baggage and coolies while the other went in search of Father Sallou, who sent them away quite satisfied with less than half of what they had demanded. Although we had heard much of these Chinese methods, our first introduction to them took us fairly off our feet.

Father Sallou closed up shop to become our guide to the Chinese quarter, where we wandered through a maze of narrow alleys lined with tiny shops with a fish market at every corner and sometimes in between. We visited two churches, one the Cathedral, the other a transformed pagoda that had been left pretty much as in the original, except for Christian furnishings, and we wondered how it compared in attractiveness, in the Chinese estimation, with our foreign models. At the European church we paid our respects to Bishop Paris, and after lunch at the Procure we went by electric car to see the Jesuit establishment at Sicawei, outside the city.

Father Kennelly was at the door in a moment and as his name does not belie his nationality we did not have to stammer a few uncertain words and wave our arms to signify the rest. We saw the new Jesuit church, one of the best in China, the meteorological observatory, and the numerous workshops where the orphans are trained in printing, binding, painting, making stained windows, and wood and brass-working.

Across the street the Helpers of the Holy Souls have an establishment with nine hundred foundlings and orphans,

besides a workshop where almost nine hundred more, mothers and daughters, are employed at laundry and needle-work while the younger ones go to school, or, if not old enough, are taken care of during the day in the kindergarten.

Lo Pa Hong

We were booked to say Mass at "Mr. Lo's Hospital", and a little after half-past seven his automobile was waiting at the Procure. Mr. Lo himself served one of the Masses, and after breakfast we saw the hospital where fourteen hundred charity patients are housed. Here are all sorts of unfortunates,—the insane, the blind, cripples, sick poor and prisoners, old men and women, abandoned infants. An isolation hospital for contagious diseases is under construction. The plant is the property of a score of Chinese business men, who have pledged themselves to supply the one-third of the current expenses not guaranteed by the police and the municipality.

Mr. Lo, a devout Catholic, who lives almost the life of a religious despite his many business interests, is one of the score and is the active director of the institution. A number of Sisters of Charity attend to the detailed management of the hospital and supply the Western experience and "balance". Mr. Lo is a catechist and baptizes more than two thousand infants and adults yearly. We were told that almost every one of the patients here accepts the Faith very willingly. They are humble and simple-minded and generally have no prejudices to be overcome.

Just as we were leaving the hospital a poor coolie was brought in covered with sores, in a condition that would not be tolerated for even animals in America. He was almost unconscious and, as he could live only a few hours, Mr. Lo gave him the necessary instruction and then baptized him with water from a bottle that he always carries with him for such cases even on the streets of Shanghai! If such be conditions here, where there is more of Western influence than in any other Chinese city, what must they be outside! What a harvest of souls is ripe even to falling, lacking only such apostles to gather it! Can anyone say, "Convert

America first," while there is any city in China without institutions to care for unfortunates in a manner befitting their dignity as human beings and brothers of Christ!

Nicholas Tsu

We called on Mr. Tsu, father of the two boys at Maryknoll, and found him recovering from a slight fever but keen and anxious to get news of his sons. That Catholics in China are not lacking in progressiveness is testified by the fact that Mr. Tsu has just launched the largest ship ever built by Chinese, a steamer of some four thousand tons. Perhaps even more important is the fact that it was built largely of Chinese steel. This may mean the opening of a new era for China, as there seems to be enough coal and iron in there to supply the world for more than a millennium, so authorities tell us. We met a nephew of Mr. Tsu, lately returned from America, and almost his first words were regarding the cleanliness and fresh air of America, and its great number of trees. But he had a new one on us—"All Americans must believe in God because they always say on parting: 'Goodby, good luck, and God bless you!'"

Father Kennelly was to be our host at lunch so we said goodby to our friends here and set out in state, which means in a real automobile. During a few moments at the General Hospital in charge of the Franciscan Sisters of Mary we met two American nuns, one from Rhode Island, the other from Washington, District of Columbia.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Hongkong,
November 4, 1918.

On October 26 we walked down the plank at Manila. We found the Archbishop's residence without any difficulty, within the walls of the old city, and were soon made to feel at home by His Grace. That afternoon we wandered around by ourselves and came upon the pastor of the Cathedral, a Belgian Scheut Father, and Father McErlaine, an American Augustinian from Philadelphia.

The next day Father McErlaine came for us in the afternoon and we stopped for short visits with the Irish Redemptorists, Irish Christian Brothers, and the Assumptionist Sisters, some of whom, at least, were daughters of Saint Patrick.

We attended the opening of a new dormitory where Father McErlaine is gathering several hundred of the boys that come in from the provinces to attend the colleges and universities in Manila, in order to safeguard their faith by supplying the proper surroundings. The Methodists and Y. M. C. A. have long ago established similar institutions.

In Hongkong

Shortly after noon on November 2, we entered Hongkong harbor and at about two o'clock were at the dock in Kowloon. We were rather disturbed as to how we should get our baggage across the harbor to Hongkong and the Foreign Mission Procure. We saw nothing outside but an army of coolies and a fleet of junks, and we had visions of an irresponsible lot of coolies dropping our baggage almost anywhere—if they did not make off with it—and losing half of it in the bargain. But our arrival was expected and one of the assistants of the Procure was on hand with some boys. *Presto!* our baggage was hoisted out of the hold, counted and identified, Father ——— gave some directions, and we were led away with the assurance that all would follow in good time. Here is a bit of philosophy we got from a good French priest that evening:

"The Chinaman is a human being, with many good and many bad qualities. Why not take him on his good side and so secure his confidence and good will, instead of looking always at his bad side and then condemning him altogether?"

Hongkong Days

At Hongkong we were in time for a pretty ceremony, the blessing of graves on All Souls' Day. In the presence of a large crowd the Bishop conducted the ceremony, assisted by a number of priests and the seminarians. A procession formed, with cross and candles, and marched through the

cemetery to the chanting of psalms, while at designated stations prayers were said for the souls of the departed. The conclusion was at the chapel, with special prayers for a priest whose body lies under the floor. It was an impressive ceremony that seemed to us worthy of imitation elsewhere.

That evening after dinner as we sat on the veranda, with flowers and green trees all around us, our thoughts went back to Maryknoll and The Venard, where the nights are frosty and the brown leaves begin to cover the ground, and the Procurator is postponing as long as possible the lighting of the fires, while everyone, as he passes by, tests the radiators with his hand. Here we shall never need to announce a coal collection, at least.

On Sunday, November 3, Father Walsh preached an English sermon in the Cathedral, on the invitation of the Bishop. Father Gauthier came in the evening. He has been over the whole of the new Maryknoll Mission and knows and loves its people. Under his brotherly guidance we shall serve our apprenticeship until we are given our cards as "journeymen" missioners. It was decided that we should go at once to Canton, on November 6, and begin the study of the language without delay.

We had some purchases to make,—books for the study of Cantonese, and helmets to protect us from the sun that even in November can cause trouble. The sun seems to have a peculiar power and glare here; the Chinese call it *fierce* and the word fits. It shines with a white glare like that of an arc light. I have not learned the reason; its rays are not as perpendicular to the earth here at this season as they are at New York at the summer solstice.

In the afternoon we visited the orphanage and new hospital of the Sisters of Saint Paul de Chartres. At the former a Chinese girl without arms was doing embroidery with her feet, holding the needles and her work with her toes. I may say that it is a very common thing to see a Chinese artisan holding his work between his toes while both hands are engaged upon it.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Cathedral, Canton,
November 12, 1918.

Father Meyer and I are quite at home here already, and our visit is making a very pleasant introduction to our life in China. All are extremely kind to us, and though they must laugh at our barbarous French they are too polite to do so to our faces, so we are serenely happy. Fathers Price and Ford will join us in a few weeks.

Today is a holiday on account of the Armistice. Everywhere America seems to be on every one's tongue. Our country's prestige is at its height and it is a good time for American missioners to be here.

Father Meyer and I are hard at work with the Chinese language. We have a native professor, and we study in private besides, so the days pass quickly. I cannot venture an opinion as to our progress—we have been at it only a few days. The language is without doubt difficult, but I suppose we shall catch on. Of course, it is just a matter of memory to learn the meanings of the words, and there is practically no grammar to learn, but *the tones!* I see now one advantage of learning plain chant— also the Greek accents. Chinese is like both, "only more so".

I am sort of chaplain to the Holy Ghost Orphanage (Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, of Outremont, where your former secretary is) just now, as the priest who goes there regularly is ill. I say Mass there every morning and baptize a "bunch" of "thieves of Heaven" now and then. I am repaid already for coming to China.

JAMES E. WALSH

November 6

At eight in the morning we left for Canton by boat with all the baggage, because the boats to Yeungkong go directly from Canton.

The trip was pleasant. The boat was an English one, though I believe that we were the only foreigners on board.

A Chinese patent-medicine vendor engaged the attention

of the natives in the second class for more than three hours, extolling the merits of his various plasters, pills, and powders. To show their efficacy he produced a real live cobra from a bag, threw open his coat to expose his naked breast, and teased the reptile to strike. Then, with much shrieking and gesticulating, he showed all those interested that the thing really had a hold on him. He did the same with other poisonous species, and a number of onlookers hastened to procure the wonderful panacea. Probably no one of them had heard of the trick by which the venom is previously extracted from these reptiles. The incident recalled the once popular side-shows of our circuses and carnivals.

We arrived at Canton at three-fifteen and found the Reverend Procurator with another priest waiting for us. The English language was the "Open Sesame" with the custom officials, as we explained to them that we were American missioners and that our baggage contained only articles for personal use.

November 7

Our language "professor" came in the afternoon and we arranged for four hours daily, nine to eleven and two to four at twenty dollars (Mexican) per month, to be paid in advance. He is a pleasant fellow, about thirty-five years of age, and speaks some English.

November 8

We called on the American Consul-General, Mr. Pontius, to pay our respects and to have our passports viséed. He was very cordial. He has spent sixteen years in various parts of China. In the afternoon we visited the college of the Little Brothers of Mary, who, though French, speak and teach English. Theirs is considered one of the best colleges in the city and has a good enrollment, but almost all the students are pagans and it seems impossible to interest them in things religious. The general verdict here is that the real work of conversion must be done among the poor and simple souls outside the cities.

November 10

(Sunday). High Mass at nine, with Gregorian chant by the seminarians. The Chinese celebrant's singing would compare very favorably with that of the average American priest. Another Chinese priest was the preacher. Many of the men wear the Chinese house-cap in church.

In the afternoon we visited the Catholic "Cemetery", a Christian settlement so called because of its proximity to the graves of the dead. Along the way we got our first view of the pagan tombs that cover all the hills and desirable locations. However, the Chinese in this section are losing their respect for the graves of the dead and it is possible to buy the land where graves are. An American-Chinese hospital and medical school occupies such ground. There is a thriving agricultural community at the Cemetery, and the Procurator of Canton had here a herd of dairy cows to supply milk to the orphanage and the mission.

Chinese Traits and Needs

We had a talk with one of the more experienced priests, regarding the Chinese and the missions. Here are some notes:

"They lack stability and perseverance; they begin but never finish; public improvements are made but never kept in repair; they cannot grasp the different phases of a question, or foresee contingencies. Some years ago the Government built many schools and then realized that there were no teachers. The white ants are now playing havoc with the schools because they work particularly in unoccupied buildings or unfrequented rooms.

"Then there is the eternal graft, or 'squeeze.' The people are heavily taxed but nothing is done for them. The officials get it all—the man that leaves office without having made his fortune is sadly lacking in common sense. If a new industry bids fair to become profitable it is immediately so heavily taxed that it cannot grow, if not destroyed altogether. Conversions are almost impossible in the cities, where people have left their gods of stone and wood to serve Mammon and Venus. Those in the villages are more simple-

minded and accept the Faith much more readily. So Christ foretold and so it has always been.

"But we are not to get the idea that it is only a matter of preaching to the villagers. Very few are converted in this manner. We must proceed indirectly—by acts of kindness and mercy, by establishing dispensaries and industries, assisting materially in order to win good will. These acts may be styled 'the beginnings of faith.'

"But the great need—and it has been insisted upon by all—is the school. It may be poor, with a catechist as teacher, but it is a place where the children are formed into what one might call 'real Christians'. New converts may be good enough but the results of their early training are often almost impossible to overcome."

November 15

Father Walsh and I have been taking turns baptizing at the convent. I had six today. The Sister said that where the Chinese have come in contact with foreigners they have ceased to destroy babies, at least openly, and in some places are establishing orphanages; but that in the country districts there are wells into which the children are thrown. Even in Canton it is known that there is a house to which babies are brought and where they are allowed to die without food! A former pagan country woman, now a Christian at the orphanage, admitted that she had destroyed three of her own infants by throwing them into a well. When asked why she had done so she replied that she had too much work to bother about caring for them. "Besides," she added, "I didn't know it was a sin!"

November 20

We went for a walk with Father Gauthier, who is so used to missionary travel that he cannot remain inactive. At the home of the Little Sisters of the Poor we found two Irish nuns. The Sisters care for about forty old women. I wish the Catholics of America might see the poor Chinese dwelling that the Sisters and their charges occupy.

We passed under the last gate left standing of the old

city wall, which is being torn down to make a wide avenue through the city. Some say that there is to be a street car line on it—the first in Canton. At present there is, I believe, only one automobile in the city, as but one or two streets are wide enough.

What a vast amount of physical energy is expended every day here! Everything is done by hand. Take, for instance, the work at the new skyscraper of nine stories on the quay. Out in the river, men on a junk dip a great bucket on the end of a bamboo pole, down where the water is shallow, and slowly load their craft with sand. Then by sail or oars they propel it to the landing, where coolies, men and women, each with two shallow baskets on the ends of a pole over the shoulders, carry it, perhaps a peck at a time, to its destination. Under rude shelters of matting placed beside piles of rough granite old men and women and little children sit all day long, with their little hammers breaking into the proper sizes the larger pieces. Further along piles were being driven for the foundations of building. These are necessary because of the alluvial nature of the soil. Six coolies stationed at a crank raised the heavy hammer slowly and painfully to the proper height; then it was dropped, and once more, one-two-three, it began slowly to rise.

Everywhere the same condition is found. Each little shop has its two or three workers fashioning before your eyes the articles for sale—anything and everything, from a toothbrush to large furniture.

Missionary Qualifications

Father R— told us at recreation that aspirants to the missions should, in his opinion, get a better training than the ordinary seminarian, and that he would advise sacrificing everything to have a strong seminary. The professors should be on the missions for six or seven years, and then get two years of special training to fit them for teaching.

The *Père* believes that one of the greatest defects an aspirant can have is laziness. A man who works hard will be a good missioner. One may seem pious, but if he is lazy he

Father James E. Walsh baptising waifs at the orphanage of the Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Canton, China
A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER'S FIRST BAPTISMS IN THE FIELD AFAR

will never do much for souls. Good judgment is very much to be desired, but it can be acquired if one is otherwise fit.

At table someone asked the new missioners what is the most necessary virtue for them. We made several guesses. The answer was, "Cheerfulness, optimism." The man who is at all inclined to melancholy will have many difficulties, if he does not fail altogether.

November 23

We are still engaged in the Chinese exercises analogous to the *rosa, rosae,* of other days. It is only a poor analogy, however, because there is no inflection in Chinese. But there are tones galore, and so we repeat over and over, *sin, sin, sin, sin*—each in a different tone. There are only seven hundred and eighty words in Chinese; that is, words as we know them, or rather, as we represent them by letters of the alphabet. To get the thousands that are necessary there are nine tones in which the seven hundred and eighty may be uttered. Then there are aspirated and unaspirated initial consonants and long and short vowels, each device changing the meaning. In English we use tones for emphasis, in Chinese tones affect the meaning, so that one may not use the tone he pleases. If one uses the wrong tone he uses the wrong word and may not be understood. There is the short, sharp tone, the rising tone similar to the questioning inflection in English but not at all interrogatory in Chinese, and the drawling tone, and all these in higher and lower scales.

November 28

Thanksgiving Day—and certainly we have more than usual to thank God for. The Canton Government declared a three days' holiday and celebration to commemorate "world-peace"—with civil war going on! American Protestants held services at the Y. M. C. A. In the afternoon we attended the parade of Chinese soldiers, sailors, police, and students of the various schools.

November 29

We learned by letter that our confrères would come to Canton Sunday evening by rail, arriving here a little after

six o'clock. We shall certainly be glad to see them. Father Ligneul is here from Hongkong to give a retreat and says that Father Price is like a young man.

November 30

Today was the anniversary of the founding of the Immaculate Conception Sisters of Canada. They have been nine years in Canton and during that period have secured the baptism of more than eleven thousand babies! And the number is increasing as they are able to extend their work. But this is only a small part of those that have perished in Canton alone. In speaking of the destruction of babies in China, Father Gauthier said that there is a widespread superstition that if a girl is destroyed the next child will be a boy.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Cathedral, Canton,
November 21, 1918.

You ask for my impressions. I am keeping eyes and ears open and hope to have some observations to make later on. However, I can venture one or two things now.

First, the Paris missioners are simply "wonders" in a personal way. There is a stamp on them that stands out. One need not look twice to see that they are men of God. They are spiritual to the core.

Second, I have an idea that the Chinese will be susceptible to our efforts—easy to convert, if they are given a square deal. The surface characteristic that has struck me most forcibly is their courtesy. This is a land of courtesy. Generally what people practice themselves is what they like, and so I think that a return of this courtesy would have its effect upon them.

The third notion that I can venture at this time is that with America's prestige at its height this is certainly the acceptable time, for the American is surely *persona grata.*

Lastly, I have gathered some opinions about the beard, and think we shall be better off without it. The French

priests themselves say that it used to be necessary but that now it is a matter of indifference. The Chinese whom I have asked about it say that they like a small beard on an old man, a long beard not at all, and no kind of beard on a young man. Besides, Americans are known even here as a clean-shaven race. The fact has become a proverb.

JAMES E. WALSH

December 1, 1918

Fathers Price and Ford arrived by train from Hongkong in time for supper. Fathers Jarreau, Deswazières, and Pierrat were also here, besides the Procurator and Father Gauthier, and at the evening recreation they sang the *Hymn of Welcome*. It is used at Paris to greet new students to the Seminary, and for new missioners on the mission. Where are our Maryknoll poets and composers?

Our confrères are full of their experiences in Japan and northern China and feel that the knowledge thus gained will be invaluable to us all.

December 4

There was shopping to do and work to be caught up with. It has been decided that we shall not go to Yeungkong until after the return of Bishop de Guébriant. There was an attack on the Yeungkong boat some two weeks ago and the owners stopped running. The service has been continued again but is very irregular. Besides, the Bishop has sent word that he will be here by the fifteenth of the month.

We begin retreat this evening here at Canton, on invitation of the Pro-Vicar, and as soon as possible after the Bishop's return we shall set out for our mission-field, so as to be at Yeungkong a few days before Christmas.

December 8

Father Gauthier told us that our chapel at Yeungkong is called "Our Lady of Lourdes". *

* Father Price's great devotion was to Our Lady of Lourdes under the title of The Immaculate Conception.

The Outcast of the People

On December 10, three of us made a trip to Sheklung, the leper refuge of the diocese. The institution occupies one whole island, and the greater part of another in a river some distance below Canton. On one island are some four hundred men, on the other about two hundred women under the direction of four Canadian Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.

When this work was started the inmates were very few. The lepers did not wish to give up the wretched liberty they enjoyed outside. They were outcasts, as lepers have always been; many were forced to commit suicide or were buried alive; between them and society there was constant war, and in many cases their one aim in life was to infect others; but they felt that they were free. Finally, however, the Government took up the work, and shortly after the founder's death deported to the asylum—then in charge of its present director, Father Deswazières, of the Paris Missions—several hundred at once.

For a while the lepers were rebellious and the little Father was in danger of his life, but they soon began to realize that he sought only to do them good and that their condition here was infinitely better than outside. Now they are quite contented and appreciate, to some extent, at least, the efforts of Father Deswazières.

Sheklung gets some help from the Government but it falls far short of the twenty-five thousand dollars a year required for the more than six hundred persons, and this in turn leaves nothing for improvements that would make life a little less hard and comfortless for the lepers. The little Father considers himself fortunate if he can provide the daily bowl of rice and some medicine to relieve the discomfort and pain of the afflicted.

December 11

Father Gauthier reports that there is great need of both men and women catechists in the whole of our district. On account of the war and other causes this mission has been practically abandoned for four years or more, and immediate steps should be taken to prevent further losses. Cate-

chists should be sent through the district to look up the Christians, baptize infants, instruct children, and in general to encourage the converts to persevere. For a beginning, there should be at least six men catechists in the Yeungkong district; two in the Sunyi, with more later; one (who is already there) at Loting; and one at Tungon.

Besides these, there ought to be five women catechists in Yeungkong, and a number at the other places later, as we shall be able to direct and follow up their work. They are useful to instruct the children, but their peculiar and necessary work is with the women. There have been no women catechists up till now, and since men are not permitted to approach the women the larger number of converts are men whose wives are still pagan.

December 17

Bishop de Guébriant arrived in the morning from Hongkong. To get to his destination he went by boat to Bangkok, Indo-China, where he took a train for the north. Four days brought him to the terminus of the road, and then seventeen days were spent in the saddle, before taking the Hongkong boat. China is large.

December 18

"We must leave this evening," was the announcement in the morning. Then it was denied, and again confirmed, and ended by a compromise: the baggage was to be sent on, and we were to follow on the next day. For some reason or other, the Yeungkong boat is not coming to Canton.

Father Gauthier's "boy", who is to be our boy, was an important and useful personage in the preparations. We were glad that he had been through similar experiences before, and we shall, no doubt, have reason to be thankful that he learned something of cooking while with Father Gauthier instead of practicing on us. He is a bright young fellow, eighteen years of age and gets, I believe, six or seven dollars a month (Mexican) * and his board! It seems ri-

* Mexican is the local currency. A few years ago one Mexican dollar was valued at fifty American cents: today its value runs between fifty and sixty cents.

diculous to us, but wages for the same class of work were little higher in America forty years ago. Here the change has not been so great, while the cost of living has practically doubled within a few years.

December 19

At last we are really off for our mission, and, God willing, we shall arrive there within three days. If we are not killed or kidnapped we shall send word immediately of our arrival. *Au revoir!*

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 4

MARYKNOLL-IN-YEUNGKONG—CHRISTMASTIDE

December 19, 1918

IT was about nine o'clock when we said good-bye to Bishop de Guébriant, and, accompanied by two of the priests, made our way to the boat. We had some difficulty in finding it, as we had to make a choice among a half dozen that looked very much alike. We scrambled over the neighboring craft, along narrow planks without railings, until finally Father Gauthier led the way up some stairs into a room where a number of Chinese were gambling. That was the saloon, just off our cabins.

By Junk to Kongmoon

This was the usual sea-going junk, but once we got into the cabins it was not so bad. We had two double and one single, that had been thoughtfully reserved beforehand for our use. The bunks were roomy, the mattresses were fairly clean, and good-sized windows gave plenty of light and air. We spread our comfortables and blankets—in China carry your bed or do without—and tried, rather unsuccessfully, to get some sleep. The boat did not sail until after midnight and until then there was a constant clamor. Once out in the river, however, the Chinese settled down and we were able to get some sleep before morning.

Our junk was passing down through the delta of the West River when we awoke, between mulberry covered levees that protected the low, flat ground beyond. The mulberry tree here, however, is not allowed to grow as in America, but is kept cut off close to the ground, the young shoots being gathered at intervals of some months and stripped of their bark to feed the silkworms. A light rain was falling but we could see the mountains rising out of the delta a little back from the river.

There was no possibility of saying Mass. We had brought food along, and between our boy and the ship's cook, it got over the fire and we sat down in one of the cabins to a very substantial meal, of which a chicken that until a short time before had been a living companion in our cabin formed the *pièce de résistance.* This may seem strange to many, but ice and refrigerators are unknown here and live meat will keep as long as one wishes.

Our course was down-stream. Occasionally a sampan came alongside and men, or as often women in trousers and unhampered by Occidental skirts, leaped off the runway that ran along the rear part of the junk near the waterline or came aboard in the same manner, without any slackening on our boat's part of her speed of perhaps eight miles an hour.

Protestant Activities

Approaching Kongmoon, we passed a small village that boasted an imposing group of buildings, perhaps six in all, in gray-brown brick and of Western architecture. They must have cost more than a hundred thousand dollars. Over the door of the largest was a legend that told the story, "Berkley Memorial Hospital", and we knew that the Protestants were established in force. Our natural question to Father Gauthier, "Are there any Catholics here?" was sadly answered in the negative.

In the vicarate of Canton there are about four hundred Protestant missionaries of both sexes. The Catholic Church is represented by twenty-nine French priests—and now four Americans—and a score of Sisters. The same disproportion holds among the native clergy and catechists. And this fact is due, very largely, simply to lack of funds. A Protestant missionary was a passenger for a short distance, and when we got on to the Yeungkong boat at Kongmoon we met the minister in charge of the Presbyterian mission at Yeungkong. We found him cordial and as he warmed up later he gave an interesting account of their activities, which include a tri-weekly newspaper, an *electric light plant,* and a bank.

The Yeungkong Boat

This boat is not as commodious or well-kept as the other, which, though it had not attracted us particularly before, now seems luxurious by comparison. This is also a towed junk, of about the same size and style, perhaps seventy feet long by a little more than twenty wide at the widest part. The carrying of freight is more profitable, so there is little provision made for passengers.

Down in the hold the third-class travelers are crowded together in continuous double-decked bunks, like sheep in an American freight car, while above on the deck are piled: various sorts of freight-coal for the launch that towed us; "Socony" for the lamps of the Yeungkongites who cannot afford electricity; palm leaf raincoats; much of our baggage; and various manufactured articles for the shopkeepers who had been to Canton and now are accompanying their purchases home to see that they get there, for there is no transportation system to take care of such things.

Probably one-third of the after part of the boat has an upper deck, under which are some cabins about six and a half feet square and with four narrow bunks in each. The lower ones are six inches from the floor and irremovable, and apparently no attempt has been made to sweep under them during the several years that the boat has been in commission. Two unglazed openings, eight inches by twelve, serve as windows. Outside in the central space are an immense wooden rudder standard, the stove, a hatchway to the hold, and piles of luggage and Chinese. At meal time the Chinese stand back long enough to allow two folding tables to be set up, one for the Protestants and an engineer friend engaged in railroad building, the other for the five "Shan Foo", or Fathers.

We piled our baggage into the bunks, Father Meyer sharing one cabin with the minister and his friends, while the other four went together. Then we went up on top to settle ourselves some way or other in the fourteen-foot space not occupied by boat gear, and empty hen coops, and pig crates, that were piled up ten feet high on two sides of us. We were to leave at two, but it was actually after four when the little

launch picked us up. We started out at good speed and were comforted by Father Gauthier's announcement that we ought to arrive the following afternoon.

Where Schedules Are Not

But China is China, where schedules are not, and out on the edge of the town we hitched on another junk, a proceeding that was calculated to give the launch owners more profit without regard to the fact that we must on this account go much slower and arrive a day later than was at first intended. However, we got off again, down through the "Narrows"—hardly wide enough to allow us to pass the boats we met, with bamboo clumps and small linden trees along the banks. The moon rose as night fell, clear and full and bright as the familiar harvest moon in temperate climes. The boy had spread our bedding and we turned in to get what sleep we might in bunks that were made for the pigmy Cantonese.

The next morning we climbed out to make our ablutions in collapsible canvas basins, *à la* Yankee soldier, with salt water from alongside the boat, for we were out on the Pacific. To the left, a few miles away, lay a fairly large island that we were told was Sancian, and a little later, as we passed the point of a rocky promontory that hid it, Father Gauthier pointed out the monument that marks the spot where Saint Francis Xavier lay down to die with his gaze fixed upon the mainland that he was not to reach. It was so near that a favorable wind would have taken him across in perhaps a little more than an hour!

Our progress was slow, though the extra junk had dropped off and was heading for shore under her own sail, because to make up for lost time the launch would have to force her fires—else we could not get to Yeungkong before dark, and the river is dangerous by night, and time meant money to her owners in this sense, that a forced fire means a certain waste of fuel. They were not bound to schedule and would have no refunds to make if late, so why hurry?

Finally at one in the afternoon we stopped in a pretty bay, the shallow harbor of a fishing village about twenty-five

1. The West River junk
2. Village of Taiho, where Maryknollers first set foot on the soil of their mission
3. A typical river landing

ON THE WAY TO YEUNGKONG

miles from Yeungkong, and it was announced that here we should stay until the next morning at about ten o'clock. The Chinese did not seem to mind, but we did not feel inclined to spend another night aboard if we could help it. So the minister and our catechist set out in one of the sampans that crowded around us, to find some sort of craft that would get us to our destination before night.

The Land of Their Dreams

The wind was favorable and a sailboat could make the trip easily. Most of them were out fishing but one was finally located, a light, speedy craft about twenty-five feet long, with the usual sail of matting with bamboo ribs, that make the Chinese boats look like huge bats floating along with one wing upstretched. Meanwhile, we had gone up on the hill behind the village to a really beautiful pagan tomb. This village is in our district, so let it be recorded that it was here that the Maryknoll missioners first set foot on the soil of their field of labor.

By the time we had returned and the boat was loaded with some of the baggage to hold it down under a full sail, it was half-past four, which would give us three hours of sailing before the sun went down, and perhaps the wind with it. However, we were ready for anything and set off.

The sea was calm as a lake, and with a good wind directly behind us we spun along at perhaps six miles an hour. Just at the mouth of the river the wind began to fail, but the tide was coming in and with the aid of the oars we were sure to get to our destination some time or other. So we tacked back and forth to get what we could of the slight breeze that now came off the land, and with one of the boatmen at the oars we kept going forward. More than once we had to help the sailors back us off a sandbar. Once, as we came up behind a boat similar to ours, its occupants began to row furiously to keep ahead of us, thinking, evidently, that craft that moved around at that time of night were not on honest errands.

Finally, as we rounded a bend, the lights of Yeungkong appeared, and fifteen minutes later we were pushing and

rowing up between the rows of houseboats, past the electric light plant, to the stone steps of a landing.

A half dozen coolies were soon in possession of our baggage, and with Father Gauthier as guide we hurried through the almost deserted streets until twenty minutes later we were knocking at the outer gate of Maryknoll-in-China. I say that we knocked at the outer gate, because here every property is surrounded with a high wall and the gates are locked and barred. Every man defends his own castle.

One might write a book about our feelings at that moment, but none of it would be true. We were happy, of course, and grateful that God had guided us through so many possible dangers and mishaps to our immediate goal; but we were also hungry and tired, and after a bite to eat we turned in for a few hours' sleep, or rather, of attempts to do so, for there were no nets on our beds or screens on the windows, and the Chinese mosquitoes are fully equal, if not superior, to those bred in New Jersey.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Yeungkong, China,
December 21, 1918.

Here we are at last, all of us—safe and sound and happy. We arrived at eleven o'clock last night, all worn out; came in a sailboat the last twenty-five miles, as the captain of the Chinese junk refused to budge from where he was for another twenty-four hours or so. We thought of cabling our final and safe arrival but found it would cost us fifteen dollars, and so I am writing this at the first moment. The whole place is much better than we had thought. The few Christians had festooned the front of the church to greet us, came to Mass, shot off fire-crackers in our honor, paid us a visit, and insisted on giving us a special dinner. I will write more at length in a few days, when we get settled.

Father Gauthier is with us, engineering all things. We left Bishop de Guébriant in Canton Wednesday night, after receiving his blessing and good wishes.

THOMAS F. PRICE

December 21

As we said our first Masses in the new territory we thanked God for having so signally blessed the work and ourselves. It was Father Price's name day, also, and we hastened to congratulate him on the happy augury—the initiation of our work on the feast of the first Apostle to the East and his patron.

During the day the junk arrived with our baggage and we hastened to arrange beds and put up the mosquito nettings so that we might henceforth rest undisturbed. Three of us are in one room, but luckily none of us snores.

The house is well built, of the gray brick that is used everywhere, with two good-sized rooms upstairs and one downstairs, besides three very small dark closets that the Chinese call rooms. One of those above is dining room, the other Father Price's room and office. Below we three have the large room, while Father Gauthier and the boys have the others.

Many of the houses are of sun-dried brick, but the better ones, like our own, are of burned gray brick with attractive roofs of red tiles held down by long lines of plaster running up and down over the joints. Wood is very dear, besides being subject to the white ants, and is used for doors and windows, floors, and roof framing. Even the floors are often overlaid with large red brick. The houses are closely set together, and, having few doors and windows, are very dark. Of one story, set on the ground, with brick floors that are not raised above the ground level, they are damp and cold. Consumption is prevalent here in the South.

December 22–24

On Sunday there were regular low Masses and Benediction. The tabernacle was prepared the day before and the Master came to live with us. We pray that His abode here may never again be interrupted.

The next two days were spent in arranging the house and the chapel for Christmas. We wanted a crib, but had no Infant. Finally the catechist found one, an American Boy Scout doll. We cut off his sombrero hat and disguised him with a dress and a bonnet.

The Christians, too, prepared for a feast. They were at it the entire day of the vigil and the greater part of the night, in an open shed just under our window. They had a whole beef—killed on the spot—a pig, and chickens. A good number came in from the surrounding villages and spread their sleeping mats on a platform erected in one of the native houses belonging to the Mission.

"One of the native houses belonging to the Mission" may mislead some into the belief that we are landed proprietors. I hasten to say that we have a half-dozen of these, some of brick, some of mud, each one a good-sized room with four walls and a roof, and at present housing the catechist, the professor of Chinese, four women catechists, and some indigent Christians.

Father Gauthier spent the afternoon and evening in hearing confessions, but we could do nothing to help him.

BERNARD F. MEYER

The First Christmas in the Maryknoll Mission

Since I wrote on December 21, the day after our arrival, we have celebrated Christmas. Such a Christmas! a Christmas we never experienced nor conceived of in all our lives!

The Christians made a gala day of it, pouring in on Christmas Eve and all day during the feast, in delegations from all the villages, celebrating both the feast and our arrival in one great outpour.

We had solemn Midnight Mass, Father Gauthier celebrating; and a *Missa Cantata* at eight o'clock, which I sang. Fathers Ford and Meyer formed the choir. The church was packed. All the Christians that could received Holy Communion.

A Chinese band, hired by the Christians, played Chinese music nearly all day, while the Christians shot off loads of fire-crackers. They insisted on giving us a banquet, which they were considerate enough to let our "boy" prepare—and such chickens, and ducks, and shrimps, and meats, and so forth, and so forth, and so forth, it would be difficult to match!

All day long these good people flowed through the church and reception room and bedrooms and office and kitchen and every nook and corner imaginable. Many had clubbed together, bought an ox and killed it, camping here on Christmas Eve and eating the ox with all concomitants on the feast the next day.

In the afternoon I had the happiness of baptizing our first pagan converts, two adults and two children, the fruit of work done by Father Gauthier. We had Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, at which I preached my first sermon to the Chinese, telling them of our happiness in coming to them, of what we hoped to do, and how we needed their coöperation. Father Gauthier translated my words, of which they had understood not one, and we concluded that they were much pleased. It was a great day, such as we shall never again experience perhaps, and we thank God for it. Father Gauthier said the Christians were very happy, and certainly we were.

THOMAS F. PRICE

December 26

We recommenced the study of Chinese, in classes of two, each having three hours daily with the professor.

The Christians from the villages began to return to their homes and two or three men spent the day in cleaning up after the feast. Here it is the men who do all the cooking at feasts and in the restaurants. Father Gauthier says that every Chinaman knows how to cook,—in his own way, of course.

Fathers Price and Ford called on the Protestant doctor to repay a call he had made on us, and got many practical points regarding our life here. He is a jovial fellow from Kentucky, and characteristically American.

December 29

We walked to the Christian cemetery, a half hour away. It is a small plot, containing nine neatly kept graves, and is almost entirely surrounded by the graves of pagans, which

one sees on every bit of high ground. The trees have been all cut off ages ago and now nothing grows there.

Off in the distance we could see a leper village that has about a hundred inhabitants. It looks as if we might have our own leper establishment as soon as we can take care of it. It is estimated that there are twenty thousand lepers in the province.

December 30

Father Gauthier received rather startling news today. There was danger that a Christian family living in one of the houses belonging to the Mission was about to sell their baby daughter to a pagan. It is almost unbelievable, but we must not judge too harshly. The selling of children by poor parents is a regular thing all over China, and this family has not been Christian many years. And what a pitiful story is theirs! The house they are living in is not as good as the stable in Maryknoll; the father is dying of consumption; the mother can find no work; and there are four little mouths to feed.

We did not wish to keep the family outright, so we shall give the mother something to do about the place—take care of the chickens, care for our little garden, and so forth. For this she will receive the princely wage of twenty cents a day. It seems a ridiculously small sum, and it is; but there are unnumbered families in China living, or existing, on less. And what can the average missioner do to alleviate this condition among even his own people?

We look forward to the time—within the near future, we hope—when we can have industries here where poor women and girls may be given employment that will enable them to keep their families together. China is a land of such poverty as I pray America may never know.

December 31

It was a chill, cloudy day. But the carpenter outside our window, making a wardrobe for the room, did not seem to mind it, and worked away as cheerfully as ever, slipping off his clogs now and then to double up like a monkey and hold

his work with his feet while his hands were busy. He certainly seemed to have an advantage in this regard over his American brethren.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Yeungkong, China,
December 28, 1918.

We have now settled down to normal life, plugging on Chinese three or four hours every day. Fathers Walsh and Meyer form one class, having started a month earlier than Father Francis and I, who form the second class. We are gradually getting acclimated and learning to adjust ourselves to things Chinese and the peculiarities of this part of the country, of which there are many. It is a wonder how the people live here, with the stagnant water of the rice fields and numerous ponds on all sides. However, the doctor (an ordained Presbyterian minister) says the water will not hurt if one screens his house with wire and uses mosquito nets.

There are, besides ourselves, only seven white people in the whole district, and they are Protestant missionaries. They are well established, spending, it is said, thirty thousand dollars per annum on their mission work. They received us kindly.

The Chinese here seem to be in the main very poor,—poorer than the Cantonese of Canton, and more illiterate. At the present they are unusually impoverished, having been looted by both Northern and Southern armies a short time ago.

We are bottled up, in a sense. Though Canton is about two hundred miles away by boat, it takes one week to make the trip and return. We have two boats a week to Canton, and none to Hongkong, which is less distant. Mails are delivered at any old time, whenever the Chinese carriers feel like it, and they don't feel like it very often.

There is here a town orphanage wretchedly conducted, which Father Gauthier says the authorities would gladly

let us have if only we had the Sisters. The authorities would pay a small amount—not sufficient to support the work, but perhaps we could get the rest from charity. We should get also the opportunity of baptizing many children and putting them into Christian families. About one thousand children a year pass through the orphanage.

Father Gauthier tells us that we need at once twelve catechists to instruct the Christians, and there are, besides, several hundred pagans seeking instruction.

We go out soon on our first mission trip—twenty miles distant—and will be back after a few days.

About the beginning of March two of us will go to Sunyi with a French priest now in charge of the mission. We will go over the ground with him and take up headquarters there. There are six hundred Christians scattered throughout that district and they need attention. The above are the instructions of Bishop de Guèbriant.

THOMAS F. PRICE

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
December 28, 1918.

We're home at last and feel it. Everything here spells Maryknoll, and I feel that many of us in years to come will walk these floors, and trip on the crooked steps, and soon know the odd twists and dark corners.

We were keyed to expect a shanty, and found a good mission house, well planned and complete, though hardly large enough for five missioners and their adjutants, as teacher, catechists, and cook.

Yeungkong is a city of from thirty thousand to one million inhabitants, according as you give it limits. Much of the city is outside the walls and there are twenty-five villages within a few miles' circle. Our church is off the main street —the only street properly so called, where three can walk abreast—one in a group of buildings including a priest's house with four rooms, where the five of us eat and sleep. It is delightfully like the first years at Maryknoll.

Every day the site of our Mission grows on us. We are

inside the walls, just beside the East Gate. We are high enough to look over the wall and see some small hills to the south, and the wall gives us no possibility of neighbors on the south or east, yet we are really in the heart of the population and easy of access to the postman—who seems bashful about calling. It was not until the day after Christmas that he gave us our first letters, and they consisted of two bills from Canton!

The church and house are lit by kerosene. There are some small one-room houses for the teacher, the old care-taker, and the catechists, and a large one for the Christians to sleep in when they pilgrimage to Yeungkong for the big feast days. Each "house" is fitted with a raised platform where all sleep. Our Chinese use a clay brick or block of wood for a pillow. I tried it, but couldn't sleep. I prefer the bare board, but we've rigged up small pillows. There are stoves among the Chinese here. They pile a few mud bricks against the wall and build a fire under them to cook their rice. They even enjoy the smoke of the wood (there is no coal) and think it helps to keep away the "skeeters" that rival the Jersey brand. We bought a second-hand stove in Canton, but it was hard at first to persuade the boy to use it except to boil tea. Now he admits that it is twice as good as the old way and doesn't burn so much wood. The wood has been carried down the river in boats several hundred miles, and the children hang around the water's edge to catch any stray pieces that come floating along.

The chapel has home-made kneelers for the men and women (the men occupy the front, and the women the rear), and boasts of the only panes of glass on the property, except those in our rooms. It will hold one hundred Chinese, but will need enlarging as it was packed on Christmas. The walls are whitewashed and have a series of mural "paintings" in Chinese ink, representing scenes from the Bible, of course with Chinese faces on Moses and all. The altar has a green matting on the top step, which we bought in Canton, and a wonderfully beautiful old crucifix which Father Gauthier picked up in a junk shop in Yeungkong,

possibly the spoils of a raid on Macao or Canton. It is like the Spanish crucifixes in Manila, full of expression and carved by an artist.

Yeungkong Parishioners

There are positively no people so lovable as the Chinese, —at least in the countries I've seen, which isn't much of a record to judge by. Just think of this for a simple character! Our man of all trades, seventy-five years old, shoeless and patched, was hired a few days ago. He asked four dollars a month as wages. When we protested, he said: "The price of rice is high; when it falls you can lower my wages."

Labor is too cheap here. There is such a struggle for mere existence that the poor fellows work for almost nothing. They live on rice and vegetables—a pound of rice at five cents and three or four cents' worth of vegetables. Those poorer still live on fish and a sort of cabbage, with meat perhaps twice or thrice a month and thin slices at that.

As procurator or marketman, I'm getting to know the prices of things and they are high. Eggs, tiny ones about two-thirds American size, are two cents apiece; chicken, forty cents per pound; a ham (fourteen pounds), eight dollars and forty cents; wood, one hundred cubic feet, six dollars and fifty cents. I had expected to find living as cheap here as in Africa or Borneo, but it isn't; and yet the war has not hit this country at all. Probably half the people do not know it is over, as few can read, and in the interior there is little or no commerce with the outside world except with the Standard Oil Company. The Standard Oil tins are used everywhere, to carry water, or as measures in the stores, and every house is lit by a tiny oil lamp.

Lest any should think we starve occasionally, it might comfort them to hear of our Christmas dinner. Forty or fifty Catholics from neighboring villages walked or sailed into our compound, many coming as much as twenty to twenty-four miles. They arrived Christmas Eve and brought with them a calf, a pig, ducks and hens galore, and vege-

1. The Maryknoll Mission Compound
2. Fathers Gauthier and Price with the Christians who came for the Feast
3. The Mission chapel

MARYKNOLL–IN–YEUNGKONG, CHRISTMAS, 1918

tables. They cooked in common, like the Christians of early times, and slept in several of our rooms on planks laid down on the stone floors. They are simple farmers and fishermen, and could not understand how it is that I don't speak Chinese. They would rattle away at me for five minutes, and all I had to do was to smile, and return their salute "Tin shu poyo"—"God bless you."

Possibilities

The men from the villages begged pretty hard for a priest to instruct them. In fact, the outlook here is alarming as far as opportunities go. At supper this evening we got a word from Loting (the northern section of the new mission) that there are a hundred men and women now under instruction in catechism, waiting for us to learn enough Chinese to take up work among them. Twenty miles from Yeungkong, another town has several hundred who were baptized or under instruction, but four years of abandonment, due to the scarcity of priests, has made many of them almost forget what little they knew. They are too recently instructed to be left alone. Another village is in the same fix. In fact, there are several problems like that to be solved. Then there is an orphanage and foundling asylum, with one thousand youngsters a year, ready to be handed over to us or to the Presbyterians here, depending on who has enough cash to erect buildings; and two miles away is a leper colony which the new Republican Government started but dropped, leaving the lepers to beg their food. On an island at the mouth of the river, with fifty thousand souls, the five score Christians have bought two houses and presented them to the Church for an Assembly Hall where Mass may be celebrated.

Of course, we can't and shan't do much for the next ten months while learning the language, but it does no harm to stimulate our zeal with thoughts of what we could do were we able. It gives us a little grit to tackle the *A B C's* of Chinese. It was a little hard at first getting into the attitude of a ten-year-old and learning a grammarless language, but we are beginning to see light ahead.

Bell for night prayers. We're all well, thank God, and happy except for the shortage of mail.

"*Ho hang la!*" as we say nowadays.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Maryknoll's Guide,
Father Auguste Gauthier, P. F. M.

Readers of the Maryknoll Superior's account of his trip to the Far East in 1917 are already familiar with the name of Maryknoll's "guide", Father Auguste Gauthier,* of the Paris Foreign Mission Society. Father Gauthier led Father Walsh over the mission field which owed so much to his own apostolic labors, and which was then lying fallow because of lack of men and means during the World War.

When the Maryknoll pioneers reached China in 1918, Bishop de Guébriant gave them the same zealous and experienced missioner as guide and friend. During the three years in which Father Gauthier was associated with the Maryknollers they profited much from the fruit of his twenty-four years of service.

Father Gauthier was born in the French village of Monteil, in 1868. His early education was almost entirely ecclesiastical, and 1890 he entered the "Missions Étrangères" (Paris Foreign Mission Seminary), the training-school of many saints and martyrs.

At the age of twenty-six Father Gauthier arrived in China. He knew not a word of Chinese, but began the study at once, and now he is noted for fluency and is recognized as one of the best foreign speakers of Cantonese. The Chinese say that his pronunciation is perfect,—an unusual tribute.

Father Gauthier's knowledge of the language opened up avenues of contact with the people, whom he learned to know and found easy to love. He was chosen to open many new missions in South China; to him fell the lot of pioneering, because he understood so well the people and the lan-

* Father Gauthier is now Bishop Gauthier of West Kwangtung. He was consecrated in May, 1922.

guage. Two of his early missions are now occupied by Maryknollers, *Yeungkong* and *Kochow*. He spent every cent of his patrimony building up his stations and keeping them in repair, and during six years alone he baptized more than a thousand neophytes and erected a dozen chapels and oratories.

The "monotony" of Father Gauthier's early days was much broken. He was at Yeungkong when General L— came down from Peking to subdue Kwangtung Province, and he saved many lives by his mediation. In Kochow, three months after his arrival in China, he had his first sick-call. The family had the bubonic plague and the mother and father died the night he was there. There were no beds in the house—only three coffins. The missioner occupied one of these, with a corpse on each side—and felt no ill effects! Then once during his missionary career he was captured by pirates. A guard was appointed to hold a dagger over his heart, but after a half-hour's watching Father Gauthier fell asleep. The pirates were so filled with admiration at his nonchalance that they woke him and told him to go about his business.

Father Gauthier is a strong believer in education for the Chinese—education at all costs. The work of the Church is, as a rule, among the poor, and the converts, without education, are unfitted to take a leading place in the community and influence others by the example of their Christian lives.

To Father Gauthier we owe the following summary prepared for the Maryknoll pioneers at Yeungkong.

JAMES E. WALSH

Yeungkong and Its People

Yeungkong is one of the most important maritime sub-prefectures in the province of Kwangtung. It is about sixty miles southwest of Sancian Island, where Saint Francis Xavier died, and extends along the coast for about sixty miles, from the sub-prefecture of Sunning to that of Tin-pak. It has four small seaports, frequented by fishing boats

and sea-going junks. The town of Yeungkong is on the river of the same name and nearly twelve miles from its mouth. This is the commercial centre of Yeungkong and Yeungchun. In ordinary times the port of Yeungkong is reached in two large junks towed by steam launches, plying between it and Kongmoon and, once a week, between Yeungkong and Canton.

Most of the Yeungkong people are occupied in tilling the soil and raising geese and ducks, but many are engaged in fishing, which is one of the principal sources of revenue in this district. There are also some important salt factories.

The people of Yeungkong stay at home while their neighbors of Sunning leave in crowds for America. They are, therefore, somewhat behind the times and narrow, like all who never leave home, and they think their country is the best in the world. It follows, naturally, that they stick to old forms and are very suspicious of novelties. This state of mind has changed a little during these last years, but it was very pronounced when the work of evangelizing was begun here.

Arrival of First Priest, 1898

The first Catholic priest went to establish himself at Yeungkong in 1898. Protestants had arrived some years before and had encountered much opposition, more or less tacitly supported by the authorities. The first buildings put up by Protestants were destroyed twice, and it was only when strict orders came from Canton that they were left in comparative quiet.

The first Catholic establishment at Yeungkong also met difficulties. For several months the missioner had to live quite hidden in a narrow and obscure room, rented by a catechumen. Strange rumors spread over the town about this hated "foreign-devil", who had come to tear out the hearts of their children and the eyes of the dying, and to poison the people, and so forth and so on. The priest's servant was forbidden to draw water from the common wells, lest he would poison them, and he had to employ a miserable opium-smoker to get water for the missioner.

The Mandarin found himself very much embarrassed by the presence of this "foreign devil" and sent to the Viceroy of Canton a list of charges against the missioner. This Mandarin never published the answer he received, but it was evidently a "call down" for himself. However, he insisted that the priest should move outside the town, and gave notice that whoever dared to sell a house to him would have all his property confiscated and would be thrown into prison. The owner of the house which the priest had rented was an opium-smoker and always in need, ready to render any service for a few cents. The missioner loaned this man money and accepted as security a purchase-contract of the house.

Catechumens began to come, and soon the house proved too small and the priest prepared to build. About this time, he received from a friend in France a hogshead of wine. When the Yeungkongers saw the barrel carried by six men through the alleys of the town to the Catholic Mission, their imaginations began to work overtime. What could this heavy barrel contain? Surely it must be munitions of war. And were there not every evening strange noises at the mission chapel? (The catechumens have a custom of singing their prayers.) Certainly these people were learning to use weapons of destruction—and then that new building that was exactly like a fort!

The wiseacres also remarked that they had seen French gunboats at the mouth of the river, and these were only waiting for a signal to bombard the town. Posters placarded in every street ended with the following appeal: "Citizen! Do you wish to fall into the hands of the foreigner? Arise! Go and destroy the Catholic chapel and kill the foreign devil!" The situation became serious, and the missioner warned the Mandarin. The latter ordered his assistant to make an investigation, which climaxed happily in a refreshing drink of bordeaux. The following day another edict of the Mandarin reassured the people.

The First Converts

Quiet times followed for a few years, but the priest was handicapped. He was alone over three sub-prefectures

(Yeungkong, Yeungchun and Tinpak) with no catechist to help him. The work of evangelizing among men is fairly easy. They almost all know how to read, and with some explanation given by the missioner they quickly acquire a sufficient knowledge of our religion to be baptized.

Among the catechumens of the town of Yeungkong was a *literatus* somewhat better educated than the others. The missioner took particular care to instruct him, and he was the first to be baptized, becoming first catechist. He did his work in a satisfactory manner, though, like all old Chinese teachers, he was more or less careless and always kept something of his former Confucianistic education. He never failed to add, as a last argument to prove a thesis, that Confucius had said the same thing. With his help, the missioner succeeded in baptizing seven or eight hundred men in the space of five or six years.

The greatest difficulty was to approach the women. Confucius, wise Chinaman, had never spoken to women. For a new mission, this is one of the most delicate points, and offends above all the pure Confucianists. And yet, without the conversion of the mother, the family can never be truly Christian. It was necessary, therefore, to make a trial at Yeungkong as in all other places. The missioner spoke of this to his catechist, who said nothing, but let things go on as before. They finally agreed that this catechist's wife should go to Canton, and there study Christian doctrine at the convent. *Madame* was a little surprised when this proposal was made known to her, and at first put difficulties in the way; she did not know how to read, and how would it be possible for her to learn so many things? But, daughter of Eve as she was, she ended by giving way to the temptation of novelty. The trial proved a success, and after a few months she returned, less learned than her husband, but more sincerely Christian. She had never been inoculated with the virus of Confucianism.

Little by little some women associated with her and began to study the doctrine. But the pest, which is as blind as fortune, came suddenly to carry off the woman-catechist of Yeungkong. The burial was magnificent. More than

two hundred Christians assisted and went through the streets of the town publicly reciting the rosary. This manifestation did away with many prejudices concerning the honor rendered to the dead. The few catechumens persevered in their resolve to become Christians, and some others even joined them.

Today in Yeungkong

But there was nobody to instruct them. The missioner therefore advised his catechist to marry again, to which he easily consented. His second wife was also sent to Canton to be instructed. She soon returned as good a Christian as the first, and to this day she renders us great services. In the whole of Yeungkong there are only about thirty women baptized, and even these are poorly instructed. This is the principal cause of the want of Christian life among the neophytes. It is not an easy question to solve. Time is necessary, and it is only by opening schools that one will succeed in forming true Christian families.

So there, dear Fathers, is a review of what has been done at Yeungkong. It is little in comparison to what remains still to be done, but it may give you an idea of the difficulties you will have to surmount; also, the hope you may entertain.

AUGUSTE GAUTHIER

PART II

PIONEERING IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSION

Right Reverend Jean de Guébriant, D. D., formerly Bishop of Canton, now Superior-General of the Paris Foreign Mission Society

Right Reverend Auguste Gauthier, D. D., first guide of the Maryknollers in China, consecrated Bishop of West Kwangtung, May, 1922

SPIRITUAL FATHERS OF THE MARYKNOLL MISSION IN CHINA

Chapter 1

GETTING ACQUAINTED

Yeungkong, January 1, 1919

HAPPY New Year to everybody!—or, as a Chinaman would say, "May your wealth multiply!"

The Christians came again to greet us at breakfast and stood in admiration as we swallowed chunks of bread and manipulated pork chops that some one had kindly provided.

In the afternoon we went to pay our respects to the local Mandarin.

January 2

The catechist was sent to a village about four hours (fourteen miles) away, to look up the Christians and prepare a place for Fathers Price, Gauthier, and Ford, who will spend Sunday and the Feast of the Epiphany there. He sent back word that the Christians are very much pleased to hear that the Fathers are coming.

January 3

More mail came today. The postmark on the latest letter was exactly six weeks old! So it behooves those at both ends of the line to be patient if answers do not arrive as soon as they would like.

January 4

Fathers Price and Ford were off today with Father Gauthier on the first missionary journey. They went in chairs in spite of Father Price's protest that he would rather carry the coolies than they him.

January 6

The more we see of China and the Chinese the more we realize that here is a country of wonderful mission possibil-

ities, but with her population of four times that of the United States she must have unlimited men and means and prayers. The Protestants at Yeungkong alone are spending probably thirty thousand dollars yearly. They are building chapels everywhere and putting resident Chinese pastors in charge.

January 7

Father Price is quietly looking over adjoining property and making indirect inquires as to the price, with an eye to future development. As it is now, we have no room for such things as orphanage, dispensary, or school buildings for boys and girls.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong, China,
January 9, 1919.

Our first mission trip! It's as hard to describe as one's first dose of ether, but here goes! We left early Saturday morning, taking dinner close after breakfast for we were dubious about supper. Father Price wrote a long letter, possibly making his will and disposing of his royalties, while Father Gauthier, like a veteran, smoked up to the last minute, and then packed all his luxuries in a neat portable bundle. He insisted we include in our baskets wash basins, blankets, dishes, and Mass vestments, and we looked like *Peary and Co.*, as we set out with our two porters, A-han the indispensable Chief Cook, and three chairs. Pakwan was the destination, about three-and-a-half-hours' walk away across rice fields, mountain paths, and rotten bridges, and Father Gauthier thought the distance too long for Father Price's legs. As a matter of fact, Father Price's one hundred and eighty pounds weighed more heavily on his own mind than on the shoulders of the two "huskies" and he bravely walked most of the way, keeping pace with the small-sized trot the men took.

Pakwan, a "Deserted" Mission

Pakwan is not a city, nor even a village; it's a row of houses without a wall or a gate. It gets its importance

from being the center of shopping for many small villages. Twice or thrice a week the farmers carry their pigs, peanuts, and poultry there, and set up their stools on the roadway to bargain with traders from Yeungkong who sail up the river. On market days the enclosure has a hundred traders, though few live there day and night.

We timed our pastoral visit to meet the farmers, and we had to plow through disgruntled pigs to reach the Mission. Its size took us by surprise. Father Gauthier bought it fifteen years ago, when a pawnshop went out of business. Most Chinese pawnshops that we saw were tall towers three or four stories high, where the townspeople took refuge from the bandits, but this one is an exception,—a long one-story affair, that needed only an altar to be mistaken for a chapel.

But size is its only glory now. Last year during the revolution the Northern troops occupied the house as there was no priest resident to scare them away. They broke whatever was breakable—in target practice, I suppose—which included five kerosene lamps and the glass windows in the chapel and house. The cold winds that swept through from the north made them chop the kneeling benches for fuel and compelled them to sacrifice the roof timbers that support the tiles. When we arrived, the roof of one of the rooms had fallen and a spring typhoon had blown down a wall.

However, the Christians exploded some firecrackers at our feet and we felt at home. We took the occasion of their presence to borrow two lamps and some fire wood, and they supplied us with eggs and oranges, and our thermos bottles gave us hot coffee. As luck would have it, it was an unusually cold night, which kept away the mosquitoes; but we had provided against the pests, and not against the cold wind. That it can be cold in the tropics, though, the two nights at Pakwan were a good proof.

The property is larger than at Yeungkong. It is about two hundred feet by sixty feet, and includes the chapel and a main house with half a dozen small rooms strung along the side for the kitchen and caretaker. Here also, as at Yeungkong, the plasterer has improved the whitewash by

penciling fantastic birds and landscapes, all out of perspective, on the walls and brick altar. There was a carved crucifix, but the soldiers took it with them when they decamped. They even used for fuel a gilded inscription that encased one of the pillars of the chapel, and hacked at the column itself which was possibly too worm-eaten to be any good for fuel. There was a deserted air about everything, that must have tried Father Gauthier's heart, for he had built up the whole plant; but he was mighty cheery about it, and the fairly good turn-out of Christians to welcome us and attend night prayers made us reconciled. About thirty-odd were present at our three Masses next morning and were willing to listen to a twenty-minute sermon by Father Gauthier.

Pakwan, although a good day's journey, is too close to Yeungkong to enjoy a resident missioner,—at least, for some time to come,—but the chapel and house will have to be made habitable for monthly visits. The place will never be important, for Yeungkong has already attracted many of the traders south, but as the center from which fifteen hundred people can be reached, it will prove worth working up.

The people there are more countrified than at Yeungkong, and hence make better material to work among. It seems to be common experience that conversions are more numerous among the simpler minds of the farmers than in the big cities of China. At any rate, there is more natural pleasure in dealing with these honest, manly characters that are content with their daily labor in the fields or with their nets on the river banks. The young men, especially, seem as frank and sturdy as any in America. I smile occasionally (in my room, with the door closed) at my former notions of the yellow man. And by the way, these are as red and sun-tanned as any Western Indian.

Sights Pleasant and Otherwise

After Mass and a new supply of gifts in the food line, we inspected the neighboring village. On the way there were lepers galore, who live on the outskirts and seem to be on

speaking terms with the farmers. During the day they mingle with the other workers, and at night go to their homes (little straw huts) that edge the river. We passed at least thirty of these huts.

The streets of the village are dried water-courses, made in the sandy soil when the river rises. Luckily they were pure sand in the winter as we tramped them. The luxuriant bamboo and banana trees, and the mud-brick walls of the houses, seemed a part of the whole. We passed from one house to another, visiting a cripple who could not come to Mass, blessing the home of another old man, and ending up in the community watch-tower where the young men take turns watching the river for bandits. There were about two dozen rifles stacked in one corner, and on the roof heavy stones were piled to heave at the enemy.

Next morning at six there were twenty-six at Mass and eight received Communion. After Mass we packed up the blankets and a half-dozen eggs that remained from the feast of the previous day. A stiff wind from the north invited us to sail down the river instead of walking, but when we tried to get a boat the owner had no sail. He borrowed a mast from his neighbor, and a quilt of cane that does duty in these parts for a sail, and we pulled up the anchor, but the water was too shallow. The captain and his three mates, who were his mother, his wife, and daughter, immediately jumped overboard and shoved the sampan into the current.

Father Gauthier was at home in the bottom of the boat and Father Price joined him for a nap. As the others dozed, A-han called my attention to a shocking sight. Not ten feet away, as we swung close to the bank, we saw a dog dragging the dead body of a child out of the water. It had floated down the stream and the animal had to wade to catch it. We were sailing rapidly at the time and when I had awakened Father Price we were too far away to see clearly. Father Gauthier said he had seen the same thing more than once, and it bears out the experience of the Sisters of Canton, who in one month had baptized over eight hundred infants picked up in out-of-the-way places.

The wind died down after two hours, and we "hoofed" the rest of the way, Indian (or Chinese) file along the foot paths that lead to Yeungkong. We missed two classes in Chinese, but the experience was a spur to study harder. We shall visit Pakwan again in a few weeks.

FRANCIS X. FORD

January 12

We visited the leper colony before mentioned. There are some fifty persons in the village, almost absolutely uncared for. The Government some years ago built them houses of mud bricks and gave an allowance of fifteen cents monthly for each person, but since the recent troubles even this allowance has stopped and the necessarily short-lived houses are falling into ruin. The Protestants have been there with monetary help, and a Chinese minister goes there every Sunday. He has baptized twenty-four persons.

Queues

It would seem quite strange to most people, probably, in their first sight of the Chinese, not to see any queues. Yet it is a fact that in the cities, at least, every man has his hair close-clipped, with perhaps a tuft in front, though this is more common among children and coolies. We have seen a few queues, but only on countrymen and the old-fashioned and they were worn wrapped around the head.

The Municipal Orphanage

To date there were five baptisms of dying infants at the pagan orphanage.

There are few deaths at this place, however, as it is rather a market than an orphanage. It was established by an association of merchants to receive the children of the very poor, and is supported by contributions from the shop-keepers. The children are kept here and those more fortunate in goods of the world come to buy them—the girls as servants, or possibly wives, the few boys as adopted sons where there are no boys in a family. The worst mis-

fortune that could befall a Chinaman would be to die without leaving some one to perpetuate his name, and so adoption is quite a common practice.

January 18

Fathers Gauthier, Price, and Ford, set off on another missionary journey, this time to a more distant district than on the previous one, and they expect to be gone a week, or perhaps longer.

January 19

Father Walsh has turned nurse to the boy next door who is down with what the Protestant doctor says is malignant malaria. He probably has tuberculosis with it, as his father is consumptive and takes absolutely no precautions.

The Protestants have taken up medical mission work most energetically, making it the basis, in a large measure, of their propaganda. In fact, I believe that without it they could do very little outside of the large centers like Canton, where their influence is manifested also in education. Not only have they established hospitals and brought over doctors who are at the same time engaged in propaganda, but they are training the natives, men and women, and having them trained in America, as doctors and, at the same time, disseminators of Protestant teaching. Of the Protestant doctors we have met, every one was a militant Protestant, with the American desire to get results.

January 26

We are going to open our schools, one for boys and one for girls, after the Chinese New Year, about the middle of February. For the present they will be in two of the small houses that belong to the Mission.

January 28

In our walks past the Protestant Hospital here at Yeungkong, we had read the legend, "*Forman Memorial,*" and one of us was curious enough to ask the doctor the origin of the name. It seems that a minister named Forman

was pastor of a First Presbyterian Church in Jersey City and at his death the congregation erected this excellent and well-equipped hospital as a memorial. Perhaps some parish will yet do the same for the Catholic mission of Yeungkong.

January 29

The Chinese New Year, which is calculated according to the moon, begins this year on February 1. Since the proclamation of the Republic, the Gregorian calendar has been adopted as official, but the Chinese are nothing if not conservative and everybody continues to use the old way of reckoning. For nearly two weeks the whole time is given to feasting and merry-making. It is much the biggest feast of the year.

February 1

The New Year. Around the door of every pagan house are pasted up big strips of red or orange colored paper with New Year's inscriptions that the occupants may be blessed during the year with health and prosperity, and everyone greets you with, "A prosperous New Year! May your wealth increase!" The Christians came in after Mass to greet us and we gave each of the children a present, such as it was.

February 2–4

As no one would be working during the New Year we took advantage of the opportunity to have Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for about eight hours during each of the three days. The Christians were in good attendance, and numbers spent hours at a time before Our Lord.

February 5

Two of the prominent men came in from Taishap, one of the villages that wishes to become Christian, to announce that there would be fifty boys between the ages of ten and fourteen in the school, and to ask for another teacher, for by the Chinese method of teaching one professor cannot take care of more than twenty-five or thirty.

We have been very fortunate in not being sent into an absolutely new territory. The priests of the Paris Missions, who have been in various parts of this sector more or less constantly during the past twenty-five years, have made the beginnings that are always so hard, and now we are beginning to reap not inconsiderable fruit from their labors.

The Weather

The humid season about which everyone has been trying to frighten us seems fairly to have commenced. You may call it the rainy season if you wish, but there are no heavy rains. The missioners here distinguish it on that account from the season of cloudbursts to follow, which makes this section have twice the annual rainfall of the eastern part of the United States. Just now it is cloudy for days at a time and there are showers, absolutely without warning. We hardly ever see the sun. It is also rather cool—we had a temperature of forty one morning—and while that may not seem cold according to the thermometer, the humidity of the atmosphere makes it very noticeable. But they tell us that this is the worst season of the year, so we are not at all cast down, particularly since it is no more disagreeable than the spring season in a section of the United States not so far from Maryknoll.*

Fighting Dampness

However, there is much dampness here, and if one is not watchful he will find his clothing and books looking as if they had been for some time in a damp cellar. Guarding against this is not so difficult a problem as one might imagine. The Chinese have had the same conditions to overcome for quite a few centuries, and the missioners have applied Western methods to the solution of the problem.

We have a drying-room of wood with a small stove in it, where many things may be kept and where damp clothes may be thoroughly dried before being stored away. In our own rooms we have small wooden trunks, covered with pigskin or buffalo hide and lacquered so as to be impervious

* Father Meyer is from Iowa.

alike to dampness and the white ants. These trunks are quite cheap—we bought second-quality ones. In them we keep suits and cassocks, cameras and supplies, and other articles that must be dry.

All our books have been treated. The covers and edges were gone over with a solution of bichloride of mercury to guard against the ravages of a small insect, not the white ant, that is very destructive; and the bindings were given a coat of varnish thinned with turpentine. The Protestants here have books so treated that are in the best of condition after eighteen years. Our bags, typewriter cases, and the like, also got a coat of the varnish.

Sidelights

Father Gauthier has some interesting reminiscences of his experiences with the people.

On one occasion he was explaining the story of the Fall and his convert observed seriously, "I always knew that one should never pay any attention to a woman!"

A neophyte was told that he must see to it that his wife and children become Christian. "Why," he said in great surprise, "has a woman a soul?"

In a newly converted family the wife of the only son died and the family seemed inconsolable. Father Gauthier, then only one year a missioner, was much affected and tried to console the husband by reminding him that his wife had died a good Christian death and that he might hope to see her in heaven. "Oh! it's not that," replied the husband, "I haven't the money to buy another!"

One day Father Gauthier's "boy" came to him, saying, "Father, there is no one to sweep the house my father left me."

"Oh! that will be easy enough," was the reply, "It is not so far away and you can go occasionally after your work is done to put it in order."

"But Father does not understand." So saying, the boy went away and Father Gauthier, much puzzled, related the incident to his catechist.

"It is only that he wishes to get married," was the answer,

"a Chinaman never tells you directly that he wishes to marry." The boy had been working for him for two years with very little pay, so Father Gauthier gave him the necessary thirty dollars with which to buy a wife.

February 18

The past two days have been beautifully clear, like spring days at home, when one goes out in the morning with the feeling that it is good to be alive.

February 19

Fathers Price and Ford were off with Father Gauthier, in a sampan that was to take them a little more than half the way, to the village of Pengkong, opposite the island of Hoiling, where they will rest for the night. In the morning they intend to go by junk out to the island, a trip of from several hours to a day, depending on the wind.

February 20

School began with a total enrollment of about twenty boys and girls. Some are Christians, others not yet baptized, and all will receive the catechetical instruction that is so necessary. We are making an attempt to establish what we shall dignify with the name of "school" in every village in which we can get together enough children. They will learn the catechism and prayers, and how to read and write Chinese, with perhaps some arithmetic. It is not much according to Western standards, but it is a great deal more than they have been getting. The Chinese are anxious for education but in many of these villages they have been too poor to rent a building and hire a teacher.

Requests for Instruction

On February 23 a delegation came in from Pengkong to ask for a catechist and teacher. It is there that a catechist was accused some years ago of being in league with the pirates because he had received one of them under instruction, and by order of the Mandarin he was so badly beaten that he afterwards died.

Delegations seem to be the order of the day. On February 24 there was another from a village to the north of Yeungkong, called Chowhang, where a number wish to become Christians. We have not enough catechists to go around, so we must here, as at Pengkong, hire one of the best among the catechumens (few of whom can read and write) to teach the catechism and prayers by heart to the others, leaving the explanation and real instruction to a more favorable opportunity.

Such men may be hired for a few dollars per month and the use of a house, which will serve also as school and chapel. At night the fathers attend instructions; and on Sunday the house is the meeting-place for all, as it is for morning and evening prayers during the week. The attendance of these poor Chinese at devotions that are not obligatory would put to shame many a congregation in Christian lands.

On February 25 a Christian from the village of Taipat announced that there are fifty boys and a dozen girls in the schools, with more than two hundred persons under instruction. This is the village that has been asking for baptism for some time. Father Gauthier first went there about eighteen years ago, baptizing perhaps a score of persons.

February 26

On advice from the Protestant doctor and our own short experience, we are engaging another professor in order to have more time for individual work with a teacher. Learning Chinese is a matter not simply of acquiring a vocabulary but of imitating the manner of speech of the Chinese. The Protestants' practice is to have for each person a private instructor, who shall be constantly with him.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
March, 1919.

You ask what institutions I am planning. My ideas about the upbuilding of this territory are almost identical with those of Bishop de Guèbriant in his letter to you.

Catechists and Catechumens

I think that the putting out of catechists, handling them, and training them, and bringing the catechumens to the catechumenates for final instructions, should be our chief work at the present time. The institutions will come gradually as they are needed; there is no pressing need now. Some catechists can be procured for even less than we figured. Untrained ones can be had generally for from four to ten dollars per month; the trained will cost us fifteen dollars per month.

For the present I would like to work at getting up a catechumenate* for Yeungkong, and later two for the western and northern parts,—one in Sunyi and the other perhaps in Loting. For the one at Yeungkong the property I wrote of, costing thirty-three hundred dollars, which should be purchased at any rate, would fit us out, not only for a catechumenate but also for an incipient infirmary, and it will take care of our charity work, which will gradually grow.

We have at present sixteen catechists at work. I should like to put in the Yeungkong district at least twenty-five catechists, if we can afford it. The Protestants here have forty, well paid. The sixteen we have should instruct several hundred catechumens,—let us say, at least from two to three hundred. When these are instructed sufficiently,—for a year, probably,—they should be brought to the catechumenate at a convenient time, for at least one month, and given special final instructions by the priest. To bring them there and keep them would cost perhaps three dollars each: that is, six hundred to nine hundred dollars for the catechumens.

The catechists should be brought to the catechumenate for one month at least every year during the vacation time, and given special instructions and training by the priest. This would not cost extra, as it is necessary to hire them

* To the catechumenate are brought from small villages, where no continued instruction can be given, those who have expressed a desire to become Catholics. They remain a month and sometimes longer, so as to catch not only the special instruction of the catechist, but also the atmosphere of the Catholic center. With such a start, perseverance is more certain.

for the year in any case, and they provide for their own support here as elsewhere.

The cost of carrying on the sixteen Yeungkong catechists and the catechumenate would approximate on this basis above fifteen hundred dollars for the catechists and six hundred dollars for the catechumenate, the whole amounting to above two thousand per annum. If there were two other catechumenates for the other districts the cost would approximate six thousand or more per annum for all. I should like to see at work by next year as many catechists as we can afford.

Mission Buildings

We have figured out the cost of churches in this way: we can put up a chapel of mud, sun-dried bricks for five hundred dollars; but we think this is not desirable and that the chapel should be of good bricks, and we fear to figure this at less than one thousand. Also, as a rule, a chapel should be accompanied by two school buildings, one for the boys and one for girls, as it is impossible in China to have mixed schools. These could hardly be figured on for less than five hundred dollars apiece.

There is need for two rooms for the priest, one for himself and one for his boy, but they could be arranged in the schoolroom. So that, to fit out a mission property, it will take from one to two thousand dollars for buildings, according as we have mud or good bricks. For priests' residences, one at each central station on the lines of Bishop de Guèbriant's letter, meets fully my own judgment.

At Yeungkong, as I wrote, fifteen hundred dollars will fit this place up well for several priests and I think this should be done immediately. In Sunyi (Tungchen) there is said to be a better residence and church than at Yeungkong, and I suppose that nothing is needed there in the way of a residence building; but it will be necessary to put up a residence at Loting or elsewhere very soon, as within a year there must be a third resident priest in the territory.

Regarding property here, it is the opinion of us all that what I mentioned for thirty-three hundred dollars, and the

The community washtub, outside the city walls

A pagan shrine on the soil of the Maryknoll Mission

IN THE YEUNGKONG COUNTRYSIDE

property on the other side already spoken of, ought to be bought at any rate, as they are necessary for the development of the work. Also, there is a large pond of standing water right next to us, breeding malaria and other pestilence continuously, which we think should be bought and closed up. The land will be very useful to us.

THOMAS F. PRICE

March 6

The local paper had a long tale of pillage down toward Tinpak, a district that we had intended visiting in the near future. A large band of robbers, estimated to be about a thousand, pillaged a number of villages and carried off nearly two hundred persons to be held for ransom. Before they got away some soldiers arrived on the scene, although the soldiers usually get there after the pirates have dispersed. Seven or eight pirates were taken prisoners. The district is so terrified that they are moving down with all their belongings into the market where the soldiers are stationed. The rice planting season has just begun, so that it is going to go very hard with these people.

Pirates Again

Report has it that both the civil and military Mandarins, who usually spend most of their time in Canton, have hurried back to Yeungkong with a Chinese gunboat and considerable military force, in order to put down the bandits; another case of locking the barn door after the horse has been stolen. Father Gauthier says that in his nearly twenty-five years in China he has never known the pirates to be so bad. There has always been a certain amount of piracy, but until recently an outbreak would be severely punished by some of the participants being decapitated, and the district would enjoy quiet and peace for another twelvemonth or so. The trouble now seems to be that those in authority have their entire attention directed to the quarrel between the North and the South, and the pirates are taking advantage of the distraction.

All this means that for the present, at least, we cannot visit all sections of the mission. We could travel with entire safety to our persons, though perhaps not to our belongings, but there would be danger if the village in which we were staying should happen to be attacked at night; and furthermore, many of the Christians cannot be reached because either they have taken refuge in garrisoned towns, or are afraid to venture out of their villages.

"Talking Price"

We are doing a little in the way of conversation and go out occasionally to try our hand at beating down the price on a Chinaman. Except in the case of a very few articles, and in some of the larger cities that follow the foreign custom, no one ever expects to pay anything like what is asked. The usual rule is to offer a great deal less than the stated price, and then finally come to a compromise. Really, the East Side Jew or Yankee horsetrader can't compare with a Chinaman! It is said that there is a prejudice against the postal system because the price of carrying letters is fixed, while in the "good old times" one could spend an hour or so haggling with a private carrier and finally get a letter taken for about what the carrier had really expected in the first place.

The advice that has been given us, in case we do not know the value of a thing and do not wish to lose our reputation, is to hold out for a very low price, and in case it is not accepted to leave the shop. If the offer was really too low nothing more will be heard of it, but if it was only a matter of "saving his face" the shopkeeper will send after us or even come himself, saying that for our "honorable sakes" he is willing to lose money.

March 16

It is Sunday and we have no class, so perhaps some would like to take an afternoon walk with us to the top of the hill just outside the city. As we pass out the gate we get the usual remark from the porter and some of the simple folk nearby: "Ah! Father is going for a walk, I see."

"Yes, going for a walk," we reply, for the Chinese consider a simple *yes* or *no* impolite, and a very common way of avoiding this is to repeat the words of the question in the affirmative as an answer.

Pagodas and Shrines

Ten minutes will take us out of the city and the suburbs on this side; yet in that period we pass three of the pagodas that one meets with so frequently, in cities and villages or standing quite alone in the country. Some of them have been built by subscriptions, others by communities or by individuals, and they are kept up by the contributions of the faithful.

There are shrines, too, in plenty, set on the tops of mountains or hidden in a group of rocks or at the foot of a banyan tree whose thousand fantastic roots are suggestive to the superstitious mind. Here there is a grotesque idol that is minus an arm or a leg, perhaps even his head, or is lying prostrate on his back; while over there the objects of devotion are two pieces of stone that have been picked up on the mountainside. The poor people, particularly the women, kow-tow to them all, and there are as many perfumed joss-sticks burning before the one as the other.

Brick or stone towers set apparently at random, crown several of the hills about the city. These towers are supposed to influence the winds of good fortune so that they shall blow favorably upon the city, and their position has been determined by geomancers.

The Protestant Mission

Almost at the top of the hill we walk out on a ledge and, seated on a boulder, enjoy the panorama.

Off to our right, we look down upon the Protestant hospital and schools standing at the foot of another hill. There are six large new buildings here, with model equipment. If you look closely just over the wall you may see, in the city beyond, the low roofs of the Catholic Mission, that is almost as old as the Protestant one—a residence, a small

chapel, and a half-dozen little native houses, three of them of mud. We are hoping that there will not be so great a disparity much longer.

Graves and Gardens

The foot of the hill is covered with the conical grave-mounds of the poor, planted all over it without any sort of order and very close together. Creeping up the sides of the hill are those of the more well-to-do, who erect terraces and heaps of the rough black stones, or lay those stones in white and colored mortar, making them conspicuous objects for miles around.

Beyond the tombs is the floor of the valley, very level and making a beautiful sunken garden that extends almost as far as the eye can reach, to hills that are dim in the distance. It is dotted with tiny rice-fields and garden plots, of all shapes and bordered with narrow bands of green —the dykes which keep in the water and serve as foot paths for travelers.

Going Home

The day has been cloudy and a light rain is beginning to fall. As we go down, the herd boys and girls are coming in with their charges, their faces almost hidden by great roof hats to keep off the rain. Poorly clothed, some with pinched faces, yet apparently happy, they go chatting or singing along behind the little brown cows or the rough, gray buffaloes that seem to resent a stranger's presence, though they are gentle enough with their Chinese owners.

It is Sunday, but we are in a pagan land and everyone has been about the daily work. Some are going home from market with the empty baskets that held the produce of their gardens or hencoops, or with their purchases.

Rude buffalo-carts with huge wooden wheels, loaded with pond earth, are setting out on their slow journey to some distant village, just as they have been doing through the generations since Confucius commanded the sun of Chinese progress to stand still.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 2

SEED SPROUTING

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
March 27, 1919.

OST of us, I believe, used to think of China pretty much as we did of Mars. It was a sort of a dream-place,—lost in a haze of distance. To go to China, even for us who thought of little else for the past six years, was like pulling up stakes and setting out on a Jules Verne expedition. That was a nursery idea. The fact is that once actually here it seems like being across the street. How close we feel to Maryknoll!—just as if we could hop on a train and drop in on you for lunch. One hardly knows how to explain it, but without professing to be mind-readers we certainly know and feel that you are close to us. To tell the truth, we don't seem far away from America in general. They say that the ends of the earth are drawing closer together; but over here one gets an idea that they never were very far apart.

The house in *Hope Alley*, which, being interpreted, is the name of our street, is doing well, and so is the household. We cannot say that the pagans are swamping us with requests for baptism, and yet there are signs of interest that we cannot mistake and which have heartened us very much. Of course, the study of the Chinese language is still receiving the major share of attention. Many generations of missioners have exhausted themselves and their vocabularies in attempts to characterize this tongue and there are no adjectives left, except such as a person refrains from using.

Impressions

You ask if we have come to that stage when the language seems impossible. We have. Shortly after that we arrived at the point where we had the whole thing sized up in a nut-

shell. This was followed by the conviction that we were sent here to revolutionize the language, simplify and recast it, and thus do a signal service to the Chinese people, for which they had been waiting six thousand years until our arrival. This is all in the background now, and we are settled down to the humble process of clinching a few more words every day, and hoping, at the same time, that after a lot of hard work we shall get a pretty good grip on it. It is coming, all right. Even now we find that occasionally somebody will understand what we are trying to say. And may be it isn't a glorious feeling when that happens!

The "cutest thing" that I ever saw in this world is a Chinese child! All children are "cute" but the soberest philosopher in the world would feel an irresistible desire to hug these Chinese babies. There is something about them even though they are the commonest thing in China. A Chinese family will generally have only one pig, and not more than two or three dogs, but to the number of babies there is no limit—babies everywhere. Going through the streets one has to be careful not to step on them. Those little faces are pagan, though. Can a person tell? We think we can. Baptism shines through; with it they are simply irresistible.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
March, 1919.

The more I see of the men here, and the conditions, the more I am convinced that good health is a prime requisite for the missioner. Father Price remarked only the other day that North Carolina was nothing compared to this. One must travel in all sorts of circumstances and weather, exposed to thorough wetting, perhaps more than once a day, with no chance to change clothes; he must sleep in unsanitary surroundings, noisy and noisome; and often must eat what is not the best of food. The summer is said to be extremely hot and enervating, so close and humid at times that one cannot sleep for nights together.

It seems almost impossible to find quiet, with bugles, firecrackers, hawkers, cats, and other forms of torment. (I suppose a Chinaman would find similar fault with New York). This matter has been spoken of among us *à propos* of those at Maryknoll who may have trouble with their health, and the opinion was expressed that too many "side lines" should not be taken up. My recipe for a missioner would be: theology, health, and piety, equal parts, seasoned with zeal and judgment. Other things could be added to advantage, but one must be careful not to take any chances of spilling the essential constituents.

Food and Medicine

Food offers little difficulty, though it is expensive enough. People tell about the cheap living of the Chinaman, but that is because the average workingman's meals consist of rice with a few vegetables and a tiny piece of meat, that may be almost anything, for cats and dogs come into the bill of fare, even rats and June bugs, and no part of them is wasted. There are pork, beef, fowl, eggs and fish near the sea. Fowl is comparatively expensive. Flour is quite easy to get, at about twenty-five per cent more than rice, but does not contain so much water. There are a number of fruits and vegetables, and by importing seed one may have many fresh American sorts. Canned goods, as one would expect, come high. One may have milk, butter, and cheese, from Australia or from the United States.

The great difficulty is the danger of disease. Water must be boiled, and one's "boy" must be cautioned to be careful in his buying, as the inspection is not always very strict. The Protestant doctor says that raw fruits should be dipped in a solution of potassium permanganate before being brought to the table, to prevent one's getting dysentery or cholera germs that may be on the skins. Potassium permanganate is also taken internally as a preventive.

We are told that we should take fifteen grains of quinine every ten days or so during the mosquito season—March to October—as it is practically impossible to keep from being bitten. At home one could do fairly well by using plenty of

screens, but when traveling, or staying in a village, one is helpless.

Some knowledge of medicine would undoubtedly be useful, since one may often be so far from help, but I cannot say along just what lines until I have talked more with doctors and missioners.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, Yeungkong, China, April 21, 1919.

Fathers Gauthier and Ford returned from their mission trip last week and report that we have between one thousand and fifteen hundred catechumens under instruction! It is indeed good news, for which we cannot be too grateful to God. This is our real Easter gift to Maryknoll and we all send it with our best Easter wishes to all!

Concerning the property here, of which I wrote you in my letter of March 12, I said this property was necessary. The other day the larger piece was about to be sold and I purchased an option on it until August. We all think the property is necessary for the development of this place and that we should secure it as soon as possible, for we may be embarrassed otherwise.

The catechumenate, which this property will enable us to begin, can be utilized for teaching and training men and women catechists before sending them out, and it seems to me this will form a most necessary part of the work and that a large part of our success will depend on it. We could bring to this catechumenate all those catechumens who could not be properly instructed by the priests at the villages, and there will be many such, I think. Where a village would have upwards of, say, one hundred catechumens, the priest could spend the time there, instructing them; but there will be many cases of five or ten in a village where it will be impossible for them to get instruction from the priest, and such should be brought to the catechumenate.

Sisters are a necessity here for the catechumenates, for even if not able to teach Chinese, they can regulate the

women and keep things in order and see that all is carried out properly. Besides this they are needed to teach the women catechists and train them, for most of them are very ignorant. This, with the incipient infirmary and children's work, will be their first care.

THOMAS F. PRICE

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
April 22, 1919.

I have just finished my fourth missionary trip, this time on the lookout for consolations. It's unreasonable, I know, to expect immediate results, but I really did look for them and wasn't disappointed.

We laid out the eastern section of the Yeungkong district as our first stopping place. An early dinner on Saturday, March 29, put us in good humor for the six-hours' trip before us. Father Meyer accompanied Father Gauthier and me as far as the eastern branch of the Yeungkong River. He left us at the wharf, which in this case was several rocks thrown into the mud. It was one o'clock, and the boat did not put in an appearance until two; and we were poled up the river against a cold north wind that brought a colder rain. A motor launch would make the other side in five minutes, but our brave sailor gloried in his control of the destinies of twelve lives and took a good half-hour to pole to the other group of rocks.

Penglam

We passed Penglam on our left. Penglam—"Blue Meadows"—has at least one thousand souls, all unbaptized. Ngashiu—"Elegant Harmony"—was our first stop. I have given up hope of finding the "why" of Chinese names. "Elegant Harmony" is a village of straggling houses facing a muddy drainage system. Long, long ago the Catholics numbered here twenty-nine, all from the Wan family. "Wan" means "to joke,"—at any rate we found "nary a wan" there, and after ten minutes' rapid questioning the

Rip Van Winkle of the family appeared at the door of the "chapel" to tell us that one by one they had died in the years since the Mission was started. The chapel is a one-storied, single room, dirt-floored, furnished with two chairs, a table, and a faded picture of The Sacred Heart. It is simply one of the dozen shops on the road. If it were sold it might bring forty dollars, though it cost the Christians one hundred some years ago.

Taikau

We stood around just long enough for everyone to know we were there, and then we headed east to Taikau—"Broad Ditch". There a surprise greeted me in the shape of a huge chapel, large enough to hold half of the three hundred men in this market-place,—and the chapel is the smallest part of the church property. On the street was a group of houses, in all about ten rooms, while behind, opening on a road, are the ruins of a school-room. The property must be two hundred fifty feet square. All except the school are in perfect shape, built of dressed stone up to six feet, the rest in first-class burnt brick. Years ago, the forty Christians paid fifteen hundred dollars for the plant, but it cost at least five thousand to build. Formerly it was one of a chain of pawnshops in the principal market-places, and the company, for some unknown reason, parted with it at an unusual pawnshop "sacrifice".

John Chinaman's "uncle" seems to be the most prosperous of any we have seen. He takes care of winter clothes in summer, charging only one third of their value for storage; but the pawnshop does real service, besides, in guarding valuables in its safe deposits against the annual attacks of bandits.

Our quiet was not disturbed the first night by any visitors, for our letter to the Christians had not arrived and no one expected us in this busy month of rice-planting and rain. But in the morning one by one the Christians dropped in to see us, and our hopes rose as the rain fell. After all, it takes some zeal for men to come in pouring rain as soon as they hear of our arrival.

The history of religion here is not so bright. The movement towards conversion seemed good fifteen years ago, but the newly-baptized and those under instruction had no sooner bought the chapel than the missioner was recalled elsewhere, and ours was practically the first visit they had received since. Merchants in the markets change frequently and of the forty names on our register only eight could still be accounted for after subtracting the score who had died.

Looking for consolation, I found some in the new pews and neatly kept altar, decorated with flowers and a crucifix, whither these abandoned eight have been in the habit of coming for night prayers. They have at least the grace of faith if everything else is wanting.

Pakwan Reviving

On Monday, March 31, we set out again. The rain obligingly stopped; in fact, our pagan porter remarked that God must be watching over us, for it rained when we stopped and stopped when we commenced again. This time we headed north towards Pakwan, arriving after three hours of the muddiest water this side of a pig-pen. The roads had become creeks, and the Chinese discarded unnecessary clothing and made capital of the deluge by damming the rice paddies. They looked picturesque, knee-deep in the water, urging on the antideluvian monsters called water-buffaloes that plow the mud for future crops, but the water was cold and the stiff wind surely caked the mud on their legs.

On our former visit we had found Pakwan on its last legs, both as to souls and building, but ten dollars invested made the chapel habitable with kneelers and two lamps, and there were thirty men and boys at Mass. The little school, just started, numbers twenty, of whom three are the children of pagans, although none of the twenty has yet been baptized. There were three baptized women present; one was seventy-seven years old, toothless but smiling.

The chapel was habitable from a Chinese point of view, though it lacks window panes and its ant-eaten upright beams lean to one side. The school needs immediate im-

provement. The twenty boys depend on light from the open door, for there are no windows in the room. A little light also comes through a small opening six feet square in the roof, that used to serve as an outlet for smoke. If four of these roof-windows were put in and paned, it would be enough. The brick floor, too, is disagreeable, as it is lower than the street outside and rainwater gravitates in. The rain that fell while we were there measured over an inch.

Their greatest need, though, is a woman catechist to instruct the ten women who want Baptism, and, thank God, we have in mind a woman at Canton whom we can get for this place. It is not always the means that are lacking, for women catechists are hard to find; they must be of "uncertain" age and well grounded in the essential doctrines of our Faith, and this combination in a new territory is rare.

The Presbyterian teacher here paid us a social call, drank the formal cup of tea, and smoked the regulation puff of tobacco. He is an alert young fellow.

Timpun

We left Samka feeling at our best, and two-and-one-half hours of creeks brought us to Timpun, a market of a thousand souls with barely half-a-dozen Catholics. We have a school here, at any rate, and six of the twenty-one boys in it will soon be baptized; the others are pagans, but there's no telling what influence the catechism will have on them.

Timpun—"Half a Field"—is like all small markets of these parts; a long double row of houses, facing a large area of straw-covered booths where the chickens and pigs are driven for sale on several days of the week. We were housed at the other end of the row in a brand-new shop not yet finished, with freshly strewn sand for a flooring and the usual boards in the corner for a bed. They brought in mud bricks and a pan and some firewood, and with a little mud gathered outside the door they made a furnace in twenty minutes and had the pot boiling while the poor chicken looked on calmly. These people are so removed from communication with the outside world that they need very little of its luxuries to enjoy themselves. Kerosene is all that

penetrates these parts and even that is burned in home-made lamps, fashioned from pieces of tin picked up here and there and flattened carefully into shape. I haven't seen a knife now for five days and am beginning to fear I should cut myself if I used one, though it's no mean feat to tear apart a bony fish with two chopsticks.

Timpun was the farthest north we went, about fifteen miles from the end of our territory. Our next move was southwest to Chowhang—"All Successful." It had been a small market of thirty shops, but an artist would be hard pressed to find enough ruins to sketch. Our forty Catholics were dispersed—four killed.

Manshui

We were prepared to find a survivor or two in this village of Manshui, which, horribly translated, means "Mosquito Water". But at evening prayers there greeted us over a hundred men and boys, all studying for baptism. Including the women who will soon commence instructions, we shall have two-hundred-eleven in this village. This represents practically the whole village, which bids fair to be a choice spot on the ecclesiastical map of the district. God certainly rewards a hundred-fold any efforts made. Two months ago there was a slight hope here for Catholicism and we sent a catechist to size things up—and the result is a Catholic village. Oh, if we could only provide all the catechists needed in these places, how soon we might hope for results!

It would solve, too, the big problem of mixed marriages. As all in one village are of the same family, they must search elsewhere for a wife, and a Christian young lady is hard to find in a new district. With three or four villages within courting distance of one another, the solution is simply insistence on Catholic couples.

After an hour of prayer and a sermon, I tried to sleep, but the pleasant excitement of the day was too much so I lay awake and counted the stars. There was no window in the room and the door was locked, but twelve holes in the roof and eight in the walls (one had plenty of time to count them) gave me so many peeps of the heavens above.

During the night some houses that were separated from ours by a little creek were visited by a band of robbers. Not a shot was fired but the morning found the houses minus three men, a woman and her child, and all the buffaloes. In the party taken for future ransom was a Catholic with his wife and child, while the other two men had just returned from our "chapel" after signing up as catechumens. Four villages were pillaged around us in the last two days. Practically all that is left to the survivors are their rice field and mud-brick home with which to ransom their family! The night after we left Manshui, it was again visited and completely ransacked of cattle.

Cheungtinnam of the "Middle Ages"

Two or three hours more brought us to Taipat, a marketplace where a score of Christians greeted us, but we had to hurry on to Cheungtinnam before nightfall. This "Broad Rice Plateau" had been threatened again by the pirates, but was preparing a home defense guard. If each village in these parts were to take the police control in its own hands, it could arm its men, who would naturally defend the village better than strangers. It is not a year since this beauty spot was attacked and twelve men killed, but they put up such a furious defense for six hours that the robbers are touchy on the subject.

One could not look on Cheungtinnam as ordinary. How is this for pagan China? After supper, which is late in this busy season, the "town crier" makes the rounds of the eight or so streets, but instead of profane remarks on the time and weather, he yells: "Time for evening prayers—quick —hustle! Time for evening prayers!" When I heard it for the first time I expected robbers, so lusty is his voice, but Father Gauthier translated his call for me. Can the Middle Ages show anything better than that? Then the procession! Each man and woman takes a bamboo torch, dips it in the kitchen flame, and lights the dark lanes of the village. That looks more like the catacombs than the Middle Ages, but it's Catholic enough, anyway.

But this crowd of over one hundred and fifty does not go

1. Yeungkong—city wall and gate, from the missioner's window
2. Cheungtinnam—Maryknoll chapel at right, village threshing floor in foreground
3. Chowhang—priest's house, school, and chapel

IN THE YEUNGKONG FIELD FOR SOULS

to church, because we have no church here. Instead, the first twenty people fit into the largest room in town, the next thirty pack into the courtyard and entrance, while the majority throng the alley outside. And this is not on Sunday only, but every single night of the week, and the prayers last one half hour on week nights and one whole hour on Sunday evenings. Yet these are men and women who have planted rice ankle-deep in mud from daybreak till six in the evening.

In front kneel the fathers, behind them the children, while the mothers survey everything from the door or street, usually with a sleeping infant slung behind each in every position but the natural one. At first it shocked me that women are socially beneath the boys of the family, but in this case it has its advantages, for the darling of the family sitting behind his father imagines he is safe to begin his boyish pranks, till the stern hand of a fearless woman at the nape of his neck recalls the ancient rules of right conduct forgotten for the moment.

O ye wiseacres of a civilized world, how you would envy me this community life, where drunkenness is unknown, where billiards play no part in enticing the young blood of the family, where an irate father never asks the whereabouts of "Johnny" after dusk! The Head of the Holy Family and the Blessed Curé d'Ars must be watching Cheungtinnam carefully. I dare not prophecy about the future, or my pen would wobble, but I cannot help thinking what years of daily toil and prayer, that leave no time for the devil, and just enough for sleep, will do for the growing generation. The devil has already refused to countenance the whole affair,—at least something inspires the dogs, ducks, pigs, and frogs each night to bark or quack or grunt or croak their disapprobation of the mighty vibrating prayer of a united village.

This is surely God's work, not man's—for we had very little to do with it. Ours is now the work to treasure this gift of God to us, and help the development of the spiritual life of the village.

More concretely, it means a school building, instead of

the three separate rooms we are obliged to use because no one is large enough; it means a chapel large enough to hold two hundred people, instead of the room and paved court and unpaved alley now well worn by tired feet. And this will call for a dwelling for the priest, who is to make this the center of his own little patch of several hundred Christians.

Chashan

We stopped a moment at Noling, which, as far as I can make it out, means "Pull the Bell!" There are only three baptized here, but they are "hustlers" and since our last visit to the village one hundred and nine in all have "signed up" for instruction. We have twelve boys in school here.

Another hour still west, and another Jordan to cross, put us home at Chashan—the "Tea Mountain"—where Father Gauthier had built a neat little chapel with a room for the priest. Our former visit here was not encouraging but at evening prayers I counted eighty-nine, of whom at least thirty were women. One hundred and thirty-two have asked for instruction. While I don't expect all to "stick it out" for the nine or ten months of daily instruction till Baptism, we should have at least one hundred here by Christmas. We have spent a hundred dollars in repairing a wall that had caved in (it's mud-brick) and with a coat of plaster the chapel will be attractive.

Before leaving, they asked me to bless their homes. This is not merely the formal affair of the Ritual; it means a minute search in every room to seek out and destroy any superstitious omens. The Chinese, at least in these parts, have some little token for each particular divinity they wish to honor. Generally it is a an inscription pasted over the door on a wall, with an incense holder underneath. A favorite one here is a bunch of cactus suspended from the ceiling. The first condition of reception for instruction is the removal of all such trash, so the blessing of the homes is a sort of Inquisition. As I can hardly tell a Catholic inscription from a pagan one, I was accompanied on my rounds by half the villagers, and woe betide any unfortunate old

woman who had forgotten to remove some trinket! With a rush they would tear it from the wall, even at the risk of taking some plaster with it. Every house in Chashan henceforth will be adorned with Catholic sentences, such as: "God is here". By the bye, they show better taste in inscription than many of our "God bless our home" signs. Mere Chinese writing is a thing of beauty in itself and it is always well spaced. Holy pictures are a bit costly, but I hope to be able to give each family one at baptism.

Chashan was really our great consolation for, like a spoiled prodigal son, it had been indifferent for the last ten years to any efforts made for its conversion. Just as we were leaving, some of the old Christians brought three babies to be baptized.

Kolung

From Chashan we crossed a ridge of mountains for several hours southwestward to Kolung—"High Cold Water!" —a new village where a priest had never been before. Last January one of the half-dozen Christians here begged for a catechist, feeling sure his relatives would follow him into the Church, if they had a man well instructed to put the doctrines to them. We sent one who opened a school for the boys.

On our arrival we were greeted with the good old Irish prayer, "God Bless You," written in big Chinese characters above the main gate of the village wall, and every single house door had its lintel reddened, not with the blood of the lamb, but with long inscriptions such as these: "There is one Heaven, one Earth, and one God", "God is Everywhere", "God the Source of Happiness". The words "Tin Chu"— "Lord of Heaven"—are exclusively Catholic in China; even Protestants use another word for God. In the thirty homes I blessed, not a single superstitious emblem remained. At evening prayers—always in common— there were about a hundred present. I counted thirty women outside kneeling in the dirt. They are the poorest of God's poor, but they are God's. If our room were whitewashed it would make a respectable coal-bin, such as you will find in New York

flats, yet it was the best they could offer us and we were happy to taste of their poverty and felt honored by their love.

It was a little too hot to sleep in a room without windows and the door barred, which had served as a dining room, parlor, and bath, but we were surely better off than any one else in the village, for they are obliged to keep pigs, ducks, and even the huge water buffalo, under the same roof for fear of robbers.

Shekhang

We had to climb the highest mountain hereabouts—perhaps fifteen hundred feet—to reach our next station, Shekhang—"Beautiful Rock". On the way we stopped at a pagan friend's home at Yunshan—"Mountain Region"—a prosperous village of twenty-two. This man is son-in-law of a Catholic at Chashan and, I think, will soon be converted. His wife had received a Catholic education as a girl, but because she was affianced to a pagan it was impossible to baptize her, for in her new home she would be obliged to perform pagan ceremonies with her mother-in-law. At this house they gave me a dish I had never tasted before,—cane sugar and rice, boiled into a sort of gruel. Whether due to the mountain climbing or my sweet tooth, I don't know, but the mixture tasted just right.

Shekhang is too poor to boast of even a main entrance, much less a wall, but it reasons it were useless expense, since the bandits have so often made the village their rendezvous that there's not much left to steal. The poor fish the villagers gave us was well salted, as much to disguise as to preserve, and our kerosene was dangerously low, but one hundred and four earnest souls turned out for evening prayers. As usual, the trusting eyes and guileless faces of the young men struck me, and I confess I mentally compared them with the "putty" faces of city folk at home. I always thought we whites too pale and worried-looking, and yet I wasn't quite satisfied with the rich skin of our colored brethren; here our boys have the happy medium, bronze.

FRANCIS X. FORD

First Easter in the Maryknoll Mission

With the exception of *Tenebrae,* we are carrying out the exercises of Holy Week as far as possible. Father Ford, as sacristan, prepared the Repository and the five of us took the night watch, two hours each. During the day the women were particularly faithful and it was good to see them there, with the catechist or the wife of the professor reading passages on the Blessed Sacrament or leading the prayers.

There were a number of Christians from outlying villages in for Holy Week, and on April 19 they began to arrive in even larger numbers for the feast. There was little difficulty in housing them. The weather has been warm and we have a number of mats, while some people brought their own. It is a simple matter to spread a mat on the floor and lie down, with a convenient brick or kneeling bench as a pillow: though doubtless, for anyone but a Chinaman, it would not be so simple a matter to go to sleep under such circumstances. They slept in rows in the dining-room, the parlor (!), the schoolroom, and talked and laughed like schoolboys until late into the night.

Father Gauthier heard confessions on Saturday, and after his Mass began again. Altogether he had more than eighty. It may seem a small number but it was encouraging to us when we realized the few baptized persons in Yeungkong itself and how difficult it is for the Christians to take several days from their rice planting to come on foot a distance of from fifteen to forty miles. Many catechumens also came in, so that altogether there were about three hundred present at High Mass on Easter Day.

Out under the shed that is used as a shelter by the tradesmen when there is work to do at the Mission, a feast had been prepared, and after Mass the Christians found refreshment for the body, also. Shortly before noon they broke up and many began the day or two's journey that would take them back to their work.

We are told that these gatherings at the four or five more important feasts of the year are very useful to bring the Christians together where they may see the ceremonies

of the Church more or less fully carried out and meet their fellow-Christians from other villages. Little as it may seem to us, it has for them a broadening influence, for otherwise the majority of them would never get outside their little world.

April 22

At nine o'clock our belongings were packed and we were off again for the boat that was to take us back to Canton; Father Price on business, Father Gauthier returning, and Father Walsh and Father Meyer en route to their new missions in the North. The trip was, as the one down had been, by towed junk. There was much livestock aboard,—pigs in individual crates piled four or five high on the main deck, with baskets of chickens and geese, and a few pigeons, on the short upper deck. The passengers found what places they could in two or three corners that were not thus occupied. We passed Sancian Island at night, and in the middle of the afternoon anchored at Kongmoon, just in time to transfer our baggage and ourselves to a passing boat on its way to Canton.

At various places along the route we stopped or slowed down while there were perfect broadsides of firecrackers, and reports from the ancient cannon on board, to appease, or rather, to frighten, the river spirits, whose feast it was. The cannon looked as if they might explode with every charge, but nothing happened.

April 23

It was still dark when our craft was poled over into place among a lot of similar ones at Canton, and we climbed over one of them to the wharf and set out for the Cathedral, where we were in time to begin Mass before six o'clock.

April 25

Bishop de Guébriant told us today that Father Gauthier will be our companion for several months longer. He will go with us to our new station, and conduct one on to Loting, returning to Yeungkong by way of Kochow and Tin-

pak, if the country is sufficiently settled. Father Ford is to meet him at the last named place, to complete the round of the Christian settlements. After the Feast of the Assumption Father Gauthier will return to Canton, and we shall be left alone, except for the occasional visits of priests whom His Lordship has kindly promised to send to give any help that may be necessary.

April 27

Father Walsh said Mass at a station, where he heard thirty Chinese confessions, and Father Meyer spoke in English to a mixed congregation of various nationalities in the foreign quarter.

Today we learned that the writer is to take the Sunyi district, with Tungchen as headquarters, and that Father Walsh is going on to Loting and Tungon to look over the ground. He will then return to Tungchen for some months to study the language, visiting his station occasionally and planning to settle down there as soon as circumstances will allow.

Which is the more difficult mission it is not easy to say. Loting is further away and less developed. Sunyi has a large number of Christians scattered through innumerable villages, which will necessitate a great deal of traveling. We are hoping that each of these missions will be a beginning, a leaven, for its entire region.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 3

THE "PARISH" OF TUNGCHEN

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
May 30, 1919.

TUNGCHEN, in Sunyi, is a little market town on the banks of a small river that winds in and out among the mountains, down past the city of Sunyi to Kochow, and on to the sea near the French concession of Kwangchowwan. Here I am at home at last, with the "cura animarum" on my shoulders for the first time. My "parish" comprises the whole subprefecture of Sunyi and a part of that of Maoming, probably one-fifth of the total area of the Maryknoll district. Two or three hundred of the people are baptized Christians, for the most part scattered over the district in groups of two or three to half-a-dozen families, with a few others from three to five miles distant. The house and chapel are quite new, commodious, and comfortable, so that on that score I shall not have much preoccupation.

Canton to Kongmoon

We spent a little more than two weeks in Canton and Hongkong, making the various necessary purchases for setting up housekeeping, and found a boat that was leaving on the twelfth for Shuitung.

This junk was worse than any we had yet used. It was a seagoing one that must face storms and waves, and the Chinese do not seem to have learned how to combine safety with comfort in the matter of their boats. The upper quarters, the only ones that had any outside openings at all, belonged either to the officers or to merchants from Shuitung who had engaged them for the round trip. Below were four closets with four bunks in each, but there were no windows. and we knew that the narrow passage in

front would be filled with Chinese, talking, smoking, eating, or sleeping at any hour and every hour, night or day. The Chinese do not seem to mind such things, but we knew that we should, and so, when the opportunity came to get aboard the launch, we did not let it slip. She had a tiny upper deck, too, and as there were no rules against talking to the pilot we spent most of our time there, where the air was fresh and cool.

Besides Father Walsh, Father Gauthier, and myself, there were: Father Kong, a little Chinese priest whose station is at Muiluk; our professor of Chinese; two women catechists for the Sunyi mission; and, of course, our boys. At about half-past four we were off, to the accompaniment of fire-crackers calculated to frighten the evil spirits and the throwing into the water of pieces of paper on which were written propitious phrases to please the good ones.

We woke up in Kongmoon, but we knew no one and there were no Christians, so we had to forego the privilege of saying Mass. In the little villages outside the city are many returned "Americans" and now and then a more affluent one has risen above his neighbors with a two-storied, veranda-ed dwelling.

Kongmoon to Kochow

With the rise of the tide next morning we were off again, down between rice fields, groves of plum and orange, or palms for the making of fans. It was shortly after noon when we reached the open sea. The Yeungkong River and Hoiling Island were passed a little after midnight; and when we awoke the point of land that juts out to make Tinpak Bay was just ahead. The bay is large, but so shallow that it is almost half dry when the tide goes out, and as we steamed through it past the fleets of fishing junks that make it their harbor, we thought of Théophane Vènard, who mentions in a letter that on the way from Hongkong to Tongking they sighted pirates from Tinpak. The danger from them is, even now, not imaginary, and precautions are taken on all the steamers from Tongking and the Straits Settlements.

We wished to spend Sunday in Kochow, and though it was about thirty-five miles off the porters promised to do it in a day. So on Saturday morning we were up at three o'clock to say our Masses and get off by five. There was a little more than a ton of baggage, that would cost us a cent and a half a pound to be carried on men's shoulders the thirty-five miles. Already fishermen were coming in from the surrounding villages with gear over their shoulders, some of them half-running in order to be at work before the sun came up, often not stopping to follow the winding paths but striking off across the flooded fields. Just outside the town we met a procession of oxcarts, a score or more, each with its little yellow ox and its Chinese driver, who walked, now alongside to keep the cart from tipping over, and now in front with a rope over his shoulder to help pull it out of the ruts. The carts were loaded with pigs, each in its individual basket of bamboo, two or three large fellows on each cart. Others, from districts inaccessible to the carts, came along on wheel-barrows. Little groups of carriers, too, swung by with smaller pigs hung in their bamboo baskets, covered with leaves to keep off the sun. There were bags of rice transported in the same ways, and all were being hurried over the hot, rough trail to Shuitung, to be shipped to Kongmoon or Canton.

Four narrow rivers crossed our path. Though this same route has been in use for centuries, there was no question of bridges, and we crossed as so many thousands of others have done, in a little, flat-bottomed boat, pushed along with a bamboo pole, and tossed our four sapeks each—a fourth of a cent—into the bottom of it like the rest. In two of the streams great water-wheels, built of bamboo poles tied together with split bamboo thongs, turned slowly on their wooden axles to dip up the water in bamboo pipes tied to the circumference and throw it out into sluices above the level of the sandy fields along the bank. With the exception of a few valleys, we found the soil, as far as Kochow, poor and sandy, and with all his care and ingenuity the farmer gets a pretty precarious livelihood.

After about two-thirds of the way the baggage porters

began to bargain with others to take up their loads. The matter was settled, however, by a downpour of rain, which made the roads impassable and forced us to spend the night there. God was good to us however, for if we had been caught almost anywhere else we should not have found shelter and our baggage would have suffered. And, what is rare, we found an empty shop where for a dollar we spread our beds.

The next morning, with everyone refreshed, we were off again and about eight o'clock came to the mountain pass that leads to Kochow. The trail here rises abruptly a hundred feet or more by steps cut into the rock, and descends in the same manner on the other side into the basin, edged with mountains that are almost unbroken except where the river from Tungchen enters and leaves. At this point lies the city of Kochow. A little after nine we were at the Mission and vesting for Mass.

"Home" to Tungchen

After a two days' rest we were off in chairs, following the general direction of the river, which we crossed several times. I was in my "own" mission and the villages that we were passing were my "own" villages, though they neither knew nor cared, for there are very few, if any, Christians in this neighborhood.

About a mile from Tungchen near a little village where there are two or three Christian families, a delegation of Christians met us with firecrackers, guns, and what must have been, judging from their costume, the band from some Buddist temple, and escorted us in triumph through the main street of Tungchen up to the residence on the opposite side of the town. It was not long before we were at home. The raft with baggage arrived two days later and anchored on our property, if you please, a hundred yards from the chapel. It was short work getting it up to the house, where we found that nothing had been lost and nothing damaged, except part of a sack of flour that had gotten wet and a few books which had suffered slightly from the same cause. We ourselves were in the best of health and we felt that God had been very good to us.

Next week we shall visit two or three Christian communities at a little distance, and the week after others in a different direction. About the sixteenth, Fathers Gauthier and Walsh expect to go to Loting; and soon after their return Father Gauthier and I shall set out to visit the Christians in the part of Maoming that lies in our district. After that I shall settle down at the language until the first of November, when we expect to go to Canton to meet the new men. Between now and then it is our aim to get as good a working knowledge of the language as possible, because after that the weather is cooler and the people have finished with their harvests, and that is the best time to begin systematic work.

We find the climate here so far delightful. It is higher and less oppressive than at either Yeungkong or Canton. We are very favorably situated, on the bend of a river that gives the wind a sweep of nearly a mile.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
June, 1919.

I must write you a note from Tungchen, though I know Father Meyer has written at length, telling all about his "very own" mission. We had a pleasant trip here,—though a protracted and quite expensive one. It costs money to travel in China. I think when I get settled down at Loting, I shall buy a horse. If the tigers that are said to inhabit that region don't take a fancy to him, he ought to prove a good investment.

This is a "lovely" mission. The site was chosen and the house erected with some consideration for the man who would have to live here. It is considered a "poor" mission,—yes, they talk about missions just as they do about parishes in America, but I don't think they are half as serious about it. Anyhow, it's a "poor" mission,—we are in the backwoods, we get our mail about every ten days. But really, the place is a paradise. It's like the Adirondacks.

1. The Maryknoll compound—white buildings near center
2. Verandas that give healthful living and sleeping quarters for the missioner
3. The chapel—large, substantial, and neat

TUNGCHEN IN THE MOUNTAINS

We are in the mountains, the air is light and clear, even bracing sometimes, the dampness is ever so much less. There is some vegetation, we see a tree once in a while, and have green things around us. Our grounds are large, and Father Meyer will make them beautiful. The house is good,—not architecturally, but it is large, almost roomy, and cool,—a good place to live in. The chapel is also large, substantial, and rather neat. No priest has lived here for six years, so of course the place is a little run down. Father Meyer will have to spend some money on it. But what a contrast to Yeungkong! Yeungkong is probably better now, since we have gone, for five priests crowded the place unmercifully. This may not sound apostolic, but crowding means something when everybody is studying the Chinese language,—that being best done at the top of one's voice.

I shall go to Loting next week to get the first peep at my own mission. Father Gauthier goes, too. I will send full details and will do my best to get some pictures. Father Meyer and I tried a couple of rolls of film the other day, and both drew blanks. At Yeungkong they told us that films will not work in May or June, on account of the humidity.

JAMES E. WALSH

Maryknoll-in-Tungchen

In location, size, and appearance of buildings, this Mission of Tungchen is much better than Yeungkong. Its one disadvantage is that the buildings are not as well built as they should be, much earth having been used in laying the bricks on account of the high price of lime.

The house is three stories high, though the third is a little low and hot when the sun shines on the roof. The rooms are very small. The ground floor has hall and refectory; the second floor, two rooms; and the third, two. Verandas extend about the house on all floors and are quite comfortable if there is any wind at all. The whole building is covered with a coat of white plaster, made of lime and bamboo paper beaten together.

The chapel, which is separate from the house, is perhaps

a little more than thirty feet wide inside, and ninety feet long.

Both house and chapel are good, but both are visited by floods, as is nearly the whole city. There was a flood this month that put three feet of water in the chapel for twelve or fifteen hours. But the Chinese don't seem to mind such happenings. They move out, or into a tiny loft up under the roofs of their houses, until the water goes down. The walls being of brick, the floors brick or earth, and the furniture incapable of looking much worse, there is little harm done.

West of the chapel are the old chapel and rooms for the priest, the catechist, and so forth. These "dwellings" were all built of mud, but with some repairing can be made to serve for a long time yet, as a school and houses for the catechist, the farmer, and the Christians when they come in for the feast days.

Location

The grounds are large, but only ten feet in front of the chapel itself the land belongs to several owners, one of whom refuses to sell because there is the grave of some ancestor in a neighboring plot and he is afraid that if he sells the foreigners will build something that will destroy his good luck.

However, Father Baldit made arrangement with him that would be possible only here, probably. He bought the trees and two fallen-down mud houses, and rented the land "in perpetuum" as near as I can find out, though we may not build on it. This gives us, however, a good open space in front of the chapel.

There are rice fields on three sides of us. We are right in the midst of the mountains, several of which, a few miles away, run up to probably nearly two thousand feet. All the fields, except, of course, along the larger streams, are in tiny valleys that you could throw a stone across. The roads are not good, being only narrow paths that run, now through the rice fields, now halfway up the sides of the mountains, and are often impassable in rainy weather. There are some trees here, though nothing

that looks like a forest, and they are kept cut so close that few are more than twenty or thirty feet high.

The air is perhaps a little dryer than at Yeungkong, though articles mold here, also. There is not the constant breeze that at Yeungkong makes the heat a little more bearable, but our altitude (probably seven or eight hundred feet) gives a less oppressive atmosphere.

June 22

It is hard to realize that today is Sunday. The Christians are too far away to come to Mass, and all around us the usual daily work is going on: it is market day and the main routes have been alive with a constant stream of travelers going back and forth. In Canton the public offices and the schools are closed.

Fathers Gauthier and Walsh went off today to Loting, a trip of four days each way. At that rate, particularly if we must pay for chairs, the men along the West River and those down this way won't visit each other so very often. It takes more time, and is more expensive, to go from Loting to Tungchen than to Canton! A small motor-boat at Loting would put a man on the West River in a few hours, and the steamer stopping at the junction would take him to the railroad terminus, whence he could reach Canton in two or three hours more,—in all less than a day. But down this way (Tungchen) we must travel over the mountains, and traveling conditions here are not likely to improve for some time. In the mountains, the road is liable to be a rushing torrent in the rains, or a slip of the foot may send one to the bottom of a ravine.

Just now I am head over heels in making repairs,—roofs, principally. Luckily, the laborers cost only twenty cents a day each. They are worth it. But by the time the work is finished, the cost mounts up. Lime is as expensive here as in America. This is on account of the distance from the kiln, which means cost for transportation. My present funds are not enough to complete the work; part of the roof of the chapel has settled, because the ants have eaten the rafters, but it will have to wait till my ship comes in.

June 29

Fathers Walsh and Gauthier returned on the twenty-seventh from Loting, quite worn out by an extremely hard journey. The weather was hot throughout; there were very poor accommodations along the route; and the road was too long and mountainous. It took them four days each way, and one mountain that they had to cross required nearly two hours of constant climbing to reach the summit. Luckily, neither was ill and a few days of rest at home made them quite themselves again.

July 7

On the "Glorious Fourth" Father Gauthier said good-bye to Tungchen, and the two of us set off to visit the part of the mission that is in Maoming. The first village, lying up in the mountains about twenty miles from Tungchen, was Namshantung, where there are about thirty baptized Christians. The population of the village is about sixty persons. They are the descendants of three brothers, of whom two were baptized, the other not. However, none of them practice superstitions and give as their only excuse for not becoming Christians that they have too much work to do to get rice to live on, and that they have not enough education to study. I believe if I can send a man and a woman catechist to them, the majority will consent to be baptized.

A half-hour's walk on the fifth brought us to Tonghang,—about as large as the other village, but in a poorer condition spiritually. If I could send two catechists here also I have hope that perhaps the whole village could be brought into the Faith; at least, the faithful and their children would be instructed.

I am everywhere confronted with the condition of children growing up without any instruction in the Faith except what may be given by their parents, more or less fully instructed themselves, sometimes indifferent, or, at least, not realizing their duty in this regard, and always engaged in the struggle for daily food that leaves little leisure for such things.

These two villages lie very high in the mountains, and the atmosphere is delightful. The heat was not as great as it had been during the previous week, and the air was filled with the scent of the pines and spruce that grow on the mountain sides.

July 12

We two, Father Walsh and myself, are alone here now, struggling with the language, and viewing with a good deal of trepidation the coming of the Chinese to talk to us. However, we must face the music sooner or later, and on the feast of the Assumption I must be prepared to do real pastoral work. Confessions are much harder to hear than at Canton, as one must draw it all out by questions and the speech is difficult to understand.

August 10

Sunday is letter-writing day and Father Walsh is pounding away across the hall. During the week we have very little time for it. My own rule is as follows: rising at five, Mass at six, breakfast at seven. After breakfast I take a turn around and get back to my room by eight for the best work of the day. We dine at twelve and usually go shortly after to say some Office, read, and so forth. I have some study time before class at three. In the beginning we had four hours class daily, spending most of the time in repetition after the teacher; but now that the tones are not so utterly strange, we have an hour and a half to two hours of regular class work, though we still keep up the tone exercises, spending ten or fifteen minutes daily on them. Father Walsh has his class in the afternoon. He has taken up the violin on the side, while my hobby, for the present, anyway, is—French. We four had a rare opportunity in having Father Gauthier with us so long to speak it. I got some facility in speaking, as far as my vocabulary would allow, so I am going to keep working at it a little. After supper at six we go for a walk in the cool of the evening, read, or study.

The weather is better than July, at least so far. The wind has changed to the northeast monsoon and sometimes blows

rather cool. We fail to get all the benefit, however, in our rooms, because for some reason or other, perhaps for privacy on the veranda, there are no windows to the north, which makes us lose not only the north wind but the draft that would be caused with a south wind by the openings in opposite walls. Before another summer I hope to have this remedied. The highest temperature we have had this summer was 94°. I suppose some one will say,“ Why, that isn't so hot after all!” But the thermometer, like the camera, in China doesn't register the whole truth; there is the humidity. One of the worst days we have had was the coolest, 89°; we were constantly wet with perspiration, felt depressed, and were covered with a kind of prickly heat that went away in the afternoon when the wind rose. Then although the temperature rose also, we felt much better. Several of the Canton priests are more or less under the weather, and some sort of an epidemic seems to have struck the Canadian convent, where several of the Chinese girls being trained as native Sisters have died.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
August 17, 1919.

Our Christians came in from the villages for Assumption Day, and we had a pleasant holiday. About sixty gathered here, of whom thirty went to confession and Communion. Father Meyer also had one baptism, and fixed up four clandestine marriages, contracted when there was no missioner here. The people seem good, and show a disposition to do what is right. The wonder is that they are Christians at all, when one considers that they have had practically no attention for six years. They will respond to solid instruction and systematic training, and, while Father Meyer will have his hands full for a while, there is no reason to prevent him having a flourishing mission finally. I am in wild hopes of finding some money, with which to build at Loting,—though from the looks of things, the money will have to drop from the skies, for I don't see where else it will come from.

We are still plugging away at the language. Oh, what a tongue! It comes by degrees,—slowly and with much labor, but the glimmerings get brighter and more frequent as the days pass, so I suppose we are getting somewhere. Both of us are very well.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
August 24, 1919.

Since I last wrote, the Feast of the Assumption has been the only break in the day-to-day sameness of our life. I had my first confessions then, more than forty. The people are harder to understand than those of Canton. However, we feel the language coming, and I, personally, feel that our progress has been satisfactory. On Christmas I expect to preach my first sermon.

That seems far from what some are said to have done,—namely, preached within from three to five months after arrival, but from all I can gather it seems to have been rather for their own edification than that of their hearers. An old missioner in Hongkong told Father Walsh that it is useless to try to preach before the end of a year, as the people simply cannot understand one, and we realize now that he was right. A man who can do it before that length of time must have an exceptionally good ear, with great powers of mimicry.

Studying Chinese

Of the nine months, we have spent about two in traveling, leaving seven for real work. That much time spent on a European language, and spent as diligently as we have tried to spend ours, would make a man fairly proficient. Our progress in Chinese is, I should say, about half as fast as it would be in another language, and I speak only of the spoken word.

For the book language, we have mastered some of the characters, but you may imagine what a task it is. We have gotten about five hundred and already they are somewhat

jumbled in my head, so when I try to arrange several thousand there I wonder what will happen. The characters we are learning in the written language are those which are used also in the spoken: there are thousands of others in the books, which are not used in conversation, or used with a quite different meaning. The reason is, that the Chinese characters have never changed, while the spoken language has broken up into many dialects. The result is as if French, Italian, and Spanish were spoken languages, with all their literature in Latin!

September 8, 1919

Just one year ago today we said goodbye to Maryknoll. What a year it has been! It seems like an age to us, we have had so many experiences. We both agree that it has been the happiest year of our lives.

And of course, there is now taking place, or will be within a few days, the Second Departure. Needless to say, we will welcome the new comers most heartily.

You may assure all who expect to come (will it scandalize them?) that they need not fear starving near Sunyi. Here is today's dinner: roast chicken, rice, sweet corn from our own garden—we have had it several times already—salted peanuts, and bananas. I forgot to mention that we had bread also, French style, made from Chinese flour, milled in Shanghai, that would compare very well with some of the best. Our cook is a jewel. He seems to have caught the idea, which many others do not, that our likes are not exactly the same as those of the Chinese.

The weather has moderated considerably since the twentieth of last month, and though the sun is still hot we can study comfortably.

Tungchen Statistics

Here are some figures regarding my district, compiled from the notes of a catechist whom I have sent to look up all the Christians.

In the sub-prefecture of Sunyi there are a little more than two hundred baptized, scattered among forty villages with

no more than fifteen in any one village. Of these, perhaps a hundred and fifty are fairly practical. There are twenty infants to be baptized, and thirty children over seven years of age, of Christian families, to be instructed and baptized.

In all the cases of indifference, except one or two, the women of the household are pagan. There are perhaps thirty pagan wives willing to study if I can send them catechists. Of these, nearly twenty are married to Christians without dispensation. There are about forty catechumens under instruction. Comparatively few seem willing to come to a catechumenate even though they would be supported, saying that they cannot leave families and children.

These figures seem rather small and one would think that a few catechists could take care of all the work. But those forty villages are almost invariably quite distant from one another. I could place ten men and women catechists at once if I had the funds, and more would be needed later.

Sometimes, perhaps even after years of training, we must doubt whether some really believe, but we must do what we can and give our attention particularly to the children. And that is one reason why I feel it imperative to do something here without delay. The beginnings have been made with some, but their children are growing up in ignorance. Many have not been baptized and are now so far gone that they don't want to be, and more than a score of baptized, from fourteen to twenty years of age, have never been to confession! Small wonder! The priest who was here before the war could afford only one catechist.

October 5

Father Walsh left two weeks ago for Loting, and writes that more catechumens have come in since his former visit, making in all about two hundred men.

The catechist says that at Christmas there should be forty men, ten women, and twenty children ready for baptism.

Women Catechists

There has been question, not only of lack of funds, but of lack of women qualified to be catechists. I have brought in

two women from Canton, but there is difficulty on account of the local patois here, as everywhere else. While not insurmountable, that has been an obstacle. Then it has been difficult to get women to go long distances from their homes into a new district. We found six women in Canton for Yeungkong and Tungchen, and now that Father Walsh needs some in Loting it looks as if he will have to go to Father Gauthier's parish and search among the "old Christians".

The Sisters at Canton have been engaged in the training of girls to become catechists, but they may not go everywhere here, even in twos, until they reach a certain age. And even though there were plenty in Canton, one must go to considerable expense to bring them so far. This is one reason why I spoke of its seeming to me desirable that such places as Yeungkong, Kochow, and Loting might ultimately become centers of activity, with Sisters to conduct schools for girls and train women catechists. Co-education would not be tolerated and I do not expect to see it tolerated for a long time to come—perhaps the longer the better—yet at the same time the solid establishment of Christianity depends very much upon the Christian training of the women and girls.

Off to Canton

On the morning of the tenth we were up at three and, after breakfast and the final preparations and directions to the "boys", were off at about five. There were, besides the writer, our professor of Chinese going for a visit to his mother in Canton, my "boy", and two men to carry the baggage.

The full moon was still high in the west and was our only light through the rough, slippery streets of Tungchen to the river bank. There was neither boat nor bridge, so it was either ride on the back of one of the men, or wade, as the hundreds of Chinese who cross every day do, and I chose the latter method.

Once across, we struck off at a swift walk, the men almost trotting under their loads. There was a cool breeze from the north, so that we found walking, in spite of the narrow crooked path gutted by the autumn rains, very pleasant. Hardly any attempt is made to keep paths in repair and

Catholic teachers of Hongkong

Catechists of the Canton Mission

Christian women and children of a Maryknoll village

THE WOMEN OF CHINA—THROUGH WHOM CHINA MAY BE SAVED

when the old path becomes too badly eroded a new one is made alongside, except in the rice fields, where the farmer throws up a few shovelsful of the soft earth to fill the rut. The traveling public and the landowners seem to be continually at war and along the hillsides one often finds the side of the path banked with earth to prevent the torrential rains from washing down over the growing rice.

Interludes

There are wayside inns about every hour's march, where the wayfarer may have tea, rice gruel, or even a full meal. We stopped at each of these for a few moments to rest and to let the bearers have a bowl of the gruel.

It was a sixteen-mile jaunt to Sunyi and we were there a little after ten o'clock. After lunch in a Chinese shop, with the usual crowd of onlookers to watch the foreigner eat, we "dressed up" for a visit to the Mandarin, whom we had not yet seen. When the great man's secretary learned I am American, he thought I must surely be Protestant despite the fact that I wore a cassock. Hereafter I shall have it very plainly stated on my cards that I am a "Catholic Church man" and hail from America, two things that most Chinese seem to think cannot go together.

I had to let the professor do the talking, as my own Chinese will hardly pass in ordinary conversation, not to speak of the requirements of the etiquette of such an occasion as this. The Mandarin himself escorted us almost to the outer door, while we stopped at each turn or opening and begged him not to accompany us further.

From the Mandarin's we went across the small river to Chanlung, a market town where we stayed in the house of the only Christian,—though the population of the place must be more than five thousand. Sunyi City itself has probably the same number of people, if not more, and I do not know of a single Christian there.

The Last Lap

At six that evening we went to the river bank to await the raft that would take us down the shallow stream to

Kochow. The Chinese do not believe in using a lamp when the moon may serve as well, so every raft was dark except for a momentary blaze when some one, released from his shift at the poles, lighted a splinter of wood to brew a cup of tea or kindle his pipe before turning in. With their poles topped by a saddle like that of a crutch, the men worked in four-hour shifts, two men on each side of the raft, poling along with the current. They drag their poles forward and, thrusting them down into the sand, put their shoulders to the ends and walk rapidly towards the rear. The number of men who are engaged in this work, up and down the shallower waterways of China, must form a considerable proportion of her population.

The next morning, near Kochow, we passed a group of cormorant fishers. A little further up we had seen the birds flying in duck formation over our heads, and here they were at work. The half dozen boats of the fishers, containing their wives and children, were anchored side by side in the shallows. A net had been stretched part way across the river and was being dragged downstream by several men, while on a small raft of bamboo a man and a boy pushed about, beating the water.

There were perhaps a half dozen of the ugly birds diving in front of the net and near the rafts. If their prey was small enough to pass the rings around their necks they might swallow it when they came up, as a reward for their labors; but if not, they gulped ineffectually until the man on the smaller raft, with a stroke of his pole, was at their side and, grasping them around the neck, forced them to disgorge into the basket at his feet.

By nine o'clock I was at the Mission at Kochow vesting for Mass. After breakfast the catechist brought news that forced a change in our plans. We had expected to go overland to Shuitung, to catch the boat for Canton, but we learned there were pirates along the route and it was considered unsafe, so the only thing to do was to take the much longer trip down the river to Muiluk and Kwangchowwan, the French Concession, and there take boat for Macao or Hongkong.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 4

THE WILDS OF LOTING

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
June 27, 1919.

ESTERDAY Father Gauthier and I got back from our trip to Loting. It was the sternest bit of hiking I ever did. Father Gauthier says there is no harder trip in the Province, and I believe him. The highest peak we crossed was at least three thousand feet.

The Four-Day Trip

On June 16 we set out from Tungchen, and arrived after four days of hard travel. We took chairs, but they did not take us. It is nothing but mountain climbing, and most of the way the coolies had all they could do to carry the chairs, without us into the bargain. However, the hot weather was the chief offender. It takes away the "pep" you need for this sort of traveling, leaving you with a big job on your hands and no great heart to tackle it. But I have often tramped over mountains and through woods all day long, while hunting or camping, just for fun; and there is no reason why one can't do as much for souls. In one village, too, we saw a Singer sewing machine, and in another heard an American graphophone grinding out, "Ah, I have sighed to rest me!"—very appropriately, we thought, having just put a three-thousand-foot mountain behind us. This meant that some American drummers have trod the same weary road before us for their hundred per, or whatever they get. I believe we can go as far as they will, and a little bit further.

One thing that makes all the difference in the world in traveling here is the fact that the district is not built up. When there is a well organized mission, with stations at frequent intervals, traveling need not frighten anybody; for no

matter how hard the day is, you get into a cozy little station at night, where you are "chez vous" and can get a good night's rest. Where there are no stations, you drop into a Chinese hotel and find nothing but unbearable heat, intolerable smoke, and insufferable fleas and mosquitoes. This makes some difference to a worn traveler. The best inn we stopped at on this trip cost four cents a night. An American hotel keeper would faint to hear that rate for a night's lodging, but he would come to when he learned what you get for your four cents, for, outside of smoke, fleas, and a board to sleep on, you don't get anything at all. In a way, though, I wouldn't miss these experiences for anything. It's only what we dreamed about all these years, and not to realize those dreams would be a big disappointment. Maybe we shall not last as long as those who come when things are in better shape, but we wouldn't trade places for anything.

Loting Itself

We passed a river said to have gold in it, and a mountain supposed to be loaded with silver.

On the evening of June 20, we arrived at Loting, and went at once to the little house now serving for the Catholic church. Chan, our catechist, is living there, with his wife and children. The front room is used for a chapel and reception hall, and there is a little school in a back room, where Chan's daughter teaches about a dozen children. Altogether there are six rooms. The house is typically Chinese—no windows or floors or chimney, and hemmed in on all sides by other houses of like description. "Not famous," as the French say.

We stayed in Loting for two days and three nights, which time we spent in talking with the catechumens and viewing the town. As for the catechumens, they seem very fervent, and we were much pleased. Father Gauthier gave them three encouraging sermons during our stay. Chan, the catechist, reports on the catechumens as follows:—altogether we have one hundred seventy-eight, all men: of these, sixty live in the city and suburbs, and the remaining ones are

scattered all over the district, five or six in a village, at distances varying from one to thirty miles from the city. As for baptized Christians, there are at present only eight who can be found. At least, these are all the catechist has so far discovered.

The catechumens are all men because there is nobody to teach the women. Chan's daughter is too young to visit the villages, and she is busy teaching the children of the catechumens who live in the city. Chan's wife teaches a few women in the city, but cannot leave to make visits. Most of these catechumens are married and it would be an easy matter to get their wives. We should send a few women catechists to do this work.

Chan also says that there is something of a little movement towards conversion just now, and that the thing to do is to have a resident priest there right away and build if possible; in which case he thinks the impetus would land six hundred in the Church. There were no catechumens ready for baptism at present, but our catechist is sure that he will have sixty men well enough instructed to receive baptism at Christmas.

The History of Loting

The former history of Loting is soon told, because there is not much to it. It is comprised in two letters, extracts from which follow:

FROM FATHER BALDIT TO BISHOP MEREL, MARCH 16, 1903.

I have just returned from Loting. Like Caesar, I can say, "I came, I saw;" like him, I should like to add, "I conquered."

It would be difficult to estimate the number desiring to come to us. Without doubt there will have to be a selection made between the chaff and the wheat, but out of the whole harvest it will go hard if we do not have a fair quota of good grain.

My new catechumens are recruited from all ranks of society but especially the merchants and literati. I do not exaggerate in saying that we have one thousand catechumens. These catechumens are distributed among the following localities: Loting, city and suburbs; Taiping, Loping, Loking, and Shouipai. These are the only places I have visited.

I foresee that a missioner with sole charge of that region will have plenty to do. A priest cannot well go from elsewhere to take care of

Loting. . . . From Sunyi it is practically impossible to look after these Christians, for the roads are impassable, so steep that neither chair nor horse can be used. Moreover, the journey requires three full days. From Shuihing the roads are better, but there remains the difficulty of distance. If the Christians of Loting wished, therefore, to call a priest, whether for a sick person or for some other urgent cause, there would be no hope of his arriving in time. . . .

My humble advice is, to buy a piece of land or a house in the town of Loting at once.

P. S.—During the trip one of my horses was killed by a tiger.

Thus is related the first visit ever made by a Catholic priest to the Loting District. It must have been followed by other visits on the part of Father Baldit, but we have no record of them.

In May of 1918, after the territory had been assigned to Maryknoll, Fathers Gauthier and Fraser together paid a visit to Loting. They found there no Christians. They stayed only two days, but rented a house, and placed in it a catechist, leaving him to start the ball rolling.

The Present Need

Herewith is a literal translation of a flowery speech of welcome that was given me at Loting. It might interest. I should like to send the original, with its vermilion paper and beautifully formed Chinese characters, but I am afraid that the Loting Christians may expect me to have it framed and hanging in the parlor when I settle down at Loting.

Settling down at Loting is the chief idea that is running through my head these days. You know that we have rented a Chinese house there. Both the Bishop and Father Price say I should not attempt to live in it, and while, since my visit, I feel that I'd be glad to live in the fields only to be there, still there is much reason in the stand they take. It is no place for a white man, especially one not fully acclimated. The uninitiated won't understand this, for they picture the missioner's abode as anything from a hay-rick to the wide outdoors, but one who has seen these Chinese houses, crowded into a little narrow street, with no windows, floors, or chimneys, knows what the proposition is. In the hot season such a house is like the Black Hole of Calcutta.

But I ought to be in Loting. There is a nice movement on, and a priest to reside there is the one thing necessary. A good plan would be, to have me go there in November, after our Retreat, and settle down in the Chinese house. It would not be so hot then, and I could live there while my new house was building. There's the rub. A few thousand dollars would buy a property and put me up a little residence. The house for the priest is the great thing,—he must be on the ground,—the chapel, school, and so forth, can come later. "Comment faire?"

Words of Welcome

"A speech delivered, and afterwards presented on vermilion paper, to Father J. E. Walsh by the catechumens of Loting, on the occasion of his first visit.

WELCOME

"In the Year of Our Lord, 1919, and the eighth year of the Chinese Republic, on an auspicious day (June 22) in the summer season, the Christians of Loting welcome Father Walsh.

"On this beautiful day, when Heaven has tempered its heat and bestows a pleasant breeze on the parched brows of the sons of men, when the summer season is opening out as a flower and scattering abroad the fragrance of the lotus, on this truly golden occasion, there comes to our regions a great man. Despite wind and wave, over the great waters, and over the mountains for hundreds of miles, without fearing the danger, and counting the trouble as nothing, there comes one to us for the purpose of saving our souls, to ask us the question, 'What does it profit you to gain the whole world if you lose your immortal soul?' He comes to mortals who are very desirous to see his face. He comes with dignity and politeness, giving good example, speaking the words of Life, appearing in our eyes much as a precious gem that will shine forth in good example which we may see and imitate. He comes to help and to teach us, to lend the assistance of his exalted reputation to the numerous Christians of Loting, and to establish here the Church of God, wherein we may pray to God our Father, and wherefor we

have assembled to congratulate and welcome him with the following song written by us in his honor.

"We thank God He has sent him to us
This Father of great ability
To come to the Church of Kwangtung
Of great fame
Over hills and rivers
To preach the Gospel
With zeal and fervor
He was the first scholar in his school
Loving God with true heart
As a burning fire
He studied with great ardor
He knows how little the world is worth
Despising wealth and fame
Wishing to be a minister of God
With steadfast desire
He arrived at the goal
For he wanted to be a Soldier of Christ
His wisdom is as high as Heaven
To go about his Master's business
To save souls
Therefore he comes to this place
Lives for a while at Yeungkong
Where he worked with zeal
With true heart for the Church
With the evident blessing of God
Afterwards he will come to Loting
With the greatest pleasure
We are happy to pay our respects
We hope Father will convert souls
More and more every day
May he be as peaceful as the bamboo
May his exalted life flourish as the banyan tree
May he direct us in all our actions
May God bless him.

"The end of the Welcome. Presented by the members of the Loting Catholic Church."

THE NEW PASTOR AND THE CATECHUMENS OF LOTING CITY, JUNE, 1919

Father Gauthier, Maryknoll's "elder brother" in the missions, is at Father Walsh's right. The group have borrowed the steps of the pagan temple

I might hesitate to pass along such a flattering commendation of myself, but it will be understood that these flowery phrases are all formulas in Chinese, always used on occasions of this nature. Besides, it was written, of course, before these people ever laid eyes on me. What I think is noteworthy about it is its really Christian tone. I am not welcomed as a representative of a great and rich nation, come to do anything special in a material way, but I am supposed to despise the world, wealth and fame, and my mission is to teach them the ways of God and help them to save their souls.

A Few Facts

The town of Loting has a population of about twenty thousand. It is a large market, dealing in all sorts of produce, but having no special industries of its own. If the region is noted for any one thing it is probably tea. There is an electric-light plant, but no newspaper.

The town is situated on a plain surrounded by small hills. The plain itself has a good elevation, and the air is rather dry. There is little vegetation or shade, and the sun beats on it unmercifully. The river, which runs right by the town, joins the West River at Namkonghau. I am told that it can be ascended in small boats at practically any time during the year. This makes Canton a three-day trip,—a much better proposition than Tungchen, which is four days away, and four extremely difficult days, at that.

The Protestants have here a hospital and school,—three plain, but I believe serviceable, buildings. The missionaries are the Reformed Presbyterian Mission of New York City, and they number two men and four women. They have about two hundred Church members.

Home Again

When Father Gauthier and I arrived at Tungchen after our trip, we were about ready for the stretcher, but the mail had come in our absence and it brightened us up wonderfully. I could hardly believe that the cigars and tobacco were for me—it was almost too good to be true.

The same mail brought me a large supply of Prayer Prints. They will be very useful here. The new medal, too, is most acceptable—just what the Christians like. They don't want any small affairs—something that everybody can see, for them, the larger the better. There is no human respect among these Chinese Christians; they wear their crosses and medals for all the world to see, and when the priest comes they make sure that everybody will know it, for they all yell out, "God protect you, Father!" so that it seems as if they must be heard for miles around. They are something like the Irish; when they are Catholics they wish everybody to know it.

JAMES E. WALSH

Tungchen, July 31

Nothing has occurred at Loting since I wrote last about matters there. Chan, the catechist hired last year, writes regularly to say that everything is in good shape. He is always on the job, knows everybody and everything that is going on, and keeps things moving. One of the French missioners told us he was the best catechist in the Canton mission. He used to preach in the streets of Canton, and, although I understand he didn't convert a soul in that way, still it showed he had zeal. He is a devoted man and has done a great deal of good. And how I envy him his Chinese! How he rattles off the pat phrases and impresses his arguments! Really, the man is an orator.

September 22

Father Price had told me that he thought Loting ought to be visited at least twice before the fall retreat at Canton, so this morning I set out from Tungchen to make my second visit, accompanied by my "boy", Ming Lei.

Loting, September 26

The weather is cooler now, and the trip of four days was not unpleasant. It provided nothing worth noting, except perhaps the failure of the missioner to negotiate the whole journey on foot, for, while he essayed to do so, he was quite

content to crawl into a chair on the third day. Climbing the Alps was not in our seminary course in my time.

October 12

We got to Loting on September 25. On the first visit I spent three days here, getting only the kowtows and flowery phrases; this time my longer stay gave me a chance to get under the surface a little and make some kind of a real size-up. Here are the points gathered that seem worth considering.

Prospective Christians

Stephen Chan, the catechist, reports twenty more catechumens (men), bringing the number up to about two-hundred-fifty men, so that, counting the women and children who would come in with them, we figure on about four hundred catechumens. Of these about one hundred live in the city and suburbs, and they come regularly to our little rented house for instruction and prayers. Chan thinks that half of them will know the doctrine well enough to be baptized at Christmas. The other catechumens are scattered around in the villages, and I did not visit them, having neither the time nor the money to do so just now. They all have catechisms and are studying, but there are no catechists to teach them,—a thing which is very necessary. I am taking steps to get some catechists for this work, with the confidence that money will come for that purpose.

During my stay I saw a great deal of the city catechumens. They were very faithful in attending Mass and prayers, and were very kind to me. I feel sure the majority of them are serious. They are all quite poor, I understand; at least, when I put it up to them to help in building a chapel, I was informed that it keeps them all busy to earn even their meals. On the whole, one is encouraged. Certainly some will go into the discard, but most of them seem sincere and earnest.

Buildings Needed

We are still occupying our little rented shack at *62 Bow Street.* It is too small, even now, to accommodate our

catechumens—we cannot possibly get more than one hundred into the prayer hall. Also, there is no place for the priest, when he visits here. The catechist and his family occupy the house, and though I crowded in with them for these three weeks, I felt all the time like the man who was not expected for dinner. We must get something better before long.

Our little school has ten boys and four girls. They are learning catechism in a back room of our house, being taught by the catechist's daughter. We shall have to get a larger place for a school, also, as there are more children who could come.

Certainly this mission ought to have a fairly large central plant, consisting of a large chapel, a rectory, a boys' school, and a girls' school. Five or six of the larger villages also need a little installation of some kind,—say a small building which would combine chapel, school, and room for the visiting missioner. I am told that there are several hundred babies thrown out here every year and that an orphanage would be welcome. The Mandarin himself told me this, for, though there is a Government orphanage here, he says that it does very little.

The Real Estate Market

One of my chief ideas, in coming here, was to locate a suitable site, and I have found it, after looking over the whole town thoroughly. This plot is fairly well elevated for Loting, which is a level plain mostly; it is just outside the city walls and yet close to things, and I think it is not too conspicuous.

There is room for a big mission, should we develop to such proportions. But there are two hitches. The first is that I have no money at all; the second is that, if I were the Bank of England, I would not give what these people ask for their land. I understand that the common report in town was that I came here with forty thousand dollars to spend on a plant, and they evidently determined not to let me get away with the price of a ham sandwich, for they have been trying to sell me all sorts of things. This is a

bad introduction, but it is almost inevitable when a foreigner comes to a backwoods place like this. However, we will try the waiting game, if we have to live in a tent for a while, and they will come around, for they always do.

City and City Father

Every Chinese town is a typical Chinese town, and Loting is no exception. Long, narrow streets, full of huddled-up little stores selling everything under the sun; several tumble-down pagan temples and a really fine pagoda; lots of pigs and dogs; such is Loting. The one modern feature is the electric light works, where I found a Westinghouse motor, straight from Pittsburgh, and felt like hugging it as an old friend.

A call on the Mandarin is always *de rigueur* for a newcomer, so Chan and I put on our best bib and tucker, and paid a visit to this celebrity. He was polite and courteous as only the educated Chinese can be. He said that he welcomed us heartily, for he knew our coming would be for the good of his community, and he assured us of his protection and assistance. He said also that I should not attempt to go to Canton until later on, when he would be sending some soldiers whom I could accompany. It seems that the pirates are running wild between here and the West River, so that all traffic just now is at a standstill.

The Protestant Mission

Doctor D—— of the Protestant Mission called on me and I called on him. He and his wife are Boston people—Cambridge, to be exact, and his face fell when he learned that I was as far away as Maryland. The doctor is a Harvard man, having sat at the feet of the late Doctor Dwight, whom he admired very much, and whose book, *Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist,* I noticed in his row of books. He has here a hospital,—a small affair—and a neat little house, both of which, he tells me, were paid for entirely by the Chinese. The Protestant Mission consists of a school for boys, a school for girls, a chapel, and the hospital, all of which are in different parts of the town. They felt that

this arrangement would radiate their influence over a wider area. The mission is the Reformed Presbyterian Church of America, or, as one of them put it, "really the Covenanter Church of Scotland".

It may seem trivial to mention that Doctor D—— remembered me with some real Boston Brown Bread and some doughnuts just *like Mother used to make*—but it was not so trivial for the lonely American citizen who has been living on rice for the past month. It was Saturday night, too, but the nearest beans were in Hongkong, I suppose.

The Catechist's Daughters

I cannot close this account without mentioning the catechist's daughter, little Philomena Chan, aged five. This little maid, though young in years, is old in missionary labors, for she has taught the *Hail Mary* to all the pagan children on the street, and they go about shouting it at the top of their voices all day long. One can't blame them, really, for the Chinese *Hail Mary* has a beautiful swing to it. I squandered fifty cents to bring her a doll from Canton, and when I gave it to her she remarked scornfully, "Why, it can't even eat! It hasn't any fingers!" However, there is always a way, even with a woman, it seems, and when Philomena is chary of her smiles I fall back on the one weak spot in her armour—she can't resist a banana!

Her eldest sister, Alphonsine, who teaches in our little school, is all excited because I have been talking about the coming of the Maryknoll Sisters. Alphonsine is a product of the Canton convent school and loves anything in a habit. Just now she is diligently brushing up her French and playing the organ, "So I can help the Sisters when they come!"

A New Mission

Bishop de Guébriant has just given us another large mission, *Kochow*, and has left on a four months' trip as Apostolic Visitor for China, leaving no definite instructions. However, he expressed the wish that Kochow be staffed at once, as it is an important mission. I feel, however, that the Loting situation can be handled fairly well by occasional

visiting, even for another year, and it may indeed prove that *festina lente* is a providential policy in this case, for I have sensed, at times, that there was a little too much rush and flurry about our establishment here. God's works move slowly, they say, and certainly a little waiting will not hurt those catechumens who are sincere and earnest in their desire to enter the Church.

October 13

This morning we said goodbye to all, and with their good wishes ringing in our ears took the boat for Canton. Things are in a troubled condition along the line of march—only yesterday a couple of soldiers were killed by pirates—but we were armed with an American flag and a strong idea that God, and not pirates, holds the thread of a man's life.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
October 12, 1919.

Here's a last line from Loting for you, but I shall mail it from Canton, as I leave for there to-morrow, and will probably get there ahead of the mailman. Not that I shall make any great speed, for it will take me three full days, but the post is incredibly slow. If I wrote a letter to meet myself at Canton, I'd have to wait a week for it.

I am just finishing up three weeks here, and have had a very pleasant, and, I think, profitable visit. God's blessing is evident and thanksgiving is naturally the uppermost sentiment in our minds these days. I do not mean that everything is going to be plain sailing at Loting, but we at least have a good start for a brand-new mission, and any little difficulties are only those that are bound to be present at the beginning.

I am glad you have the impression that I am not harping on the difficulties. The fact is I don't find many in this life. The situation is so different, and presents such violent contrasts to what we knew before, that the most forcible im-

pression a difficulty makes is generally the ridiculous side of it, and one laughs at himself so much that he forgets to pity himself.

Certainly there should be a resident priest here, and I am anxious to be the lucky man, for I was the first appointed to it, and have looked on Loting ever since as my own. But it is very doubtful if we can spare a man for next year. I think the Bishop will wish to have a man at Kochow, for it is a large and important mission, and in such case Loting will have to limp along without a resident priest.

I must confess that I should like to have some money to buy a property. If I had the money in hand now, I could get this important matter settled, for it must be done before long in any case.

At Close Quarters

My stay here was the best taste of Chinese life I've had yet. I was simply one of them for the entire time,—living, eating, sleeping with them, and talking with them incessantly. I don't mind it; one gets used to anything, and I can eat my rice now with pigs wallowing under the table, just as easily as the Chinese themselves do. Of course, under these conditions, one hasn't even as much privacy as a goldfish,—that is the most serious drawback. For a temporary arrangement it works all right, but for a permanent way of living I don't think it would pay us. It means too much wear and tear on a man.

The picture which I send under separate cover is a souvenir of my stay here, and a very Chinese souvenir, too. This picture was taken at the instigation of the Chinese, unknown to me. When I was presented with it later, I suggested that it would have been better had they waited till I turned around, so as to have at least one face in the picture, to which they replied that their own faces could not be seen and they did not see any reason why I should come in for that distinction.

You ask if I am preaching in Chinese. As it happens, I suppose I can answer yes, for I preached my first sermon in the beautiful tongue just one hour ago. The catechumens

seemed to expect it, so I thought if Columbus discovered America today, it might be a fitting time for me to launch out into the deep, too. After all, one has to make the break sometime, and I have been in China just eleven months now. On this occasion I think most of the congregation got the gist of what I was saying, but I was conscious of many mispronunciations, and Heaven knows how many words I mispronounced unconsciously! I don't think I shall try it again until Christmas, but after that I hope to take up regular Sunday preaching.

"Salem" in Loting

By the way, here's a curious thing. One of the principal villages in this district is called *Salem*,—at least, it is very close to Salem, and we call it Salem. This is quite a town, having perhaps two thousand people, and we have a few catechumens there already who will make a nice little nucleus for a mission. This town is just a day's journey from Loting, and would not be a separate mission for a long, long time, but it ought to have its own little chapel and school before long, with a couple of resident catechists. Now it occurred to me that it might be possible to interest the people of Salem, Massachusetts, in Salem, China.

I'm off for Canton in the morning, and if you get this letter you'll know that I dodged the pirates successfully.

JAMES E. WALSH

Canton, October 16

Just arrived at Canton to meet our men. Fathers Ford and Meyer are not here yet. I came down by the West River, but did not have time to stop at Shiuhing.

Hongkong, October 31

The big thing is the arrival of our three new missioners!—all safe and sound, looking well physically, and very happy to find themselves actually in China. They reached Hongkong yesterday, October 30, and after a few days here we shall all go to Canton. We expect to stay there at least a

week before leaving for our missions. The Vicar-General insists upon it, and really the rest won't hurt us. I will take advantage of it to make a trip to Tungon, as no priest has been there this year.

The new arrangement is an excellent one. I am much disappointed to let Loting go for another year, but since we got Kochow it is inevitable. Kochow is a fine, settled mission and must have a priest at once. I am lucky in one sense, for it means a chance to get some good experience in a settled mission before launching out into the pioneer work at Loting.

JAMES E. WALSH

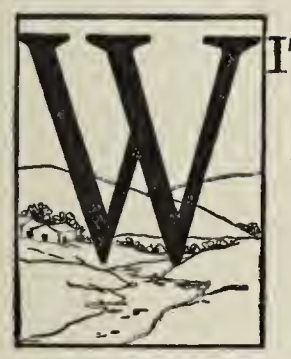
1. The city and its dominant pagoda 2. An ancestral temple near the city gate
3. The river landing

THE APPROACH TO LOTING CITY

Chapter 5

YEUNGKONG NEWS

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
May 23, 1919.



ITHIN the last two weeks three delegations have come in from new villages asking for instruction. The last one was a committee of seven of the clan near Tinpak, and they handed me a long document listing two-hundred-twenty-seven families that want instruction in four villages grouped around Sanhui! That gives us over six hundred for a starter in that neighborhood, besides the handful of survivors of the old Christians. I promised them we would soon drop in on them; it is less than four days' journey—which they had to make themselves to get here. They did not seem much impressed by the fact that we were going to visit them; in fact, they said it was impossible, as they themselves had to zigzag their way here on account of the bands of robbers. However, I think they exaggerate the danger, and Father Shi, my Chinese companion, will decide whether or not we should go.

I hardly composed my face after such good news— you see, it isn't every day that six hundred persons wish to undergo instruction, though God has been generous with us always—when another delegate came from the north from Manshui, where the whole village is under instruction, with a business proposition. The village has been pillaged twice within the last month, and their three old rifles are not enough to defend the place. They want to buy ten more on money advanced to them by us; they will repay it in monthly installments of rice each month, till the debt is cleared. They will put the question to Father Price when he returns. I might add that the villages around here have been forced to protect themselves, because of the inefficiency of the Government forces, and the arrangement works well wherever it is tried.

Every day has its little touch and twice a week the boat docks with some mail from some place, so I can hardly realize it's over a month since the Sunny-ites quit Yeungkong.

I hope our talk of bandits doesn't spoil your thought of us at all, for it's a pleasant joke—almost real—and there is very little danger for us. God seems to be sowing his seed of faith rapidly during this rainy season. Please God, some day China will wake up early and find herself going to six o'clock Mass.

FRANCIS X. FORD

June 9

The veterans at Yeungkong have thrown in second speed and the motor is running smoothly. But that's a poor figure to use just now, for the apologies for paths are under water, and the river has risen and covers the West Side streets to the depth of the shopkeepers' belts,—all because of a two-days' steady rain.

The Spirit of Pentecost

In spite of the storm, on Pentecost morning we had a fine gathering of the clans for High Mass. We sang the Mass to the tune of the heaven's bass drum, and flashes of lightning made the scene druid-like. At the Epistle I tried to dodge some drippings from the roof that were aimed at the nape of my neck, and I was thankful for the rubric that prescribed moving to the Gospel side—only to find a puddle forming where I was to stand!

Packing our little chapel were a hundred or more Christians from the outlying districts. Our ordinary Sunday Masses find every seat taken, so that the tight quarters on a feast day give a sort of "revival" appearance to the gathering. The ant-eaten, hollow roof timbers echo the deep tones of our chesty rustic visitors, and the priest is obliged to shout his prayers to keep from being drowned by the roar. Men predominate, yet we have a full house, and this not for a half-hour service but one that lasts three solid

hours and all before breakfast! Of the fifty who received Holy Communion this morning, forty were men.

That our Chinese appreciate the chance to hear Mass on feast days is easily seen. A group, for example, came from near Tinpak. That means they walked twenty miles to a port named Shektung, passed the night there, and sailed in the morning for eight hours to Yeungkong,—in the busy season of rice crops and at the cost of a dollar a person. They must find their food, also, while here and on the return trip.

Another group of twenty came from Cheungtinnam and apologized for their small number. A large delegation had set out for Mass but saw a band of robbers making for their village, so they selected twenty to represent them at Yeungkong and the others returned to defend their homes.

The men from Tinpak way confirmed the good news of a few weeks ago, when the "ring leader" there came to Yeungkong with a list of two-hundred-twenty-seven persons who desired instruction. The news was in keeping with the spirit of Pentecost; indeed, the words of the Mass of the day simply voiced our feelings as we listened to the Chinese accompanying with prayers in their sweet tongue. "The Spirit of the Lord hath filled the earth, alleluia!"

These two hundred twenty-seven men and women are grouped in several villages less than a day's walk apart, in the western section of the Yeungkong district. They are two days nearer us than Fathers Walsh and Meyer, so we shall attend them from this end. If they persevere unto the end—or a goodly proportion of them—they will make a strong nucleus for a new central mission in years to come. There is at the chief village, Sanhui, a little chapel built by Father Gauthier.

Our last mission trip to the northern boundary of the Yeungkong subprefecture has since won us new catechumens besides the twelve hundred reported in previous letters. The small villages handed in detailed lists of future "hopefuls".

June 10

Raining, still raining. While shopping in the afternoon, I was obliged to hire a boat to get along the main street.

Father Shi (our Chinese priest) was in bed all day with a touch of malaria. It seems to be common around here, though, thank God, we have not got it yet. The mosquitoes are the *Anopheles* brand, with black and yellow stripes.

Rumors of Wars

The "aftermath", to use press correspondent terminology, of the late Civil War here, that divided North and South, is swelling to visible proportions. The yeast is said to be Japanese interference and official Peking's shameless flirting with his Imperial Majesty's Government. The Cantonese, according to themselves, are the only true patriots and they are resolved to carry on some form of independent government at Canton, even without funds.

However, Yeungkong is not Canton and cares as much for the Capital as Oregon did for the Thirteen Original States before the railroad connected it with New England. But when the mountain comes to Mohammed it's a different story, and the sight of a few thousand Canton troops in this little "independent sub-prefecture" has enlarged the outlook of our oldest inhabitants—and "The War" is the daily topic.

The fear that fills men's souls has been confirmed by the leaving of the Protestant minister for parts unknown. It matters not that he is simply taking a few months' vacation to avoid the heat of Yeungkong, for folks who readily believe in evil winds and sundry omens see only flight in every movement. Already the wealthier merchants are thumbing the weekly packet's time-table to reserve breathing space on it for safe climes. And the "out-and-out" outlaws are reaping a harvest unmolested.

We planned a trip to Tinpak for the dog days, to visit our "unexplored" Christian settlements, but midway between us and them a band of one thousand thieves have occupied Chiklung. Prudence and a humble sense of our worth to the community prompt us not to court trouble, especially when there's no hope of martyrdom for the Faith.

This may be all a "yellow journal" scare, for the Chinese tri-weekly here protests that the officials at Canton are

simply making war against some robbers who are supplied with ammunition from Peking, and we are too near the scene to be unbiased. The only thing we can be sure of is that the private bands of robbers will be busy in our Christian villages and enlarge our chances for charity beyond our pocketbooks. We of Maryknoll are keeping our souls in quiet and praying for the day when China at peace will be a fair spot on God's great earth.

June 29

The Seventh Anniversary of Maryknoll's Foundation Day. We celebrated by special prayers, reminiscences, and chicken for dinner. We also stood an American Flag on the table.

Several of our Catholic young men dropped in for a long visit. They have been studying over at the Protestant Higher School. At present we have no facilities for a school for them and cannot very well insist on their not studying at all. We did the next best thing, though; we arranged that they should sleep here at the Mission, which gives them the chance to hear daily Mass and attend evening devotions.

July 23

Father Shi left us today, to go back to his own mission. We shall miss his quiet, obliging services, his practical knowledge of our territory, and his judgment in settling affairs. Henceforth we "paddle our own canoes". He took away with him four ducks and hens as gifts from the Christians.

July 26

Rain, steady and heavy, with the tail end of what may have been a small typhoon, kept our builders away. Today we started erecting a Grotto in the Chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes. It promised to look natural, with its large stones gathered from the nearby hills.

July 31

The chief military official of Yeungkong paid us a business call today in the matter of alleged depredations by

his soldiers on some of our villagers. He is a young man, about thirty-five years old, formerly a pupil at Sacred Heart College at Canton where he had Father Gauthier as teacher. He had studied English there, but ten years of disuse had left little of it in his memory. The hour's visit passed in efforts to converse through a medium, our professor, but we parted on good terms with mutual expressions of good will.

The month has been hot enough but drier than we dared hope for, so we are grateful. The nights are cool.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
August, 1919.

I have just had two months of intimate companionship with a Chinese priest. He is the first I've seen at such close range, and if he be typical of the native priest I think the future of the Church in China is assured. He knows no English, so I feel I can talk about him without fear of offending or flattering him. Of course it is hardly fair to judge of a class by one individual, but I feel in this case, like old Virgil, that from one you may know all.

Father Shi, Chinese Priest

He is an exception, though, in size; tall and stocky, with dignified walk, he would pass as a Senator from our Western States, while the average man in South China is undersized and wiry. I found later he is big all around, with a smile that brings the youngsters toddling to him, and an alert sympathy that fills his room daily with students and older men glad of an hour's talk with him.

And better still, he has an apostolic soul that is content with suffering, whose lot has been that of a pioneer in building up new missions and never resting long in the enjoyment of his work. He has started many of the flourishing little groups of Catholics scattered over two or three hundred miles, and several thousands can turn to him as their

first Father in Christ who poured the water of baptism on their heads.

It opened my eyes to his interest in his work when two hundred and more walked in on feast days from the surrounding district and he greeted many by name, after a silence of fifteen years of busy ministering elsewhere. I'm rather proud of the fact that I can distinguish one Chinese from another, and if I recall what particular village a man hails from my satisfaction is complete, but the intense love for his old-time flock that our visitor showed will henceforth silence any whisperings of vanity in my ability to "place" a strange face.

His thoughtfulness, too, was evidenced the first evening after supper. I like to light a pipe and catch the cool breeze that springs up after sunset, by pacing leisurely the common room which serves us as eating room and parlor. With the lamp turned low to deter inquisitive mosquitoes, and the noisy world outside after a hard day's toil, it is delightful to walk and chat in a misty veil of smoke. But the average Chinese doesn't see it that way; he takes no pleasure in unnecessary exertion, and among his fellowmen he sits or stands, but rarely walks. He likes a lamp turned up so high that its warning column of smoke complains in showers of soot. His seventh heaven is a stuffy crowd of talking men, none of whom seems to listen to his neighbor. Yet from the very start our Chinese brother in Christ was quick to fall in with my likes and paced the narrow room as steadily as a Weston or O'Leary. And from eight to nine more regularly than the clock (a Japanese product) on the wall, we nightly met, and many were the sidelights thrown on Eastern life and Western ways of doing.

I found by asking, for he was not quick to talk about himself, that much of our territory is an open land to him, and village after village has had some curious fact to offer.

His Story

As a boy he left his home, several hundred miles southwest of us, to study at the diocesan seminary at Canton, and after his classical course there he was sent to the inter-

national seminary at Penang. There he sat side by side with Japanese and Korean lads, and Malays, and young men from India and Burma and Indo-China, all eating the same kind of foods and speaking Latin as their common tongue. On big feasts as a special treat each was allowed to cook his own national dishes, though as a matter of prudence the Chinese were limited to eight courses,—which in China is considered hardly a lunch, much less a banquet. He modestly claimed that the French missioners, who were the professors, always elected on those feast days to eat with the Chinese lads, as the other "nationals" put too much red pepper in their fancy dishes.

When he completed his theology course he came back to Canton. In his time men were not ordained immediately after graduation, but were sent out on the mission for several years' experience of its hardships to fit them better for their life work. They could not do priestly work, but they journeyed from village to village instructing, preaching, forming boys' choirs and altar sodalities,—in fact, doing the work of highly specialized catechists. They were especially useful as aids to new missioners, teaching them the language and customs.

After several years of this practical apprenticeship he was ordained, and then began an active life that called him to the four points of the compass within the Province of Kwangtung. It was before the advent of the little railway, and indeed before the steamboat' whistle woke these ports. Walking was the fashion then and Yeungkong was five days distant from the capital. His first mission extended ten days west and six days north, but he seems to have lost no weight in the exercise and managed to be known by even the countless pagans hereabouts.

One night he landed at a seaport, drenched and hungry. He knew no one, and in those days, shortly after the Boxer trouble, strangers were eyed with suspicion. He stood in the street and said a little prayer and then made for the nearest house to beg a night's lodging. But while he hesitated at the door, before knocking, the owner called out with a smile: "Aren't you a Catholic priest? I saw you last year in

Yeungkong; you gave some money to a beggar as I passed by. Come in, and welcome!" And he soon had a hot supper ready for his wondering guest, who repaid him before the year was over by receiving him into the Church.

Another night in a sailboat going to Tinpak he woke up with his nose against the cold muzzle of a gun. He made haste to give the bandits all he had, but begged to be allowed to keep his Breviary as it was no use to them. As the robbers were leaving they spied his suitcase that contained the Mass vestments and his chalice and they took it along with them. Later when they opened it, they were alarmed at what they had stolen and made a whole day's journey to the chapel to give back the sacred vestments.

His Work Today

His mission now is three days' journey northeast of us. There he has several entirely Christian villages and, what is more striking, they are truly Catholic. It's refreshing to find in the midst of pagan China a village named "Sacred Heart Village"; here he has a hundred families and a chapel. A few miles away another hamlet is called "Three Cardinal Virtues Village", and still another is named "Catholic Village". These villages are entirely Catholic. He started them by buying large tracts of ground and then inducing his Christians to settle there. This means a Catholic atmosphere for the growing boys and girls, who will see no pagan practices or vices as part of their daily life.

He had been so unselfish in discussing plans with us of what was needed most in our district, that when I asked him, laughingly, if he had no plans for his own mission, he was rather loath to mention them. The Sacred Heart Village has no schoolhouse and needs one badly, so I promised him I would beg the lovers of The Sacred Heart in America to send the five hundred dollars needed to erect a building large enough to house his boys and girls. A generous zeal for souls, engrafted on his native Chinese business instincts, is surety enough that he makes every cent count in his work.

He is a student in his own way and for a score of years has

been noting local idioms of the many districts hereabouts. His results will be extremely valuable to future students of Cantonese. Curiously, he told me the purest Cantonese is not spoken in Canton or in the other centres of learning, but on the waterfront among the sampan dwellers. This tribe of fishermen have never mingled with the polyglot landfolk and have handed down the spoken word in its clear, musical purity.

Like Arabian Nights, each evening's walk had its little stories, too numerous to note now, and some of them deserve a page to themselves. I am grateful for the opportunity of my evening chats with him.

FRANCIS X. FORD

August 10

Father Price developed an ulcerated tooth. It's only three hundred miles to the nearest dentist and can be done in several days by boat. He will try to wait till the Feast of the Assumption.

August 13

The masons are hanging back on building the chimney. I think they are dubious about what one looks like. Chinese simply let the smoke find its way out of the kitchen as best it may. It blackens the walls a rich, deep black that looks centuries old, but it's hardly sanitary.

August 14

This was one of our happiest days here, despite Father Price's swelling jaw. More than three hundred Christians (most of them not yet baptized) poured in on us for tomorrow's Feast. Some came three days' journey, fifty to seventy-five miles, for a chance to celebrate the Feast. There were forty-nine Confessions, but the Chinese are deliberate about it and it took from three to nine-thirty.

August 15

Feast of the Assumption. High Mass. After Mass we baptized a man, his wife and little son, who have been pre-

paring for the sacrament since last December. Benediction closed a happy morning.

Immediately afterwards Father Price, whose jaw would be the envy of many a pugilist, took the sampan to meet the steamer that connects with *Sampan No. 2* and meets *Steamer No. 2* that goes to Canton,—all for fifteen minutes' treatment by a dentist. But the wind died down and *Sampan No. 1* missed the first steamer by ten minutes. After a heated walk of nearly two hours in the sun, Father Price landed home again. The next boat leaves Sunday, the seventeenth.

The Chinese before leaving gave us a list of forty-five men in two new villages, who wish to go under instruction.

August 16

The day was spent in receiving reports from the catechists, and in the painful duty of giving out salaries to them.

August 17

Father Price left, with two hours' leeway to catch the steamer.

August 23

August 21 was the "night of the big wind". It started about nine o'clock with a sudden rise of the thermometer —a typhoon. Several trees were blown down. The shed over the new addition was swept away and in falling punctured five holes in the roof. I spent a day emptying pails of water from Father Price's room. House of mud bricks nearby caved in.

The gale blew the tin roof off our porch and knocked over a brick column support. Towards evening it stopped.

August 24

The sun came out and we spent the day turning the indoors outdoors to dry. The town has a foot of water in the business section, due to a rise in the river.

August 26

Father Price wrote from Hongkong that he is in the hospital preparing for an operation for appendicitis. Thanks

be to God, he is in a safe place where he can afford to indulge in appendicitis! The big consolation is that by the time I got the note the operation must have been over and successful, for they sent no word by telegraph to me, which they most probably would do in serious trouble. That means he will be in the hospital for a month, I suppose, or perhaps until the new men come. However, things are running smoothly enough here, and I'm sure also at Tungchen.

Had the distressing job of discharging the cook! He is a regular *Handy Andy* and needs an eye over him constantly.

August 30

Noticed a notable increase in the number of confessions and daily Communions.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
August, 1919.

I don't propose to deal thoroughly with the subject, for lack of information, but a glance at the life of women in China may interest their sisters in the West.

A walk through the lanes of a Chinese city will give us enough to dwell on for a moment.

Chinese Women's Dress

The women are dressed more modestly than Westerners—all in black, and of the same cut of fashion; a black coat that reaches to the knees, and trousers of the same color,—a dress that never varies through the years, and that gives rich or poor little to distinguish them. Those that can afford it wear white or black socks, and either wooden sandals or black silk or cloth slippers, depending on the depth of mud in the streets.

Hats vary with the locality. The commonest seen in this section of South China are of pleated bamboo straw, somewhat the shape of an inverted bowl, especially the wooden dish that is used to chop hash in. The hat covers the head

entirely to the level of the eyes; in fact, a woman has to raise her head to look straight before her. The top of the hat where the ends of the bamboo straw are gathered is ornamented with a brass knob that prevents the ends from unraveling. This knob, and indeed the whole hat, is oiled to make it waterproof as well as add to its beauty, and its lustre bespeaks the careful housewife.

The hair is dressed somewhat as in America today, if I remember rightly, twisted in a tight coil at the neck.

The whole outfit, though mannish, is worn with a modest dignity and grace far removed from the tomboyish swagger of Occidental imitators.

Indoors, elderly women wear a white kerchief, like the stately grandmother's cap of the past generation or the frilly *coiffe* of some French Sisters—and the effect is as pleasing. The rugged outdoor life of women in China keeps them alert and wiry at seventy.

Home and Social Life

I know too little of their family life to state much about it, but they seem to have the joys and sorrows common to the rest of the world. They love their children and spend their time with them incessantly. Even if they must work during the day, as most of them do, in carrying stones or sand or water, swung in two loads on a bamboo pole, they still manage to keep their children by them, the younger ones slung astride their mother's back while the others toddle about within sight of their mother's eye.

The household duties are not the elaborate affair of modern life. An earthen floor that is badly swept with a miserable broom, a bed that needs but a shaking of the coverlet and matting, an open fire with a handful of twigs or shavings to boil the rice, three or four bowls without knives or forks or tablecloth, a few garments that the hot sun dries without need of ironing, no pictures on the wall, or books, or panes of glass to be kept clean—indeed, as every man and boy knows how to cook his rice, the housewife's problems are few. The servant-girl question is one for European port-dwellers only.

Socially, the women seem to be restricted to conversation with their next door neighbor, or when they gather at the well to draw water, or beat their washing by the river bank. As pagans they are faithful to the daily superstitious observances, and equally faithful as Catholics to Mass and their beads. Hitherto in our district they have played a minor part in our church services, as there were no women catechists to instruct them.

They have had little opportunity for schooling until recently, and even now schools for girls are few and poorly attended. Their little world is narrow, but the seriousness of their work, their daily hard labor and absence of frivolities, may perhaps give them a truer, if not wider, horizon than some of their sisters in the West, more engrossed in the changes of the fashion plate. At least, if pleasant faces that smile away wrinkles be an index of happiness, the women in China seem to have a larger share of contentment than is usually seen outside of convent walls.

FRANCIS X. FORD

September 1

Paid the second installment on the new addition,—four hundred and thirty dollars. The mason spent at least a half hour counting the money and brought me back seven counterfeit pieces. No reflection on my honesty, as the country is flooded with them.

September 3

Today we began giving English lessons to one of our very few Catholic High School boys. He is a daily communicant. The family lives a fair day's journey away, but they come regularly for Sunday's Mass. A duck, or hen, or crabs often grace our table after their visit.

September 4

A Christian from Taipat came in with a difficulty. His wife died and was buried. His father-in-law, a pagan, wishes him to give the usual pagan feast in her honor. Aside from the fact that it is superstitious, it is a matter of two days'

feasting for the whole village and would cost at least one hundred dollars. He is going to fight it out.

September 6

There's nothing much to report these days.

Father Price writes he has an icebag as a bosom companion for a while, until he is toned up for the operation.

Father Meyer writes that he, of course, is well and that the mountain air of Tungchen seems to do Father Walsh good. I get a note from them regularly every ten days—almost as bad as living in Alaska.

With an increasing number of daily communicants as a bracer, and no one to worry over except *F. X.*, I feel in fine condition for the autumn work.

Today I sent the Annual Report to Bishop de Guèbriant. The totals are as follows:

YEUNGKONG MISSION.

(Not including Loting or Tungchen)

Number of stations	18
Chapels	3
Annual confessions	150
Annual Communions	76
Other Communions	739
Baptisms—adults	6
Baptisms—infants	6
Baptisms—infants *in articulo mortis*	58
Extreme Unction	1
Boys in schools	228
Girls in schools	41
Number of Christians	269
Number under instruction, about	1,200

September 8

The secretary to the Civil Prefect came for a visit. He is a young man, educated in France, and speaks French too rapidly for me, but his Chinese is Hakka, not Cantonese, so there is no recourse. He is not a Catholic, yet when the Angelus bell sounded he immediately stopped talking, blessed himself, and said a short prayer!

He has been in Yeungkong only a few days. It was a sur-

prise to him when I said I am an American. "But the Americans are Protestants! And have you a wife?" I assured him I had not.

September 9

I shall not want for company these nights. The twenty and more builders are camping on the ground. It's good to see them, they are so happy in their work, though it is a puzzle why they are happy. They have so little cause when measured by Western standards. Even aside from the fact that they are heathen, their outlook on life is not bright. Most of them get twenty cents a day, the best of them only forty. They start work at daybreak—now at five o'clock—and work till six-thirty or sundown, and this on two meals of rice without meat or drink save tea. Yet they smile throughout the day, and their bearing towards one another is cheerful and cheering. Tonight they had dessert in the shape of two rats they killed in our kitchen! We Westerners don't know how to *Hooverize!*

FRANCIS X. FORD

Chapter 6

"BEATI MORTUI"

Yeungkong, September 13

ELEGRAM from Bishop de Guèbriant telling of Father Price's death. Hired four rowers to reach ship and caught it in time. I had the same little hole of a cabin in the same ship in which Father Price last went away.

September 14

Reached Kongmoon at twelve. Sent a line to Father Walsh at Tungchen. Took ship at three for Canton.

September 15

Arrived in Canton at three a. m. Waited till four to go to the Cathedral, and walked in the garden in the quiet haze of dawn till the priests got up. The house was overcrowded with priests who finished retreat on Sunday. I didn't realize how hungry I was for sympathy till everyone crowded around me with little acts of thoughtfulness. The Bishop was extremely kind and discussed the mission plans with me.

Francis X. Ford

Cathedral, Canton,
September 16, 1919.

I could not write you any sooner the details of Father Price's death. Even now I know but little, but I go to Hongkong this evening and will learn all I can.

He died on Friday, September 12, the Feast of the Holy Name of Mary. The Bishop says Father Price was looking forward to die on that day. It seems he was told the day before, by the Sister in the hospital, that she feared it. He dictated a letter to the Bishop, thanking him for his gener-

osity in adding Kochow to our territory, and transferred the bank account to my name. He was given the last sacraments by Father Lemaire.

I got the Bishop's telegram on Saturday at nine in the morning, and left at nine-fifteen. We employed four rowers instead of the usual one, to make the six miles to the ship and, thanks be to God, stepped on board before it pulled away. The next boat would not be along for two or three days. I wrote Father Walsh from both Yeungkong and Kongmoon, but I fear it will be a week or ten days before he receives the news. Father Pradel tried a telegram to Loting, which is five days away from Tungchen; perhaps the catechists will make the journey.

Had I gone to Hongkong directly—not possible, because no boat runs on Sunday between Kongmoon and Hongkong —I could have been present at the Mass offered on Monday for Father Price by Bishop Pozzoni in the presence of a dozen priests. Father Price was buried Sunday in the Catholic Cemetery of Hongkong. He could not be placed in Bethany, though Bishop Guèbriant tried to make an exception for him, because the Hongkong government allows only Paris Foreign Mission men to be buried there by special permit. However, there are other priests buried in the same cemetery with Father Price.

Bishop de Guèbriant could not be present at the funeral, as it was the closing day of the Diocesan Retreat which he gave, but he sent Father Gauthier and several others. He left the night I arrived (Monday) for his tour of the Chinese Missions as Apostolic Visitor. However, he found time to give me a half hour's talk on our work here. I shall communicate it all to Father Walsh.

I shall go this afternoon to Hongkong, see Father Robert and the "Banque Industrielle", and visit the cemetery; then return tomorrow to Yeungkong.

The month's solitude and the lonely trip to Canton were fully balanced by the warm fatherliness of Bishop de Guèbriant. Indeed, the score of priests here for retreat, including the Italian Salesians, were real brothers to me.

I feel our saintly *Father Bernadette* will aid the Society

"The more we saw of him, the more we realized that he was a man of sanctity far beyond the ordinary." (*Page* 171)

REVEREND THOMAS FREDERICK PRICE, A. F. M.

now more than ever, by his prayers for us. In offering our Masses for him, I can't help envying him his lifetime of preparation for meeting God. His room here will always have an inspiration for us to aim higher, or rather, to trust more in God. It was a consolation for me to have the same "stateroom"—a wretched hole, four feet high—that he used on the same ship a month earlier. God is drawing Heaven and the Maryknolls closer together and we shall all be benefited by the experience.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Paris Procure, Hongkong,
September 17, 1919.

Father Robert gave me a whole evening's talk on Father Price, and Sisters at Saint Paul's Hospital confirmed much of what he said. Father Price had been suffering from appendicitis for seven months (though he never attributed his nervousness and stomach trouble to it) and, when he arrived at Hongkong, was in too dangerous a condition for operation. The appendix had already burst before the operation, which took place on the sixth. He said Mass in the morning (Our Lady's Nativity) and wrote several letters. Father Walsh knows nothing of the news as yet—the catechist must walk five days' journey with the telegram.

Please don't think that I am a bit cast down; nor do I think the other Fathers will be, nor you at Maryknoll. God evidently means to prove our Society and has His own plan behind it all. And Father Price died happy, saying his last Mass on the Feast of the Nativity and carefully preparing for Viaticum and Extreme Unction. (These he asked for and urged, when the nurses did not see the need. He sank rapidly a few hours later.) The Sister said his face beamed when he said, "I shall celebrate today's Feast with our Immaculate Mother. Oh! how happy to die today!"

I should have liked to stay at Hongkong a few days, but in the meantime the carpenter and mason will be waiting instructions. Besides, I hope to come again to meet the

new men. I am going now to the cemetery, and then to thank Bishop Pozzoni for the vestments for the burial and for his kindness through it all. He accompanied the body to the grave, with about a score of priests assisting.

The body is in the Happy Valley Cemetery—"Saint Michael's". Father Price is in Section 4, grave No. 3792. I shall have a tombstone similar to those of the dozen priests with whom he is buried: "Hic requiescat Rev. Thomas F. Price, Miss. Apost. 1860–1919," and will have a Chi-Rho on it.

I must stop now, as my time here is short. I shall spend the two weeks before Father Walsh comes in packing Father Price's scattered effects, so the time will not pass heavily.

FRANCIS X. FORD

The Death and Burial

[On the morning of Sunday, September 21, a cablegram, signed by Bishop de Guèbriant of Canton, flashed across the Pacific, announcing the death of Father Price, first Superior of the Maryknoll Mission in China.

All hearts went out to the three young missioners toiling in the province of Kwangtung, to whom Father Price had been a guide and an inspiration.

Two letters later arrived, both written by Father Price. The first was dated August 21 and he wrote from St. Paul's Hospital, Causeway Bay, Hongkong]:

I have appendicitis and must be operated on in a few days. The doctor says there is not great danger. Please pray for me and have all pray for me.

I am writing this in bed suffering and must ask you to excuse what is wanting. Love to all.

In *C. I. C.*
THOMAS F. PRICE

P. S.—All well on the mission.

[Another letter followed this, in which Father Price spoke of feeling much better and outlined his various mission needs. He evidently looked forward to recovery, and wrote]:

I have not been operated on yet—am much better—possibly may not undergo the operation—a few days more will decide.

Anent the circular advertisement, I have drawn up the enclosed but have no paper to spread out the display. I thought this might do for a starter, and it seemed to me better to speak now of our great actual needs only. The more permanent works, such as seminary, orphanage, hospital, and so forth, I thought should come later.

Have all pray for me, please.

[No Maryknoller was at the bedside of Father Price when he died, and none was present at the obsequies. It was not to be, yet God provided a substitute in the person of a devoted friend of Maryknoll, Father Jean Tour of the Paris Seminary, who wrote the details of the last hours.*

Bishop Pozzoni and his priests were kindness itself to our dying Maryknoller and to his bereaved young confrère. The Bishop directed the funeral ceremonies and requested that a full account be sent to Maryknoll.]

Catholic Mission, Hongkong,
September 15, 1919.

Dear Reverend Father:

I am requested by Bishop Pozzoni to write you some particulars about the death and funeral of the lamented Father Price.

Although it was known that he was far from well, yet the news that the operation had been a success made his death absolutely unexpected. Going downtown on the morning of the twelfth, I met a boy on his way to the Registrar of Deaths and thus I was the first to rush to the hospital.

I saw him in the mortuary, where he had been very devoutly laid out by the Sisters before a great Crucifix, with palms and flowers and burning candles. I was greatly moved on seeing him—he seemed to sleep so peacefully—and I could not leave him for a long time. The Sister told me that he had died in the arms of good Father Tour, who had assisted him to the last; that he had begun to ask for the Last Sacraments even the night before, and when the Sister kindly reproached him for wishing to go to Heaven so soon he had remarked with a smile that it was a splendid day for this journey as it was the Feast of the Name of Mary; that he was conscious almost to the last and was happy to die here, away from home, on the mission field.

So there lay this veteran who had fallen too soon, a victim to his own zeal that had sent him to the missions regardless of his advanced age. It was indeed very sad that none of his colleagues from the Mission or from Maryknoll could be present. I felt I had the right and the duty to pray for him while his brethren were still laboring in the mission field, and also to pray to him to assist them from Heaven.

* See "Father Price of Maryknoll," published by Maryknoll.

By this time the Bishop was aware of the sad occurrence and was very much moved by it. He directed Father Banhi, the Procurator, to arrange for a solemn funeral service, for the interment was to take place at eight the next morning.

At dawn, in the little chapel where Father Price had said his last Mass three days before his death, I said Mass for the repose of his soul. A little after eight, the funeral procession started for the cemetery. There were numerous priests and a good number of Sisters from the French and Italian convents. The Bishop, in full pontifical robes and attended by other priests and all the pupils of the seminary, received the body at the cemetery gate, and then the procession went to the cemetery chapel where the service was solemnly sung.

About thirty priests were present from the Cathedral and mission districts, from the French and Spanish Procures, from Nazareth and Bethany, and even from Macao and Sheklung. It was very impressive to see all those priests paying due honor to a saintly missioner who had fallen at his appointed post like a valiant fighter of the Lord, and to hear them chanting "*In Paridisum deducant te Angeli, in tuo adventu suscipiant te Martyres,*" for he had well deserved the glory and the rest of Heaven.

And so we left him there, in the portion of the cemetery reserved for priests, in company with all the missioners who have been buried there in the last half century. I hope he will, together with them, continue from Heaven the work he loved so much.

This morning at seven-thirty there was also a Solemn Requiem at the Cathedral, with as full an attendance of priests as at the funeral. The service was particularly well conducted, and at the end of it Bishop Pozzoni imparted the absolution.

While expressing to you my deep sympathy for the loss of Father Price, let me express the hope that you will soon be able to send new recruits, not only to replace him, but also to enlarge more and more your missions.

With kindest regards and best wishes.

H. Valtorta

[Father Price had a host of friends in this country, from His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, to the poorest of the poor in every walk of life. These friends heard with sadness the news of his death, and some who knew him said, "He was a saint!"

They recalled his apostolic labors in North Carolina, the state in which he was born fifty-eight years before, his struggles and privations, his hopes and disappointments, covering a period of twenty-five years.

Some thought of his days at Saint Charles' and Saint Mary's, Baltimore, among the Sulpician Fathers, for whom

his affection was strong, indeed. Many among our readers remembered him in his zealous efforts to spread among the faithful a Catholic appreciation of the foreign missions and a particular interest in Maryknoll and its *Field Afar*.

And we of Maryknoll treasure his memory as co-founder of this work and exemplar of the virtues he loved,—humility, devotion to The Immaculate Conception, and burning zeal for souls. Maryknoll lost a valued member on earth but gained a powerful intercessor with God.

Maryknoll's exiled missioners sent the following messages]:

The last time I saw Father Price was on the first of May. I remember it so well. He came down to the dock at Hongkong to see me off, for Father Meyer and I were about to start for the interior. I had just failed in an attempt to talk him into passing up Yeungkong for the summer and taking a trip to Japan instead, for he would not hear of it. He was going down hill then, and we all had told him that he should return to America. But he had come to stay, so he claimed, and he wasn't going to give it up until after a thorough trial.

However, God wanted him, I think. Nobody ever dreamed of his getting appendicitis, and probably he would not have pulled through the operation anywhere. Certainly, his year in China put him in poor condition for it; however, God arranges these matters. On the boat he had an attack of acute appendicitis. He wrote me saying, "I wondered if I should ever get from Yeungkong to the hospital—it was the greatest physical torture of my life—the week before getting to Hongkong." It must have been some trip—a week on a Chinese junk, with acute appendicitis!

His absence makes an awful void here. He was a father to us, and we all leaned on him a great deal. The example of his daily life, too, was a constant sermon to us; the more we saw of him, the more we realized that he was a man of sanctity far beyond the ordinary. Personally, I am not sad, exactly,—I know he went to Heaven, but I shall miss his fatherly interest a great deal.

JAMES E. WALSH

We feel that our loss is almost immeasurable. He was at once confrère, superior, and father to us, and his zeal, all the stronger after nearly thirty-five years in the priesthood, was a constant inspiration. He seemed to realize vividly the value of an immortal soul and he undertook nothing except "what may be for the greatest good of souls." Only a few months ago he wrote: "The matter of catechists is life and death to our work and to the souls committed to us—we must supply them. I will move heaven and earth to get catechists and make them efficient."

And yet, though it has been a great loss to us, probably more than we can realize, we cannot help rejoicing, for himself and for us. The saintliness of his character has been well known to many, but we who were near him during the past year feel that ours has been a special privilege. He suffered a great deal from the climate but it only engaged his attention in so far as he feared that he would have to give up his work here, but even that possibility, which was the hardest for him to bear, he accepted willingly. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin and to his "little saint" (Bernadette) seemed, if that were possible, to increase, and we never knew how many hours he spent at prayer for us, for the Society, and for the salvation of souls. His rosary was hardly ever out of his hand, and his spirit of recollection was marvelous. In the middle of a class in Chinese, or at his meals, he would seem suddenly to become lost in prayer. During the last few weeks of his life he must have suffered a great deal, both mentally and physically, and we cannot help feeling that, when he left this world, the Blessed Virgin and his "little saint" took care of him.

For ourselves and our work we feel that, if we have not already, at least it will not be long before we have him as an intercessor before the high throne, and that his influence there will be commensurate with his zeal here, and we look forward with confidence to a great outpouring of grace upon our mission. It seems peculiarly auspicious that, before the end of our first year, one should be called on to make the supreme sacrifice. We know that he gave himself willingly, for us and souls. "Greater love than this no man hath," and ever since the day of Golgotha it has been a key to open the flood-gates of divine grace.

BERNARD F. MEYER

"Unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die it bringeth forth much fruit."

Saint John, xii, 24-25.

PART III

VETERANS AND NEW RECRUITS

Rev. William F. O'Shea, New Jersey. Rev. Daniel L. McShane, Indiana. Rev. Alphonse S. Vogel, New York.

THE SECOND GROUP OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS FOR CHINA—1919

Chapter 1

WELCOME REINFORCEMENTS

Maryknoll-on-Hudson, September 8, 1919

MARYKNOLL'S Second Departure took place on the anniversary of the first one. The ceremony was held in the Seminary chapel, on the evening of the birthday of Mary Immaculate.

The attendance was limited, necessarily, to the communities at Maryknoll, a few relatives and intimate friends of the departing missioners, and a handful of priest-friends. The participants were:

Reverend William F. O'Shea, of Hudson, New Jersey.
Reverend Daniel L. McShane, of Columbus, Indiana.
Reverend Alphonse S. Vogel, of New York City.

At seven-forty the bell that once called pagans to their temple began to toll and ten minutes later the little chapel was crowded. The psalms that so beautifully make up the *Itinerarium*—the voyage-prayer of the faithful—were recited, and the Superior of Maryknoll spoke his parting words to the three priests.

He reminded them that they are going to undertake a difficult task, trying to body and soul; that the inevitable hardships had often been recalled to them, but that they will not realize the extent of their sacrifice until some day when they find themselves with hand on the plow, looking down the length of a furrow that seems endless. He assured them, however, that when the hour of desolation comes they need not fear, because the needed help will be just then nearest to them; that God's grace is sufficient; and that the natural consolations of a missioner's life often outbalance his trials. The Birthday of Mary suggested their re-birth into a new life, and recalled her love for her Divine Son and for all who follow in His footsteps. The Mother's love will follow them as it followed Christ, into the banquet hall, into the synagogue, over the paths of the mountains and

through the valleys. It will meet them consolingly, as they look at her from the crosses of seeming death. It will welcome them joyfully as they rise repeatedly to new purpose.

After the three young apostles had in unison publicly read their *Propositum*—the purpose to remain during life attached to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America—the Superior embraced each, and they in turn embraced the priests, seminarians, and Brothers present. Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament followed; and a half-hour later, amid cheers and songs, that included the *Hymn of Departure* and *Maryknoll, My Maryknoll*, the young apostles passed out into the darkness of the night to take the train for New York.

Westward

Scranton opened its arms in welcome to the travelers, who found themselves the second night in its Cathedral, surrounded by the devoted faithful, in the presence of Bishop Hoban and his priests. The Bishop spoke with the heart of a father to the young aspirants.

Many kindnesses en route culminated in a whole-hearted welcome given the missioners by Maryknoll's friends in San Francisco. After some days at the Maryknoll Procure in that city, the Maryknollers sailed, on October 3, on the *Nanking* of the China Mail, for Honolulu and Japan, for Shanghai, Hongkong, and *Maryknoll-in-China*—"the least among the princes of Judah".]

Entering the Yellow Sea,
October 26, 1919.

We are now getting our first glimpses of the mainland of our adopted country, and they are very beautiful. About nine in the morning, after we finished our "parochial" Mass, which Father McShane celebrated, we sighted the first of the chain of islands which encircle Shanghai harbor, and which mark the division between the Pacific and the Yellow Sea. At the same time, we were greeted by a couple

of whales that had come alongside to welcome us to our future homes.

The day is warm and beautiful, the sun shines brightly, and the sea is so calm that, in the words of Father Vogel, "someone has taken the 'roll' out of the 'rolling Nanking'". Altogether a charming augury for the future,—but we do not need that sort of encouragement. We are all feeling fine, and since the waters have gotten smooth even the others are enjoying life at sea.

We shall probably arrive alongside dock in Shanghai about four o'clock, and shall leave Tuesday morning, as the ship is anxious to make up the six days lost by labor troubles in San Francisco. That should get us to Hongkong on Saturday, and to the long-anticipated reunion.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

Paris Procure, Hongkong,
October 31, 1919.

Maryknoll-in-China is "tout-ensemble chez nous," here at the *Missions Étrangères* Procure.

Thursday morning's Masses were distracted by glimpses of Hongkong's hilly approaches, and eight-thirty found us at anchor and greeting Father Ouillon, Père Robert's assistant, who had seen our ship coming into port and went out to meet us.

After a hot four-hours' vigil on the forward deck we secured our baggage, sampanned to the dock, and were surprised to find the "pioneers" standing there. The ship was not expected for another day, and they had just arrived by train from Canton. The reunion can better be imagined than described!

We were soon at dinner with Père Robert and his assistants in the new Procure. "A pleasant time was enjoyed by all," as the *Smalltown Gazette* might say, and after dinner we held an informal meeting.

Today we bought our tropical helmets and already look like missioners—we think.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

Cathedral, Canton,
November, 1919.

After the reunion of the "old Maryknoll student body", a couple of days were spent in Hongkong, in order to give the new men a chance to recuperate from the sea-voyage, to pay a very enjoyable visit to Pokfulum, to make sundry purchases in the very excellent but also very high-priced stores that John Bull's patronage has encouraged, and to consult the medical men.

An American dentist, with whom an engagement had been made by telephone from the Paris Foreign Mission Procure, told his patient that he had been busy the previous evening running over in his mind all the polite French expressions that had been fading from it in recent years, and that he feared they would not pass muster; but that he had hardly begun the *Bon jour* part of his speech, when, to use his own words, "I was assailed with an avalanche of the broadest 'American' I have ever heard in my life!" However, he stemmed the tide long enough to prevent the patient much trouble.

Of course we did not forget to pay our respects to our late beloved Father Price, by visiting the temporary abode of his earthly remains, and we feel sure that his spiritual presence was with us there, to make complete the reunion of Maryknoll-in-China. Nor did we leave until we had asked him, through the sweet communion of saints, to obtain for his work and ours a double recompense for the loss it had suffered through his departure.

To Canton and Retreat

We left on All Souls' Day for Canton. There two of the priests from the Cathedral had come down to the dock to welcome the Americans and to help us get our baggage through the Customs. We made quite an impressive parade, in our helmets and cassocks, up along the Bund to the Cathedral, and, passing over the lately demolished city wall whose site is soon to be occupied by a trolley-line, we were soon "at home" in the Cathedral rectory.

The Bishop was away on his tour of visitation, and Father

Fourquet had only just returned from the hospital, but half a dozen priests had managed to come in from nearby missions in order to give the new arrivals a joyous welcome. Whenever our French confrères got tired, we Americans would sing whatever songs or hymns came to our minds, without receiving any complaints from the others.

Tuesday was spent in looking over the Cathedral compound and in visiting the nearby convents of the Canadian Sisters and of the Little Sisters of the Poor. The retreat for the new men started the following day, but not before two of us got lost while sight-seeing in Canton. An attempt at obtaining our directions through the medium of San Franciso Chinese resulted in the gathering of quite a crowd of interested auditors and spectators, one of whom spoke enough English to provide us with a guide for the sum of ten cents.

Student Politics

Sunday, November 10, closed the retreat. Father Vogel sang High Mass in the Cathedral and Father O'Shea went to the "English Church" in Shameen. Whenever the American missioners are in town, they get that assignment.

On our way back from Shameen we noticed an armed guard around the two department stores, and learned that the "patriotic" students had done considerable rioting there the night before, because the concerns had still some Japanese goods in stock. This is a part of the Shantung-protest boycott, and one of the stores had already surrendered fifty-thousand-dollars' worth of merchandise to the students for confiscation, which goods were duly burned in a public bonfire. It is said that this store formerly paid one hundred per cent yearly profits, but for the past six months has been almost without patronage. We made some purchases in both stores and were amazed at the large force still employed without anything to do, as well as at the elegance and completeness of the stocks for sale and the other attractions of an up-to-date department store. The larger store has only recently been finished.

There are mixed motives to be found in most movements,

and it is claimed by the newspapers that competing stores have subscribed a considerable subvention to the students' protest campaign. Be that as it may, the students' striking proclivities have very seriously cut down the efficiency of schools. Even while we were in Canton, the Brothers' College had no classes for an entire week on the occasion of one of these strikes, when the students spent their time parading around town and on the campus.

November 11 was not only Armistice Day, but also the anniversary of the Chinese Revolution, and there was a really good parade, containing, among other things, displays by the different merchants' trades and workmen's guilds. The heat was intense, however, and some of the paraders were overcome, two of the students dying later as a result. This gave them reason for another holiday, to express their sympathy, a week later.

Last Days Together

On November 13 we were the guests of Father Pradel, who took us on an outing. Among the sights was a Buddhist temple, which, like most places, was in a very disorderly and unkempt condition although still frequented by worshippers. While we were there some women were making their kowtows with every appearance of sincere devotion, and it was really horrible to realize that the devil, and not Almighty God, was the recipient of this homage.

The next few days were spent in mailing Christmas postcards, with very appropriate subjects, such as executions of pirates, funerals, and so forth, and the new missioners bought some souvenirs for their friends at home. However, the real episode for them was their first baptisms at the Canadian Convent, and Father Vogel was "caught in the act" by a very good native photographer.

On Monday, November 17, Fathers McShane and O'Shea started class in Chinese, as the date of their departure was still uncertain. The following evening the Yeungkong boat got away, and with it went Fathers Ford and Vogel. This was the beginning of the end of our little reunion, which had been most pleasant indeed. However, we had long been

wanting to "get to work," and it was with a joyful heart we bade farewell, for another year, to the Yeungkong Fathers, on board their junk that evening. We were especially glad to witness the departure of their "boy", *Ah Hon*, who had been trying to wheedle a hundred dollars out of us, with which to buy a wife. We had practically capitulated, when to our joy we learned that the intended victim of his affections had changed her mind.

The big event on November 22 was the arrival of our boat, with the announcement that "she would sail soon, maybe to-morrow". However, she did not sail on the morrow. The following Thursday would be Thanksgiving Day back in "God's country", but we anticipated and had our great feast, with turkey, on Sunday (today). And it was especially a thanksgiving feast, because someone else was paying for it. This "someone" was none other than Father Pradel, the Paris Foreign Missions Procurator. It was a great affair, partaking somewhat of the nature of our "farewell dinner", as word had come that our dilatory junk would proceed to sea certainly on the morrow.

The morning was spent in "packing", and after an early luncheon at eleven, because the boat would *positively* sail at noon, we took leave of Father Fourquet and our other friends in Canton, for another year. Of course, the junk was "prompt" in leaving,—that is, she got away by two, which is quite a record for things Chinese. It was with joyful heart that we passed Shameen and out into the "delta" district, for it meant for the newcomers a real start in their missionary life, and for the "veterans" a return to their flocks.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

Maryknoll-in-China at the beginning of its second year

[To follow our American missioners in their work, get hold of these words: *vicariate, district, stations.*

The *vicariate* is practically the same as a diocese in the United States, and is in charge of the Bishop.

A *district* corresponds to an extensive parish, with its centre and its stations.

At the close of the first year, the Bishop of Canton, under whose paternal direction Maryknoll-in-China was begun, showed a further mark of confidence in the American apostles. With the approval of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, Bishop de Guèbriant added to the Maryknoll field on its western border the prefecture of Maoming,—a considerable slice which includes the quite important city of Kochow. This acquisition added considerably to the number of Christians in the care of the Maryknoll priests.

Get the names of the district centers—

Yeungkong
Tungchen
Loting
Kochow

and follow the acts of these American apostles.

The six now in China are:

Fathers Walsh and O'Shea at Kochow;
Fathers Meyer and McShane at Tungchen;
Fathers Ford and Vogel at Yeungkong.

Father Walsh (Cumberland, Maryland) was chosen Superior of the group, but all will be directed by the Vicar Apostolic of Canton, Bishop de Guèbriant, until the time shall come to cut off the first American Vicariate in China.]

Chapter 2

MARYKNOLL–IN–KOCHOW

ON November 26, after a quiet run, we arrived at sundown in the little harbor of Shuitung. It is a good five miles to the village, but on the shore we were met by a torchlight procession of Christians, not only the local ones, but also those who had come down from Tungchen and Kochow to meet us. Shuitung, although in our district, is tended by the Chinese pastor of Muiluk, and a resident catechist takes care of it.

As we were to get away at dawn (six a.m.) Friday, we rose and started Masses at three o'clock, but it was seven before we really got started. And it was a caravan!—twenty soldiers; twelve coolies carrying the lighter part of the sixty pieces of baggage with which we had left Canton; five priests; a half-dozen retainers from our missions, with two white horses among them; our "lady catechist"; our "gentleman professor"; and the three "boys" (one being a grandfather) of the three "veteran" missioners. The weather was fine, and we made good time. By noon, we had crossed a sort of desert region much infested by pirates, and, our coolies being evidently assured that the "wild men", as we were actually called, would be able to protect them, our soldiers took their departure.

About noon, on our second day out from Shuitung, our equestrian retainers left us, with the statement that they were going on ahead to give notice. They gave notice, without doubt, for at two o'clock, when we arrived at the foot of the pass in the Loting mountains, we were met by a deputation from the town, who asked us to tarry a little, so as not to hurry our Reception Committee too much.

The Triumphal Entry

However, we were anxious to get "home" and did not tarry very long. But, as soon as we had gotten through

the pass, what a display! Only Trajan at Antioch, or Augustus Cæsar at Rome, could appreciate our experience! For, in the vanguard, there stood at attention a company of soldiers, fully uniformed and armed (which, be it said, is not always the case in Old Cathay). Then there were the Christians, about forty in number, all of whom had probably been waiting a day or two for us, as there are only two Catholics in Kochow proper. And finally, there were the pagan "notables" of the village, and with them two specially decorated chairs for Fathers Walsh and O'Shea!

We were conducted into the temple within the gate, given ceremonial tea and cigars, told how greatly Kochow was being honored, and so forth and so forth! After that, we paraded through the town, the military first, with bugles blowing and drums sounding, then the notables, then the Christians, then our horsed retainers—augmented this time by Father Meyer's own steed ridden by his Tungchen "boy"—then, Fathers McShane, Meyer and Gauthier, in the order named, and, finally, the real "heroes", Fathers Walsh and O'Shea. It certainly must have been an impressive sight, judging by the complete cessation of all labor along our route, which covered every street in the town; by the number of fire-works exploded; and by the size of the dinner to which we were treated, when, with a heartfelt "Deo Gratias!" we had been led through the gate of the Kochow Mission compound.

We tried to analyze our feelings afterwards, as regards the reception and particularly the procession—and it was difficult to decide whether the predominant sensation was that of attending one's own funeral or being the leader in a circus parade. However, in all seriousness, we were deeply grateful to God and to these poor people, none of whom have had the Faith for over a single generation, for the warmth of their welcome.

First Days "At Home"

Our first day "at home in Kochow" was the last of November, Sunday. We rose rather late, but for all our Masses the forty Christians waited devoutly. At Father Walsh's

Mass, Father Gauthier preached a little sermon, and told the Christians how happy we all are to be here. After Mass, we had Father Walsh's first solemnization of marriage. The pair were Leo Fung, a graduate of our school, and Paulina Liu. They must have appreciated Father Walsh's efforts in their behalf, for they presented the entire clerical body with an elaborate wedding dinner.

Monday saw Father Meyer's departure, bright and early, and with him Father McShane and the rest of the Tungchen outfit. We wanted them to stay with us longer, but knew they were anxious, as we had been, to get "home". However, this was not such a serious departure, as Fathers Meyer and McShane are only two days away from us, and we can run over and back, if anything is pressing, inside of four days.

After our guests had left, we spent the day in getting ourselves settled. The Mission establishment itself is very pleasing to the eye: an "impressive looking" white-stucco house (as it has only four habitable rooms—two bedrooms above, and a refectory and reception room below—its impressiveness is mostly "bluff"); a string of native houses to the west and south, forming a pretty little courtyard and giving accommodations to our "school" and other retainers; and a very commodious church, clean, and in good repair.

Kochow Notables

We made visits to the Mandarins, the three priests going in state, with Father Gauthier in the lead—of both the procession and the conversation. On December 1, it was the local Mandarin. We found him to be a man of about forty, who had studied English for a year at the Sacred Heart College in Canton. Today, December 2, it was the "Great Man", ruler over several districts, who has his seat of government here. Ordinarily, such an official is not easily seen; but Father Gauthier said he was especially courteous to us, for, among other things, he invited us to visit immediately after he received our cards, instead of making us wait for some time as is more usual with high dignitaries in this land.

In the afternoon Father Walsh visited various other notables of the town who had called and presented their respects,—among others, the heads of three schools here. So far, the notables we have met—so Father Walsh states—have been very intelligent men, whose conversation was worth listening to, and when "we" get a little more proficient in the language we shall enjoy meeting them, also.

December 5

Today was marked by the resumption of Chinese classes, with Catechist Epiphanius Yip as Professor. Kochow dialect is not pure Cantonese, but the tones are the same, and the Professor is a very intelligent one.

By the simple expedient of ascending to the top of the near-by city wall, and always walking in the same direction, we circumnavigated the town in a leisurely stroll of less than an hour. It cannot be of very great area, therefore, but is said to hold twenty thousand souls. The view of the adjacent country is a very pretty one. The wall itself is in fine condition.

On our walk we took a "peep" from a distance at the Protestant plant here, which is situated outside the wall. As we had been told there was no minister there, we did not call. However, at a distance, Father Walsh said, it did not seem to be as extensive an installation as our separated brethren have in the other places he has visited, notably Loting and Yeungkong.

December 7

We inaugurated our regular weekly catechism "quiz" of the school boys. Fathers Gauthier and Walsh both report that the fourteen boys now attending school know their doctrine very well. All are communicants, but three have not yet been confirmed.

Fish Facts

December 12—Friday—was marked by the discovery that native salt fish is very good eating. This is mentioned because the experience with fresh fish has not been so enjoy-

1. A transfer station en route 2. The vanguard of the reception committee
3. The chapel and missioner's house

TO THE NEW MARYKNOLL–IN–KOCHOW

able. The latter come out of small land-locked ponds which serve for community sewage also, and so are absolutely dangerous. The salt-fish, however, come direct from the ocean, on account of the high salt tax, and, except for the results of the "villainous pawing" that all Chinese food-stuffs get in the market, are satisfactory and of good flavor and texture. Our Friday menu so far has been "swamp chickens",—that is, frogs, cooked in a pottage *à la chinoise*, leaving nothing unused, from eyes to skin.

December 14

Yesterday was a quiet day, with Father Walsh hearing the few confessions of the "retainers" and schoolboys,—about ten or twelve, all told.

At the near-by village of Namfootong, it had been Father Mollat's custom to say the Mass on alternate Sundays, the schoolboys and retainers from Kochow going with him to attend the Holy Sacrifice there. Father Walsh is going to keep up this good practice, and today made his first visit of the kind, which he found very edifying and enjoyable.

Father Gauthier went with Father Walsh and preached a sermon after the Masses. Then, after a chat and the usual distributions of quinine and other medicines, they returned to Kochow in time for dinner.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
December 28, 1919.

Another Christmas in China, and in many ways the happiest ever for me, for it was my first Christmas as a pastor of souls. Of course, I was too busy to indulge in any ecstatic feelings—although there was certainly much to console me—for here as elsewhere the people's holiday is a busy day for the priest. It is only when it is over that I can sit back and really appreciate all the grounds for consolation that it brought. The villagers, as a rule, come to the Mission only four times a year,—Christmas, Easter, Pentecost, and the

Feast of the Assumption. Even on those days, we cannot hope to have the full number, for somebody must stay at home to keep the work going, and there must always be a guardian to watch the house, for we are in troubled China.

Christmas Preparations

On the morning of Christmas Eve we put the finishing touches on our simple decorations, which consisted of potted flowers for the altar and sanctuary, green garlands for the aisles and to outline the doors, and some very Chinese paper stars and streamers wherever they would make the bravest show. I omitted the Crib. When I suggested it, I was met on all sides by the counter suggestion, "Wan Shan Foo (Father Mollat) did not have it," which to their Chinese minds seemed to constitute an "impasse". I am going to make haste slowly; next year we shall have our Crib, and a Christmas tree, too, for the youngsters, if the Lord spares me.

The Christians began to drop in about lunch time on Christmas Eve, and for the rest of that day the pastor was pretty busy hearing confessions, accounting for ninety before the day was over. Father Gauthier heard ten to help me out, so that our Christmas confessions numbered just one hundred. This is not a great number but one Chinese confession is easily equivalent to three of ours in point of time—prayers rendered in Chinese take twice as long as ours. Confessions over, Christians and missioners alike went to bed. As at home, Christmas Eve is a fast day here; in fact, outside of the Fridays in Lent, it is the only one in the year. So there was no jollification. Indeed, most of the people walked their ten or twenty miles, as the case was, on an empty stomach, and the only food they took was their one meal at four in the afternoon, according to the Chinese way of keeping fast days.

The Christmas Masses

Not for long did we rest, for on the missions there is always Midnight Mass. It was good to have Father Gauthier sing this Mass, for twenty-five years ago he received Kochow as his first mission; so sing it he did. Our catechist, Epi-

phanius Yip, who is in excellent relations with everybody in the town, borrowed an organ from the Government School, but nobody cared to tackle it, so the choir, consisting of Father O'Shea and myself, rendered the Christmas music. Father Gauthier said afterwards that the singing was "très fort", which criticism hit the mark exactly. The Chinese I have met seem to have an ear for music, and they pick up our airs readily and sing them correctly; but we have been told by very many that they have no liking nor appreciation for our music, even after becoming familiar with it.

At the Midnight Mass we had almost one hundred Communions. How beautiful it was! I think of Maryknoll on Christmas Eve, and on this night I thought of you all and wished that some of you could peep in at our Midnight Mass for a moment. What a sermon it would have been for the students, and how straight and clear the path would seem to them, if they could get an actual sight of this goal! I do not mean that they would be overwhelmed at the sight of this simple scene, nor that I nor anybody else was; but the obvious thought that this worship of God would not take place except for the presence of the missioner is quite enough.

Father O'Shea and I said our Masses from six to nine on Christmas Day, and please note that the people heard the entire nine Masses that were said here! Added to that, they heard a half-hour sermon preached by Father Gauthier in the morning, and even submitted to a fifteen-minute oration delivered by your humble servant, although of this latter they understood hardly a word I am perfectly sure. Learning Chinese is still slow work for me. We then finished with Benediction at one p. m.—the usual time on the missions here—which capped what we thought was a very, very happy Christmas.

Compensations for Holly

I almost forgot to say that our "boy" did himself proud on our Christmas dinner, the "piéce de rèsistance" of which was a monster chocolate cake, which he worked out from my cook book, and which resembled—more or less—the regular thing.

As if our Christmas were not full enough we had a baptism to make it so. The candidate was a boy of fourteen, who now rejoices in the name of *James Edward*,—not after me, however, but for Father James Edward Spaulding, of Erie, Pennsylvania. We have forty catechumens studying, and most of them were on hand. They wanted to be baptized, and insisted that I question them in doctrine. I did not wish to baptize them at this time. And for this reason: they are married men, and their wives have not studied the doctrine. I told them to study a little harder, and to get their wives to study at once, and that if everything goes well I will baptize them at Easter. This will mean Catholic families; whereas, if we baptize the men first, the wives in many cases will not bother, and there will result a divided house.

The rest of the day was spent most happily in chatting with the people and listening to their little concerns. A few pictures were taken, and many rosaries, scapulars, and medals handed out. Here the Christians seem to like the regular scapular, though elsewhere I am told that they prefer the scapular medal. And the medicine! Everywhere I have been, the Chinese seem anxious to get our medicines, but this place is most anxious of all. Almost every one needed something. Quinine is most in demand, because they all have malaria, and santonin also has a big call for the children. I gave out some paregoric, too, for children at home, who seemed to have colic, as nearly as I could make out from the description their parents gave. There was one ailment they describe as "bone pains", and I did not have an idea what it was, so I gave these patients a little aspirin. Father Gauthier told me afterwards that the sickness in question was lumbago. I see more and more every day that we shall have to do some intelligent medical work over here. Priests with a little first-aid training are all right, but this does not go very far: we need doctors.

That's about all there was to Christmas Day. Most of the people started on the trail back home during the afternoon, only a few staying over for Saint Stephen's Day. And so you have a prosy recital of the actual happenings at Kochow. The atmosphere I am afraid I cannot put into

words, nor even between the lines, perhaps, but still you will sense that it was a wonderful Christmas and that it brought great spiritual joy to us all.

It was only my second Christmas in China, but already I do not miss the snow and holly, any more than the turkey. The stage is entirely different here, and those old time-honored properties would not fit it, so we have our own tropical setting of bright sunshine and waving palms, and find that Christmas fits into the scheme very well.

JAMES E. WALSH

Resolution No. 1

At the end of the old year, we are making our "resolutions" for the new one.

First of all is to come the establishment of an *orphanage*—and soon! At Kochow there is none of any kind, the town establishment having died from neglect. We made inquiries and were met with the information that everybody, from the Mandarin down, would be delighted to have us start an orphanage, though nothing was said about contributing to its support. That may come later.

Carrying It Out

Our immediate necessity was to secure a house. An effort to buy one, right without our own compound, a few weeks ago, was met by a "hold out" on the part of the pagan proprietor, who raised his price when he found that we might be interested. Maryknoll experience has shown a "waiting policy" to be a safe one, so we decided to rent. But how? No one in town would rent a house for people to die in, not at any price. However, the solution is easy,—the catechist will rent another place for himself, and we'll use his present house, which has the double advantage of being close to the compound and still outside of it.

Another detail is to get a woman to run the orphanage, and discussion was finally crystalized in the "invitation" being given to the mother of Ming Lei, our factotum. Other steps are:—making known the offering of twenty cents

apiece for every baby picked up and brought in; engaging near-by pagan mothers to come in during the day as nurses; making a dozen little cribs; and arranging for the large number of interments we shall necessarily have, the great majority of these foundlings very quickly "stealing" Heaven after its doors have been opened to them.

With an average of four babies a day, our running expense will average a thousand dollars a year, in the beginning. Later on, of course, when the babes begin to grow and eat rice, the cost of upkeep will increase.

Resolution No. 2

Number Two of our New Year's preparations was to arrange for our woman catechist to make her abode in Namfootong before the end of the week, to instruct the little girls and boys, as well as the women-folk in general.

Resolution No. 3

Number Three—and the biggest—is not completed. It is the acquisition of a property adjoining our chapel, belonging to a former Mandarin of this place. In size, it seems just right for future needs, —school, catechumenate, orphanage, hospital, and so forth.

The Old Year Out

The Old Year was officially ushered out by a visit from all our retainers in a body. They were armed with tea, oranges, cake, chickens, and pigeons,—also a flowery speech written on the usual vermilion paper,— all of which they presented to "the Fathers" with many bows, scrapings, and congratulations for the New Year. It seems to have been a custom here.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
January 21, 1920.

On January 3, Father Gauthier and myself started out on a three-weeks' visitation of the mission. Chetung was to-

day's objective, and we made the trip in five hours, Father Gauthier in a chair, while I tried out my new horse. This beast is the laziest ever. It takes three men to beat him so that he will run. However, considering the fact that he cost only twenty dollars—and a *real* one costs four times that in this vicinity,—I was almost surprised that he did not fall dead the first time I got on his back.

Chetung

Chetung is a village in which all the people are baptized Christians to the number of fifty, it having been converted by Father Mollat three years ago. There are also forty catechumens in the vicinity who are being instructed by Clara Yip. Father Mollat built a chapel here, and it is a very good one, having a schoolroom and a room for the priest adjoining. The people gave us a nice reception, and, after supper, carrying their little pots of burning charcoal to warm themselves, they gathered around for a social talk, followed by night prayers and a little sermon by Father Gauthier.

The next day, Sunday, the whole village attended Mass, of course. Father Gauthier preached. We had forty-six confessions and thirty Communions. After a general conference, we promised to give them a school for the children, so I must send them a catechist. He will teach school as his "regular" job, and at the same time be able to instruct any catechumens who may require help. The people have a society here which takes care of all expenses connected with the chapel. This particular society, however, is the now converted, formerly superstitious, society. À-la-Carnegie, I promised them *Fifty Dollars* if they would raise a like amount themselves.

On January 5 there were thirty Communions again, and Father Gauthier preached for the third time. I went through my usual "stunt" of handing out quinine, santonin and medals. On January 8, we left at half-past ten and Lungwoh gave us two porters, who are to carry our luggage for the entire trip. They are Charles and Vincent Chan, two husky, cheerful chaps.

The Little Villages

Pingshanpo was a three-hour trip, and the village consists of one house, a Christian family called Kam, which ramifies into twenty souls. After supper, we were agreeably surprised by a visit from Father Meyer, who had an affair to discuss with us. On January 9, there were twelve confessions and Communions, and we baptized an infant named Paul. At ten o'clock we had "tso faan" (breakfast) and separated, Father Meyer returning, while Father Gauthier and I continued on to Footong, another Fachow "Christianity".

Here there was another one-family settlement in whose house we put up. There are thirty Catholics, all told. As is the usual custom, we gave a conference in the evening before night prayers, heard some confessions, and finished up with the others before Mass and Communion in the morning. After breakfast, we set out for another village, Chashan, three hours further along.

Chashan seems to be a fine little "Christianity", which I notice is a general rule in the places converted by Bishop Chausse. There are about forty Christians, and we had thirty at Mass in the morning. We had twenty-three confessions and Communions,—men ten, women thirteen, and one baptism. Although there are so many Christians, we shall not have to start a school for them immediately, as they have agreed to go to Lungwoh where one is already established.

The next morning we left Chashan for Penglong, six hours away. The only notable incident on this trip was occasioned by my beast. We had to pass over a plank bridge, with several holes in it, and he found it absolutely necessary to put his hind leg in one of them. Down we went, horse, rider and bridge. The water was only up to my waist, and I got nothing worse than a bath, but the horse's leg refused to leave the bridge-plank. We had to borrow an axe from the nearest house and split the "bridge" to extricate the limb. If the nag had been worth while, surely his leg would have been broken. As it was, he suffered no injuries.

We arrived at Penglong at four in the afternoon, and as this was my second visit here the place seemed like an old friend. Six catechumens came in to pay their respects, and I made arrangements for a catechist to start, on the first of March, on their religious instruction and on the secular instruction of the children, as well. This is a return to the early days of the Church in Europe, when the only schools available were those conducted by the Church.

Shekkwat

Shekkwat is a market, and we have here a fine little property, as good as some central missions I have seen. With a few alterations, a priest could live here nicely. We have a chapel, with sacristy, and three rooms, also an extra shed for kitchen and boys, and a good little plot of ground surrounded by a wall. Father Baldit bought this place, when the house had already been built by a Chinese, but Father Mollat later adapted it so well that one would think it was surely a brand-new Mission. There are not many baptized Christians, so we only had five confessions and Communions. However, there are twenty catechumens already under instruction, and there seems to be a very good movement under way that may promise quite a "Christianity" in time. I would gladly stay here much longer, not only for the religious need, but because the place itself, with its circling river and sheer cliffs, so strongly reminds me of some of those picturesque little West Virginia mountain towns not far from Cumberland. But Canton and the Bishop are calling, not to speak of Kochow. I have arranged for a catechist, however, and will manage to return before very long.

The Last Lap

After two days in Shekkwat, we went on to Kaushing, only an hour away. This was formerly the prefectural city of Tinpak, before Maoming came into existence. The old walls are still standing, but as it was over five hundred years ago that Tinpak was divided, nobody knows anything about the old town. The Christian family here is the Fung clan, branching off into thirty Christians, who have a group of

the most attractive youngsters I've seen in a long time. We have a dozen catechumens here, and a catechist will be sent to perform the usual double duty of instructor in religion and science.

This place is a banana and sugar-cane section. Very little rice is grown.

After Masses at Kaushing, we were off to Mauwa, a three-hour trip. Mauwa is a midget village, but has its own chapel, built by Father Gauthier. Here the confessions and Communions were, men five, women six. About a dozen neighboring catechumens reported, among them the school teacher. This is the last stop on this end of the mission, and it was consoling to find catechumens. We have had some at every chapel along the line, without exception, and the total number goes well over the century mark.

On January 20, after Masses, and the sermon by Father Gauthier, we set out along the main Tungchen road for Kochow, only four hours away. The weather had suddenly turned warm, and we sizzled. After the almost freezing weather of the past month, this was a relief, but we hope that it has not come to stay too long. At three p. m., we reached home, to find the "curate" hale and hearty and an avalanche of mail waiting for us.

The following is a little recapitulation of the trip: confessions, two hundred and eight; Communions, two hundred and twenty-two; baptisms, nine; catechumens, one hundred and ten. Our chapels, with their names, are as follows: Kochow, "Sacred Heart"; Namfootong, "Holy Rosary"; Chashan, "Notre Dame"; Lungwoh, "Saint Joseph"; Chetung, "Holy Family"; Penglong, "Saint Anne". Four villages have chapels that have not yet been named. At the other stations, there are not even the apologies for chapels that some of these are, the houses of the faithful being employed.

JAMES E. WALSH

January 19

We noticed in a military pagoda an idol whose mouth was profusely smeared with opium, a votive offering for success in gambling. Strange admixture of China's twin

curses! Father Gauthier says that gambling is far more deadly an evil than the use of opium. The Protestants of Canton are having a big anti-gambling crusade just now. They realize probably what little success they will have, but everything must have its beginnings, and they are wonderfully effective in organizing.

"Christ for China"

At present, there is a Protestant *"Christ-for-China Congress"* in Shanghai, and it is said that, besides the regular mission organizations, eight hundred *Y. M. C. A.* secretaries and the heads of twenty American "non-sectarian" colleges will be present.

We, too, are having our "Christ for China" Congress, but quietly. Bishop de Guèbriant has been visiting all the missions of China before proceeding to Rome to make his report to the Holy Father.

January 20

Fathers Gauthier and Walsh returned, tired and a little haggard after their long journey, but delighted to get home. This is the first visitation of our new district. After Father Walsh's return the principal business was in straightening out marriage difficulties. One of these was a mixed marriage, in which the Catholic party could not persuade his intended to appear before the priest. This is always a very difficult thing for the pagans, as there is a terrible "loss of face" in a pagan girl saying "Yes" in the marriage ceremony. She may want her "John Henry" badly enough, but she cannot admit that she is willing to take him at any price. However, after going through the usual preliminaries, the marriage was fixed up properly.

January 30

Some notables from the district are anxious to get a French teacher for their boys and form a sort of private school. They would give three hundred dollars a year and rent. They want the French on account of the opportunity for the boys to go to France later.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
January 28, 1920.

Here are a few little notes about "the Americans". My team mate, Father O'Shea, is getting along splendidly. Constitutionally he is in the best of health, getting fat, and growing a beard which is "mirable visu". In devotion to study he is certainly a shining example to me. He is working very hard, and I am sure that he is going to make rapid strides in the language.

Father Meyer spent two days with us last week, which made a happy little reunion for the three of us. He is well and looks fine. He reports that Father McShane is taking to everything like a duck to water, and is much in love with his new life. Father Ford was up here, too, for a few days, and was entertained by Father O'Shea, as unfortunately Father Gauthier and I had just left on our mission trip and thus did not see him. He says that Father Vogel is right at home in Yeungkong and rapidly sizing up the language. In fact, as I write, the six of us are in fine shape and everything is moving along just right.

On February 16 Father Gauthier and I shall go to Canton, as Father Gauthier is finishing here, and I must be at Canton in March to see the Bishop. From Canton, Father Gauthier and I will make a trip to Tungon, thence to Loting, and thence to Yeungkong overland. I shall leave Father Gauthier at Yeungkong, where he is to help out Father Ford for three months, while I return to my own "diggings," hoping to get back for Easter.

Good News for the Sisters

The Maryknoll Sisters may begin to plan for their work on the missions. Their work here will be as follows: orphanage, girls' schools, and medical dispensaries, with, later, hospital work, which we will certainly go into if we get enough money. As many as possible should be trained nurses.

How can we house them? At the present time we can't house them at all. We must first have money and time to build for them,—six months and five thousand dollars

A Chinese version of "The Song of the Lark"

Carrying water for the vegetable patch

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS OF CHINA

for each prospective house. We can place them at Yeungkong, Kochow, and possibly Loting, when the time comes. I should say that after two years—which will give them a chance to train for their work and will give us a chance to get well acquainted with affairs and to gather money and build—I should say that we could place about twelve of them, four in each of the above-named places.

JAMES E. WALSH

February 10

Though chilly and raw, today brought a rich harvest: two baptisms, three marriages without dispensations, and three new catechumens. Our new catechumens are Chekai people, and with their arrival came inquiries from an interesting little place called Lamtuen.

We now have eleven men catechists—a force sufficient to staff seven stations, leaving the head catechist and a school teacher for Kochow—and two women catechists who are to go from place to place as needed.

February 14

A catechumen came in from Woonai. He says that his father, mother, wife, children and some relatives—at least ten souls—will enter the Church. God is certainly blessing our work as this same village was the scene of many apostacies some years back.

March 12

We began training some of our school children, with the help of our new language professor, who reads music at sight, to sing the Chinese equivalent of the *Stabat Mater.* The attempt was successful in so far as a start was made. The difficulty has since been, not in getting the youngsters to rehearse, but in keeping them from *do-mi-ing* when they should be "tuk-shu-ing",—i. e., studying.

The priest's part in the Stations of the Cross today was conspicuous by his silence. As at home, he proceeds from station to station with the cross-bearer and acolytes. So

does the congregation, and, knowing the prayers by heart, they recite them in unison, thus "saving his face" if, as in this case, he is unable to read them.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
April 22, 1920.

The catechist came in to tell me that it is all right to go ahead with our ORPHANAGE! I have been thinking about it for a long time, making inquiries, sounding out the authorities, getting data on ways and means, and so forth, and now finally it is settled. I think I see the way ahead pretty clearly on it—at least, as much as one can in these ventures—and we will have the orphanage. There are a few details to be settled yet, but we will arrange everything at once, and we ought to have our "crêche" started by the end of the month.

I hesitated on this for some time. However, there are a thousand babies thrown out here every year, and I don't see why we should not make an effort in the matter. It will be fairly simple. There is a house on the grounds that will do for the purpose, and two good Catholic native women will run it. We will get some neighboring women to come in for wet nurses; they will be glad to do it at a slight expense. We can keep the institution going for fifty dollars per month. It won't assume large proportions at present, for many of the babies die. The few who live will be a more serious proposition, but I'll find a way to feed them. Then when the "Teresians" come over—which will not be very long away, I hope—I'll have a nice little orphanage to hand over to them.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
April, 1920.

We are having great games of foot-ball these days,—soccer games that would delight Maryknoll and The Venard!

Father Walsh bought a cheap soccer-ball in Canton, but it only lasted one game. We always use a soft rubber ball, a little larger than a tennis ball, for which we pay twenty cents. The little fellows take well to the game, and are very plucky. Father Walsh generally has one side, and myself the other, with the professors and boys divided between us. Most of the boys are without any foot-wear other than the usual light Chinese paper "pumps", but they keep right on just the same. It is hard to tell, when they make for the ball, whether you will get that alone, or also a shoe coming through the air with it. Our courtyard does very nicely for our dozen or so boys, as it is entirely surrounded by Church buildings, although it is rather diminutive. During the rainy days, games go on as usual, and the Fathers have had many severe falls from their "dignity", but without bad results. Besides giving the Fathers some needed exercise, it seems to put a little "pep" in the boys, and keeps them from the temptation of gambling.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
July, 1920.

June was rather an uneventful month, nearly all of it being spent by Father Walsh "on the road", visiting our villages.

The month was unusually dry, and the annual floods which were expected to turn the Mission compound into a lake did not appear. Perhaps they are merely postponed.

Plans for Development

Two of the important affairs of the Maryknoll Mission during June were the purchase of the mission property at Shuitung, and the visit of Father McShane, who came down to discuss last-moment details of the house which Father Walsh is about to build for him at Loting.

Father McShane looked fine, and, albeit a little thin, seems to be standing the summer very well. He has made good progress with the language and will be well able to represent

Holy Mother Church as Loting's missioner. He reported Father Meyer to be as busy as usual, his latest idea being the road he wants built from Kochow to Shuitung.

The House Question

The Loting house—which will probably be the model for those to be built later—could have been built by an up-to-date New York contractor in the same time that we spent discussing it.

Our difficulty is—P O R C H. Suppose four bare rooms, with neither plumbing nor comforts of any kind, two on each floor of a two-story brick building, about twenty by twenty feet. B U T—such a house in this climate would be useless; it must have a porch to sleep on, and to live on in the eight months of tropical summer; and when you extend a seven or eight foot porch around said twenty foot square, you have nearly forty feet square,—and a house that looks really *immense* on paper. Those of us who have spent early years in a crowded New York flat, know how many families an up-to-date landlord could crowd into this area,—and to think that we must have it for only two priests! But unhealthy houses have already brought many missioners to an untimely grave.

To those of us who have been raised in the North, the various mission houses here in China looked rather imposing, until after we had found out by actual experience what it is to sleep in a native house. And when a missioner comes in from a month's visitation, after having actually lived during that time in such conditions, he must have a healthful house in which to recuperate.

"The Twenty-Ninth"

"Foundation Day"—June 29—found us quiet. However, a special donation to the "dinner pail" of our retainers made the cook suspect that it was some sort of a *Mei Kwok* (American) holiday—and in turn he supplied us with chicken for dinner. We afterwards enjoyed a *Victrola* concert, with pipes ablaze and anecdotes of the "days of old". But the records, borrowed by the re-

tainers from a neighboring "notable", and played by us for their delectation, were all in Cantonese, so that we could not altogether transplant our corporeal selves to the Hudson's hills.

Chinese Roads

Then the Glorious Fourth came, and Father Walsh left for Shuitung and Canton, en route to Loting. To make this trip of about a hundred miles "as the crow flies", he must travel four hundred and spend a week or two in doing it. It isn't the swiftly clattering "Lizzie" or "Buick" that we're longing for over here,—it is the roads. *Even* an ox-cart can do thirty miles in a day,—but *even* the ox-cart must have a road,—and here there is "none such". Outside of Canton City, and another town the name of which I cannot remember but which I saw advertised in a paper the other day, there is not a decent road in all of Kwangtung Province,—and the same is true, probably, of the rest of South China. It isn't concrete, or even macadam, roads we're seeking; any old kind will do us,—even one that could hold a bicycle would cut distances from days to hours. Good roads would "multiply" a priest amazingly. It is a matter, not only of distances, but of costs. The "coolie" with his thirty-mile day trip carrying one-hundred-thirty pounds of freight may live on little, but you have to figure on his pay, and that of his *padrone*, together with the many "likins" at stations on the way.

Chinese Puzzles

The curate has now put in seven months' solid study, averaging seven hours a day for six days a week, without a week's interruption in that period. At the present time, he has completed *Lesson XXX, Advanced*, of the Reverend Cowles' Inductive Course, and is able to read a chapter of Saint Mark's Gospel by looking up about twenty to thirty new words. Roughly, he has a vocabulary of twelve hundred words, including a smiling acquaintance with their written characters when they come in a familiar context.

Summer Weather

If William, the Bard of Avon, had been domiciled in these parts, he'd have changed that hackneyed complaint against the weather-prophet, to "now is the *summer* of our discontent!"

Not that the heat is so intense, but that—like the occasional "gentleman caller" on the young lady of the house—it doesn't know when to leave. March, April and May are a pretty consistent summer season,—with none of the raw days we occasionally get at home in June and July,—but when you add June, July and August, it looks a little like "too much" of a good thing. At least, that is how the veterans diagnose the difficulty; they all admit that the weather at any one given time is not too hot to be bearable, but in the same breath they say that it brings with it a certain nervous exhaustion which shows on even the most rugged.

First Baptisms in the Orphanage

Father Meyer, the energetic, came down on the raft last week, to spend a few days basking in the intellectual sunshine of Kochow and he stopped long enough to assist at the baptism of the first orphans of Maryknoll-in-China, helping to give the event something of the solemnity it deserved.

No. 1 had arrived on July 24, and was quickly followed by *No. 2.*

Both *Mary Louise* and *Teresa Dominic* are now doing well. They are respectively one and two years old, and were surrendered to us by their parents because there were too many to support.

Chinese Traveling Actors

During the month, Kochow was visited by a theatrical company. For six nights the program continued, and for six days as well. The only time the play was not progressing—it was all one act, I understand—was from four to ten a.m., when the actors were taking a little rest. Some of our American stars may be noted for their vocalization, but they'd hardly compete with the ones that favored our

waking and sleeping moments with tones that would tax the seventh octave of a grand piano, and which carried three blocks. Many of our catechists and Christians came in to see the play, which was an unusually moral one, a tragedy based on some heroic deed three or four thousand years ago. It is said that the comedies, as a rule, are of a sinful nature, but this "classic"—as the bill-boards used to say about *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—appealed only to the noblest and the best.

The Close of the Month

July days at the Mission rather quiet—the boys have all left school to assist in planting the winter crop of rice—and the monotony of study is varied only by the frequent call for the missioner's services as "doctor".

Father Walsh reports things going along nicely in his place of exile, and he has a beautiful site for Father McShane's headquarters. Loting is even ten degrees hotter than our usual ninety—so we are having our retainers make a daily memento for the safe return of their pastor from the, to them, "foreign wilds".

Our mail has been long delayed, some political trouble in Canton preventing the junks from sailing.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

Loting Mission,
March, 1920.

Since October of last year Loting has been let lie fallow, except that the native catechist has been continuing his work as usual. The only step forward was the sending of a woman catechist, Rose Shi, to Loting for the purpose of having the women catechumens instructed. At the present almost all of our three hundred catechumens are men.

Examining "Prospects"

On March 7, Father Gauthier and I made another visit to Loting; that is, we set out for the place, for, owing to a fog on the river, the trip took four days, and we arrived at Loting

on March 12. The purpose was to examine the catechumens with a view to baptizing some of them, for many have been studying the doctrine for almost two years. The examination took place on Sunday, March 15, and there were present the sixty catechumens from the city. The country people could not get in, owing to the roads being obstructed by fighting between pirates and soldiers.

We went through the whole group and found only four or five who knew the catechism well. Consequently we gave no baptisms at all, putting them all off with an exhortation to study longer and wait until the next time. The catechist is not to be blamed. He is well up on the doctrine himself and tries hard to din it into their heads, but it takes a long time, for these men study only in the evenings after work, and not every evening at that. City folk have too many occupations.

Resident Priest Needed

The little school, taught by the catechist's daughter, has twenty children, and is doing well. Rose Shi has established a class for the women and there are about twenty who come to her for instruction. Perhaps it is just as well that we had to refuse baptism to the catechumens this time; it will give us more of a chance to get the women instructed, and they can all enter the Church at once,— a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Undoubtedly Loting will have a resident priest in the fall. That means we must build this summer. We have our ground picked out, and the next visit here will be made by the man who is to buy the property and erect the house for the missioner. It cannot come too soon. The situation is good, but a resident missioner will make it better.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
September, 1920.

Loting is best reached from Canton, so *Ah Faithful* and myself, after helping the French priests at the Cathedral

to celebrate "le quatorze Juillet", hopped on the big Wuchow steamer that takes us half way.

Hot? The boat is a *de luxe* affair—sheltered decks and electric fans—but I kept pestering the steward for ice water, while *Ah Faithful* stripped off his shirt and railed at the temperature. It was unusual, even for July in South China.

Loting-ward in the Summer

Loting is not on the West River, so our big steamer dumped us out at the nearest point, a hamlet called *Riverdale,*—doubtless after the town on the Hudson. Loting is only forty miles inland from Riverdale, and one has his choice of two routes: overland by sedan chair or foot, or via the Loting River in a sampan. The country is so mountainous that few take the land trip, and so we followed the crowd to the sampans, and resigned ourselves to a journey of three days up the little stream that leads to Loting. This trip is an old story to me, but I had never negotiated it before at such an uninviting time of the year. As soon as we got into our little boat, crowded as it was with chickens, dried fish, and opium smokers, we knew that we were up against a strenuous proposition; but there was no help for it.

The trip up was frightful—seventy-two hours of sweltering. Even *Ah Faithful* said he should not like to repeat it. And as for me, I was "down and out" from the start. I lay where I first fell, supine, as flat as a pancake and with about as much starch in me. You could have bought me for a plugged nickel, and if you had made the purchase you could have used me only for a dish cloth. If I had not been so exhausted, I think I could not have stood it, but I did not have "pep" enough to do anything but lie there and take my medicine. I was past caring.

Refreshment

At the Loting landing we found the catechist and some of our neophytes on hand, and the welcome was worth it all.

I fear I am unapostolic, for often when I get into a town, all worn out, I inquire what foreign goods are to be had for

sale. Something American, even if it is only the label on a can of kerosene, has such a stimulating effect! The only Caucasian articles to be had in this town are condensed milk and electricity. So I bought a can of milk, and had a notion to order up a few kilowats of electricity just for old time's sake.

The Site Bought

The idea of this trip was to buy a property. The new missioner should be installed here after retreat,—towards the end of November. Consequently my job was to buy land at once.

After some weeks we secured a lot. It is not a great deal unlike some of those summer places on the Hudson between Harmon and Croton, only of course it far surpasses them all. It is, in fact, on a bluff near the river, with a magnificient view, and placed just right to get every breath of air that is stirring. As a place for foreigners to live it would be hard to imagine a better situation.

It would seem a simple matter to have a house built, but there are no contractors here to take all the trouble. We have the plans, however, and it will be strange if there isn't some way to get them executed. These plans, by the way, were furnished by a San Francisco architect, who designed a very attractive and practical house, with some neat Chinese touches and all details for Chinese conditions specified.

Arranging to Build

Armed with the plans, I went to Canton to buy cement and other material not be to had here, and also to try my luck in finding some kind of contractor. The fussing around in Canton took two weeks, and I should probably be there yet, if it had not been for the kind interest which Father Fourquet, the Pro-Vicar,* took in the matter. He has forgotten more about this game than I shall ever know, and it did not take him long to make arrangements for material at good prices and to sign me up with a contractor who

* Now Bishop Fourquet of Canton.

seems to know his business. This man will build the house in three months, taking care of all the labor, for one thousand dollars. The material we shall buy.

Protestant Effort to Date

During these days I led the hidden life, except for evenings with catechumens. The Protestants had all left for the summer, so I hadn't even an occasional chance to indulge in a few "red-haired words",—that being the euphonious designation here for the English language. Doctor D—— indeed has gone all the way to Cambridge, whereat I was much disappointed, but he is expected to return. He is certainly a well-liked man in this community.

Speaking of the Protestant effort here, I only just learned that the Presbyterians were not the first to evangelize Loting. They have been here for ten years, but prior to them a Swedish mission held the fort for twenty years. The Chinese tell me that they were Baptists, and their head missionary must have been a devoted man, for these people still remember and speak highly of him. When the Swedes decided to fold their tents, they simply made over the mission and the good will to the Presbyterians. Just half the Swedish converts joined the Presbyterians; the other half stayed out, —whether keeping up their own religion in private or lapsing back to paganism, I do not know.

Compounding

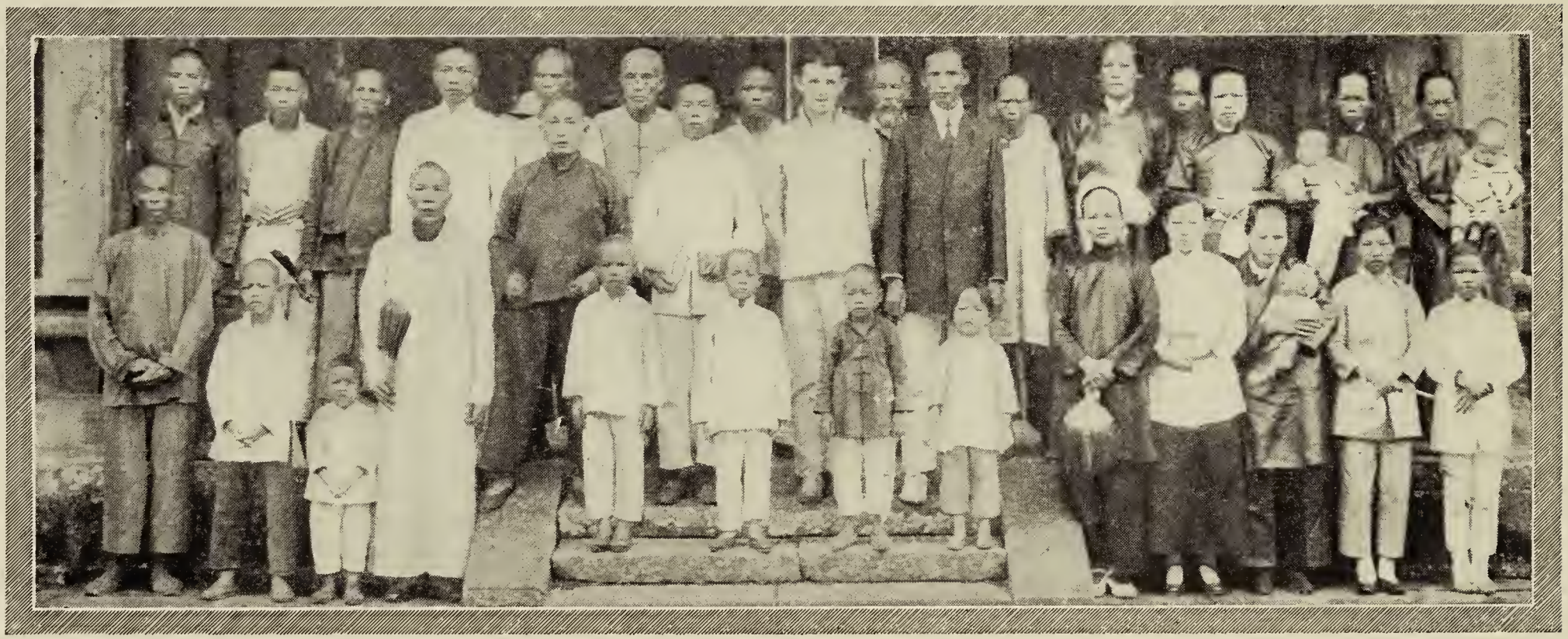
Putting up a brand-new central Mission is an expensive proposition. Figuring on land, church, and rectory, we put the figure at fifteen thousand dollars. Including a house for the Sisters, the figure would be twenty thousand. We have already bought land for them, for I am assured by all that if the Sisters came here to-morrow they could immediately open a Girls' High School, a Girls' Industrial School, and an Orphanage.

First Fruits

September 19 broke the monotony, for it marked the FIRST FRUITS OF LOTING. At last a few were ready, and

today a picked crowd of thirty received baptism, all complete families except a few widowers. On the Chinese mission, happy days are as many as unhappy days are few, but this was one of those occasions for which the missioner lives. May God in His loving kindness send many more like it to the Loting Mission!

JAMES E. WALSH



1. After the baptism of *Mary Louise* and *Teresa Dominic* (p. 204)
2. May devotions at Kochow
3. First Fruits in Loting—the newly baptized (p. 209)

HARVEST DAYS IN THE MISSION-FIELD

Chapter 3

THE SHEPHERDS OF TUNGCHEN

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
November 30, 1919.

HERE should be an average of three boats every ten days from Canton to Shuitung, but in Canton we besieged the office of the Company every day for ten days without avail. They couldn't get enough cargo at Shuitung for the return trip and freights were worth more than schedules. Finally a boat arrived and we made a dash for it to try to get some sort of room. We were in time, fortunately, to secure one large enough for the five of us—Father Gauthier, Fathers Walsh, McShane, O'Shea, and the writer. The two missioners for Yeungkong had gotten away a week before.

The weather was colder than usual at this time of the year and overcoats and blankets were at a premium. At Shuitung we made ourselves at home in the little Mission, where we could say Mass, a privilege that we had to forego for two days on the boat. A day was spent here in getting the heavy baggage off by ox-cart to Muiluk, where it would be loaded onto boats for the trip up the river to Kochow. We found this the better way for the heavy baggage, such as trunks, boxes, and Mass wine, for to have it carried by porters would be prohibitive.

Stops En Route

We stopped for the night at a market halfway to our destination. The "boys" found the unoccupied half of a shop where we could store our baggage on the floor, together with the goats and the catechists, while we found quarters upstairs in a room that, though it was being used for sleeping, had not been swept since it was built, apparently.

We were up before daylight the next morning and took

down our beds to set up the altars for Mass. The coolies were around early, and the sun was still below the horizon when our train filed out of the town for the seven-league journey.

Coming into Kochow we found a delegation to bid us welcome, consisting of the catechists with prominent Christians and pagans and the students of the Catholic school, with some twenty soldiers at attention, and cymbals, horns, and drums making all the noise possible. They fell into line ahead of us, and our quarter-mile procession filed for half an hour through the narrow streets towards the chapel, taking the right-of-way. Arrived at the chapel, we were saluted with a deafening explosion of fireworks; then the soldiers and band went off, and we were left at peace.

For two this meant home, at least for the year, and we were very grateful to be able to hang up our hats—or helmets. The next day was Sunday, so the two who were still en route remained over until Monday, meanwhile getting off what baggage they could towards Tungchen by raft.

To Tungchen at Last

In response to a letter from Canton, the "horse-boy" had brought down my pony, so we had only one chair to get. We wished to do more than half the journey the first day, in order to spend the night with the Christians in Chanlung, so we made an early start just after daylight.

We lunched in a market, on chicken with noodles and rice, and arrived at Chanlung about three o'clock, where we made arrangements for a visit to the Mandarin before leaving for Tungchen the next morning. The visit was without incident except that the Mandarin knew only the Mandarin dialect, in which the professor was not too proficient, and we had to carry on much of the conversation through an interpreter.

We had traveled nine hours the day before, so had only five to do now and reached Tungchen a little after noon, relieved to be back home again after a rather long absence. Everything was in good condition, however, except that the white ants had gone through a leather suitcase in the attic, and had eaten some mats that had been rolled together and

stood on end in the room of one of the boys. The vegetables that I had planted had, as a rule, done well, and we found sweet corn, vegetable marrow, beets, carrots, lettuce, radishes, and so forth, ready for the table, with lima beans and tomatoes to follow in a few weeks.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
Christmas, 1919.

We had our Midnight *Missa Cantata* at which I played a few hymns on the organ, much to the displeasure of the Christians. And, be it said for my own consolation, this displeasure was not due, even partially, to the organist, but to the Chinese positive dislike for our form of music. This should not, however, discourage our aspirant missioners from acquiring all the facility they can on the piano or organ, for I have found, even in my short period here, that such facility will often stand one in good stead.

Father Meyer preached for nearly a half hour in Chinese at this Mass, and, to judge from his manner, he seemed to feel that he was saying something. I have heard it said that he speaks Chinese very well. We were all very much surprised at his fluency in French. He tells me, though, that he put a good deal of time on it.

I think he has sent a picture of the Tungchen plant, so I need not describe it. Suffice it to say, that it is better than I ever expected to find. And as for the culinary end, I think his cook shows more consideration for his victims than do the ones at Kochow or Yeungkong. This may be due, and I doubt not but what it is, to the fact that the pastor has put at the cook's disposal a half-acre vegetable garden, a number of chickens, ducks, three goats—and a dog! I would not for the world wish to accuse a white man of serving to his guests meat from the canine family, but the peculiar and unaccountable way in which this last-mentioned animal disappeared aroused my curiosity to the extent of generally inquiring, at meals, the kind of meat that is being served.

I have a very excellent professor for Chinese—a former pupil of the Brothers in Canton. He is also acting as Father Meyer's head catechist. With my three hours of class a day, and my study time also, I haven't very much time left.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
December 28, 1919.

One of the first things to engage my attention was the roof of the chapel; at least that part of it over the sanctuary, which, owing to the work of dampness and the white ants, was sinking alarmingly. So, to avoid a possible catastrophe, a mason was engaged to replace it. Such work is usually done here during the winter because of the absence of rain, but it does rain occasionally at that season, though not very hard. We happened to get the roof uncovered before one of those rains, so there was a scramble for idle doors and what not to protect the altar. The storm was all over in two or three days, however, and we were not troubled again. We found the beams absolutely honeycombed clear in to the heart wood, and that had been attacked also in some places.

The Chinese said that wood coated with coal tar would not be so likely to be eaten, at least for a longer time, so we made the experiment of coating all the beams. Coal tar had been used here previously on door frames and the like, and they are thus comparatively well preserved. I should not be surprised if creosote, boiled into the wood or put in under pressure, would keep off the white pest altogether,—at least, it would be worth trying. The railroads here must have something like that for their ties. Wood lying on the ground or half-buried is much harder to protect, as the ants seem to like best to work in dampness.

Christmas at Tungchen

We had beautiful Indian Summer weather for Christmas and numbers of the Christians came twenty-five miles or more, and that on foot. I decorated the chapel a little,

with a white sheet in front of the altar and red calico with some gold lace along the Communion rail. The seven-branched candlesticks were brought out, and I had the boy scrub and clean up generally, though he couldn't see the use of it. In place of a Crib, we hung up a picture of the Nativity with angels in the background announcing the news to the shepherds.

A little before midnight there was a great explosion of fire-crackers and the boy pounded the bell to his heart's content (he likes that better than scrubbing). It is like the Departure Bell at Maryknoll, though much smaller, but is rung in the same way, or rather, pounded with a wooden hammer. The Chinese bells are never hung and rung like ours, and I have not found any Chinese who thought our way better. For the Mass we lighted everything in sight, and with Father McShane at the organ got through a *Missa Cantata*. I made my bow as a preacher in Chinese, though the blank looks on the faces of all were rather discouraging. Only one congratulated me and that was Father McShane!

In the morning we said our Masses and there was Benediction, the Christians remaining for everything. Then there were two women to baptize, and two marriages to arrange, while all the little incidentals of a feast—giving out rosaries, medals, and calendars for the ensuing year, and an occasional dose of medicine—made it a busy and happy day. The Christians met again in the chapel at noon for some prayers, and then the greater number set out for their homes.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
January, 1920.

As far as I can learn now, there are about three hundred Christians, scattered among perhaps thirty villages. Only two villages in my district and in the sub-prefecture of Maoming have more than a score, one having perhaps fifty, the other thirty or forty persons. This makes it very difficult to give them the consolations of religion or to instruct

them. We have visited one community, a family of nearly fifteen persons, which meant a journey, going and returning, of twenty-six miles.

The first days of the New Year were taken up with a visit to the Christians of several villages toward the northeast, where I found the fences of the Lord very badly in need of repair. Many of these families have not been visited since Father Baldit left six years ago, and it would be too much to expect that they would make extraordinary efforts to see a priest. So there are many children to baptize, irregular marriages to arrange, and careless ones to be recalled to their duties.

Invalid Marriages

The saddest and most difficult cases, and they are all too many, are those in which a youth in his teens has never been instructed for confession and has contracted an invalid marriage. I hope to be able to get all of them, if I have to go to their homes and give them a little instruction one by one so that I can validate the marriage. I have asked them to come to the Mission for a short period of instruction, but the answer usually is that they haven't the time, or they promise and when the time comes do not show up.

I have been able to get some of the women to come, and seven are now here studying. Little by little, with God's grace and the help of our friends, we shall be able to bring in nearly all, or send catechists out to them, and so establish Christian families.

Instruction of Children

The second great need is the instruction of the children. Most of them, even those in their teens, do not know a word of the catechism. One boy, fifteen years of age, had never heard of God, and he was a sample of many. The average Chinaman is not noted for his efficiency or thoroughness, and the parents, in the religious education of their children, are no exception to the rule. The idea that they have an obligation to give their children a religious instruc-

tion seems never to have entered the minds of the most of them—they think that work is for the priest or catechist.

I am beginning a school with the opening of the Chinese year, and I shall send catechists out to those villages which, because of poverty or other reasons, are unable to send their children here. It will be particularly necessary to send out women catechists, as very few fathers would be willing to send their young daughters in to school—"Such a thing has never been heard of!"

The same will apply to many of the boys, also, because often the father is satisfied if one of his sons has a little book-learning, in order to conduct business for the family and give them a little position in the world; as for the others, if they are to follow in the footsteps of their fathers, what need have they of the wisdom of books?

First Day of a Visit

The visiting party consisted of myself on horseback; my "boy", who looks after my needs, serves Mass, and sometimes helps in instructing the people; the carrier of my luggage, with the Mass kit and bedding on one end of his pole and a basket with books, clothing, and so forth, on the other; and, because this was my first visit to this region, a catechist who knows the region and the people.

Arriving at a village, we are usually met by one of the seniors of the house, and enter to find one of the family raising a dust sweeping out the room—the first time, very likely, since the last visit. Then one sips some tea—fresh-made from old leaves—refuses the social pipe, and receives the various members of the family who begin to come in on hearing that the "Shan Foo" has arrived; while, unless it is Friday, a squawking in the yard announces that dinner is in progress.

The boy, meanwhile, gets after the bed. If there is one that has been in use he takes down the mosquito net that dare not be washed for fear it would fall to pieces, and puts up my own. Or, if there is no bed in the room, he grabs up two of the benches from the next room, takes a door from its hinges and lays it across them, and sends some one

to fetch two sticks of bamboo for hanging the mosquito net. Opening the duffle-bag, he takes out a mat to lay on the boards, a soft cotton mattress a little more than an inch thick, a light Chinese comfortable, a heavy and a light woolen blanket, and an air pillow—and the bed is ready.

My own time is taken up with inquiring after the spiritual and temporal condition of the family, making friends with the children, and so on. Rice is eaten about five, so, if there are any women to go to confession they are usually heard before, in order to comply with the rule of the diocese that they shall be heard before sundown.

Meanwhile the table has been cleaned, so the boy spreads a white cloth over it and gets the chopsticks out of the basket, and the Christians bring in the dishes on a wooden tray. I make a satisfactory meal on chicken, bean curds, salt fish, pork, and greens, with fried peanuts, soy-beans, or eggs on Friday, as a variation.

After the meal there is perhaps the Breviary to finish, or some writing to do, and a little later the men come in for confession. That is soon over in most of the villages, and then one may read by the light of a candle. I find that a paraffin candle gives more light than the tiny lamp that one usually meets, and it has the added advantage of not smoking.

Sitting up in a Chinese house in the winter is not always comfortable, and, as "early to bed and early to rise" is the rule here, I turn in early. Besides, traveling, whether on horse or afoot, is fatiguing, and sleep is a cure for many ills, of mind and of body.

The Second Day

The old reliable rooster is our alarm clock and at his first call the men are up to heat water for washing themselves. One must get out early if he is to have time to make a meditation, for the average Chinaman doesn't take long for his toilet and they are soon on hand for prayers and Mass. Likely as not, there is no altar, so a door is laid across benches piled one on the other, or across the backs of chairs, just under the large "holy picture", and we try to satisfy

our æsthetic sense by covering it with a red cloth, though to those attending it doesn't seem to make much difference.

There are usually several to receive Holy Communion, and at the end of Mass I give a short instruction. After my thanksgiving I bless water for the household, baptize the baby—just now I find them several years old—and distribute medals, rosaries, and so forth. "Rice" is ready at nine or ten, and after it, with a parting admonition to be sure to send those who need instruction to the Mission, we are off for our next lap, which may vary from a mile or two to fifteen.

Need of Longer Visits

Five or six days of this brings me within striking distance of home, and I drop in for a day or two, a good bed, and a taste of home cooking, before going off in another direction.

If a missioner spent only one night in each place, it would not take long to make the rounds, but as soon as I know the language sufficiently to take up seriously the work of instruction, I think it will be good, even necessary, to spend several days or more in a place. Catechists, and many of them, are essential, but there is a work that only the priest can do. I was much struck, in my visit to Tungon, with the spiritual condition of the people of the three villages I visited, all of which, within the last twelve or fifteen years, had priests resident. I do not know what there may be in it, but I have been wondering if one might not be able to do a great deal of good if he had a number of secondary residences in his district, where he might spend several weeks or even a month or two. This would be possible, of course, only where there were two priests, so that one would be always at the center.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Oppression of the Poor

After returning from the visitation, I went to Sunyi in the interests of some catechumens.

Father Gauthier says that the oppression by larger and stronger families of those that are weaker is an old story here. In this case the larger family claims that the land

on which the houses of the other are built belongs to it, as well as some mountain land with a few trees. Both seem to have deeds to the property, and theoretically it is only a question of finding out which claim is false.

The smaller family, of forty persons, is desperately poor. When I went to the city with them they fed me well but they themselves, according to the catechist, were living on rice gruel. I know we stayed longer than they had anticipated and they sent one of their number back home to bring a bushel of rice and two or three chickens to be sold for expenses! I may be able to do something with the higher authorities in Kochow.

Plan for Christian Settlements

In any case, I am going to take up the matter of buying rice fields to settle these people on.

About two thousand dollars invested for these forty persons would yield the Mission eight or ten per cent and give our people considerably lower rental than what is usually required. They would pay more attention to their study and be more faithful in their religious practices.

What I should like to do is this: somewhere near the Mission—from two to five miles away, or wherever I could get a sufficiently large tract of land—buy enough to settle a hundred or more persons, and then build a little chapel, open schools for boys and girls, and see to it that they were attended. One of us could ride over every Sunday to say Mass and to preach.

I consider such a course, at least with regard to many of my people, practical and necessary. What can I do where there is one Christian family in a village, with the children growing up in pagan surroundings and the parents half-indifferent, or at least, if good-hearted, incapable of realizing their obligations? If I bring the boys in to school, I must support them; and they may not be allowed to come, because they are needed at home to herd the cattle or do something similar, even as early as seven years of age. I could hardly reach the girls at all. I might send a catechist for a certain period each year, but it is too much expense for two or three children. The above-mentioned plan

would require fewer catechists and the annual mission expenses would be lower; or better, one could have all his catechists of the highest grade possible.

I have in mind three or four places in my district where such a work could be begun. I could settle the greater part of my Christians, and in a year double the number of annual confessions and Communions, besides being able to prevent the giving of Christian girls to pagans as wives, and the other abuses that at present are exceedingly hard to prevent; and the income would support the Mission. There is another point, and that is that conversions would result.

"*Rice Christians*"

At once I hear, "Rice Christians!" Of course, getting a living would attract them at the beginning, but I should call that a "beginning of faith". It would remove prejudice and lead the people to give their minds to the study of truth. They are simple country people and I am sure that nearly all, after their period of instruction, would assent as simply and with as much docility to all that the Church teaches as do any of our American Catholics.

The majority are docile, but prejudiced and ignorant. If they do not come to the priest for help they will remain in that prejudice and in fear. I have remarked with what trembling knees most of these outsiders approach the priest for the first time! Sometimes it takes a great deal of persuasion on the part of a Catholic friend to overcome their timidity. Gradually their prejudices disappear, and in their contact with him fear of the priest changes to confidence. The way is open then for reception of Christian truths and assent to them.

Of course, there are sad cases of apostasy and indifference, that point to lack of sincerity,—but go out to the West of our own United States, where Catholics are far from church and have no schools, and see the sad results. The same remedies are needed in both places: we must bring the Church to the people or the people to the Church, and here it is comparatively easy to bring the people to the Church.

BERNARD F. MEYER

February 15

Coming back from a visitation, I found that the dog had died. He was a Japanese terrier brought from Canton, and he had grown to be quite a pet.

Dog Meat—and Worse

Father McShane has learned to like dog meat but he draws the line on pet dogs, so he made sure that a hole was dug and the body reposed therein.

I haven't looked yet to see if some of the help did not surreptitiously remove it in order to have a feast. You are doubtless shocked, dear reader, but "nothing goes to waste" was acted on in China long before the Chicago stockyards were heard of, and sickness and even death due to eating the meat of animals that have died of disease seem to be no deterrent among the poor. It gives one an idea how badly off they are for meat.

One of the goats died, also, and in this case I was asked for the meat, but reminded them that the "boy" of my predecessor, together with his wife and sister-in-law, had died all on one day from eating the meat of a dog that had died in Father Baldit's absence. "Yes, that's so,"—and they decided not to take the risk, though it was hard to see so much meat wasted and hard to go back to rice and vegetables.

The Chinese New Year

February 21 was the Chinese New Year. For several days previous every one was busy sweeping and repairing the houses, and buying fire-crackers, candles, and provisions. It is a considerable expense for the poor to buy the candles that they keep burning all the night of the eve of the New Year, but I am told that it is done in every home as a part of the superstitious ceremonies. Then there must be a few firecrackers, at least, for the propitiation of the spirits. What feast would be complete without them? Every one, no matter how poor, must provide refreshments for the stream of relatives and friends who come to salute him on the second day of the year and wish him the best of this world's goods for the coming season, and several dollars

spent for this means a great deal to one whose annual income does not reach the hundred-dollar mark. But it is the custom, and a Chinaman would rather mortgage his life than appear to fail in this or any similar regard.

Gifts are made, also, and the professor presented us with a cut of the famous Yunnan ham, while the "boys" bought eight or ten grapefruit out of their savings. On the doors of the houses are pasted red and black pictures—which look to us like caricatures—of fierce warriors with bandy legs, wearing mustachios, and brandishing swords, calculated to frighten away evil spirits by their very appearance. Outside, over the doorway and on either side, are felicitous expressions done on red paper. A favorite is the five blessings: health, fame, long life, children, wealth.

February 23

There were New Year's callers, the élite of the town, and I felt very honored, of course.

There were two youngsters in the group and we gave them dimes wrapped in red paper. I don't know why it is, but it seems that every gift must be wrapped in red paper, or, at least, have a sheet of it accompanying. It is doubtless another of those set rules of Chinese etiquette that make social intercourse such a formal thing.

An itinerant band came to present their felicitations in the form of music. They got into the reception room before I was aware of it, and, while I should not consider their music calculated to attract the good spirits, it certainly should be efficacious in frightening away the other sort.

March 7

Many of the shops, while they have been doing more or less business for several days, formally opened their doors today after the New Year holidays. A feast was part of the ceremonies.

I wonder what would be said in America if some one should seriously suggest that practically all business be stopped for a period of six or seven days every year! That is what is done all over this country at the New Year, except in a few of the

more modern cities. Even in Peking the newspapers did not appear for six days. There was no postal service up here for that length of time, and it was probably the same nearly everywhere else.

March 10

The thermometer stood today at 85° in the shade, and the altar steps, made of brick covered with cement, looked as if they had just been washed.

March 31

We fixed the Repository altar today. The new catechist made paper flowers for which, in an unguarded moment, I had given her permission, and of course I had to put them on. The background and the covering of the table are red calico and there are plenty of gold lace and gilt candlesticks. The tabernacle was a creation of my predecessor's, in red and gold with much carving. The "ensemble" might not please many who read this, but I flatter myself that our Christians will like it.

April 3

We had all the ceremonies of Holy Saturday except the blessing of the font. The catechist made the Paschal Candle and a little gilt with carmine water color relieved its dirty whiteness. The five grains of incense were also home-made and colored with the same carmine. The candlestick was made by the carpenter,—a simple standard and base, stained and varnished. For the triple candlestick and the processional cross there were bamboo sticks that took a beautiful cherry stain.

Easter

The Easter gathering of the Christians was much larger than I had anticipated because it is the midst of the rice-planting season. There were more than sixty, of whom forty went to confession and nearly that number received Holy Communion. I preached after my Mass and we had Benediction. The finale was firecrackers, long strings of

them with big ones tied on at intervals. I never heard machine-gun fire but I imagine that it was much like that, with a few "75's" thrown in. Then I took a picture of the group, and after receiving rosaries, medals, and medicines as usual, the majority set out for home. Some of those who came wanted baptism, but I have not been able to give them any instruction myself and I feel sure that the catechist has not given them what is necessary, so they must wait until Pentecost, at least.

April 8

There are many rumors of trouble in the neighborhood; a general at Wuchow is to send two or three thousand soldiers down to Kochow *via* Tungchen.

April 11

The rumor grows and now has it that the authorities at Tungchen and Chanlung have been told to get camping-place for three thousand soldiers who may be expected to pass here any day on their way to Kochow.

Dispensary Work

Resetting a man's teeth with iodine seems to have enhanced my reputation along medical lines; ât least, I am getting more calls for medicine. One of the most frequent ills is old sores. So many of the people are in a bad condition physically, and septic conditions are so bad, that cuts and wounds heal very slowly. I have been much surprised, however, that I have so far encountered no case of severe blood-poisoning. Their resistive power is wonderful, and I have been told that, given proper conditions, no one recovers more quickly from an operation or a wound than does a Chinaman.

April 20

Word came yesterday that Father O'Shea, astride a horse as large as himself, was coming to visit us. It was a merry meeting and congratulations were exchanged—*à la* Maryknoll. This is the first other white face that we have seen in

five months, though it must be said that we couldn't see a great deal of it, at that, hidden as it was behind a pile of "brushwood".

April 25

Our visitor rode away to the market town of Chanlung, where he will board the raft that will drop him off at Kochow in time for Mass to-morrow morning, leaving his "boy" to take the horse down by land.

April 25

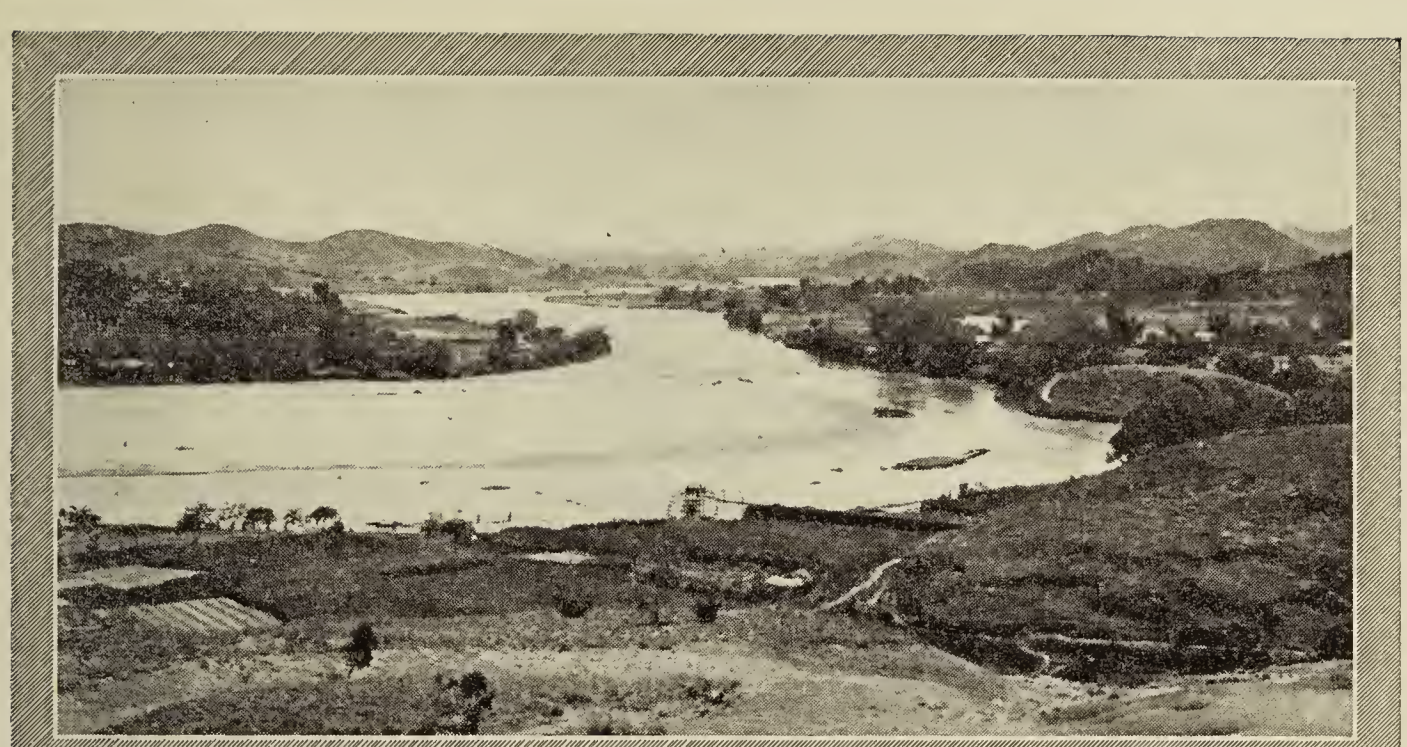
I have just learned that during the summer months, while the water is high, one may board a raft here at Tungchen and arrive in Kochow twenty-four hours later. These rafts run every third or fourth day. The going down is easy enough, but coming up, "there's the rub". The distance is about forty-five miles and must be made by land. Fathers Baldit and Mollat used to do it on horseback in a day, but they were considerably lighter than some of us. Chair coolies from Kochow would not come so far in one day, but with a very early start one could get to Chanlung, the market something more than half way, and then get another chair, or walk, arriving at Tungchen in the evening.

April 26

We were visited today by Chinese gypsies. The first knowledge I had of their being in town was when the gardener came to tell me that they were cutting down two trees along a hedgerow that borders the property. I hastened down but they were gone—and the trees, too! My boy, out to buy a day's supplies, had his pockets picked of a few dollars.

Chinese Gypsies

Some of these gypsies come from distant provinces, driven by famine or eviction from their homes. I am told that they usually carry written testimony from their local Mandarin, and that the magistrates of the districts through which they pass are expected to provide for them. They go in groups of a score or more, up to hundreds, and many, from following



1. West River near the Maryknoll Mission
2. A distant mountain village
3. Christians of a country station

THROUGH THE TUNGCHEN MISSIONER'S CAMERA

the life for generations, are very much like the gypsies with which all Americans are familiar. Like them, they steal everything they can lay their hands on, but here they seem to be bolder, and woe to the householder or shopkeeper who refuses to give them the alms they ask! I have been told of cases where they have returned at night with a rope, which they threw over the comb of the low house; then, clambering to the top, they opened the tiles and gained entrance, carrying off whatever they could. And the owner would have little chance of redress, because he had refused them, and would probably get little sympathy from his neighbors.

At present they are scattered through the Province in communities of varying sizes. Their language and many of their customs are quite different from those of the natives. Their tongue—Hakka—is said to represent the transition from ancient Cantonese to Mandarin. More than one of the French missioners at Canton had to learn Hakka rather than Cantonese and the early work of the present Bishop of Hongkong was confined almost exclusively to the Hakkas.

May 2

Father Walsh came up from Kochow three days ago, making the journey in one day. He took a chair for half the distance and walked the rest. Fortunately the weather was comparatively cool. He is looking well and we are agreeably surprised to find how much his appetite seems to have improved since last year. All the Frenchmen tell us, "If you don't eat well you can't be a good missioner". He left today. Neither of us envied him the five-hour walk in a hot sun to Chanlung to take the raft to Kochow. There will be no raft direct from Tungchen for two days.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
June, 1920.

Father McShane had some experiences with thieves during my absence on visitation. They knew that one priest

was gone, and on the second night made their visit. The dogs barked lustily, but Father McShane had no idea of thieves and went off to sleep again. In the morning, however, he learned that they had stolen some wood piled up behind the house. The boys were frightened, though the visitors were evidently only ordinary sneak thieves.

Father McShane got out the old muzzle-loader that I had for shooting birds in the garden, and prepared for another visit. One fellow came the next night—and he went as fast as he could, for at the alarm from the dogs Father McShane fired the gun.

Travel Notes

After a few days at some necessary work, I was off again to visit the rest of the Christians.

Getting into one town, we were caught in the rain but a near-by temple saved us from a wetting and after the shower we proceeded. One finds these temples everywhere over the country, and if I were a Chinaman and wished to forward the cause of education I should start a campaign with the slogan, "Every temple a school!" If only half the temples were so used, every child would be within easy walking distance of a school. And most of the temples have sources of income that could be applied to the support of a teacher.

I met an edifying couple in one village—an old man and his wife. Their only son is dead and one they wished to adopt a few years ago refused to become a Christian, whereupon he was told he was not wanted. The old man must have a pretty lively faith to thus give up the dearest wish of a Chinaman—to have a son, even an adopted one, to succeed him. To find another is not as easy as it might seem, for it is usually only children of the same clan that are adopted. The boy, too, seems to have had a mind of his own, for by being baptized he would have come into a comfortable living for the rest of his life.

My last sortie of the season was to a village not far from Tungchen, where I baptized eleven, children and adults, one the mother of the family on her deathbed.

Hot-Weather Program

Now I am back again for three months at home, except for sick calls and an occasional visit to the nearer villages. The rice is ripening and for a month or more every one will be too busy to receive me. Then, too, one does not like the idea of spending a Chinese summer's night in a low room with a single window a little more than a foot square. Some huts have no windows at all.

This respite will give a welcome and very necessary opportunity to get to work again on the language. There seems to be no royal road to learning Chinese; one must use the well-known recipe of genius.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Tigers and Tungchen

The presence of a number of tigers in the mountain range east of Tungchen has recently tempted me to appeal to my friends for a sporting rifle. It was reported that a number of children herding cattle had been taken, and people grew afraid to venture out on the road. The fact that one tiger at least was a man-eater gave rise to the superstition that he was a ghost-tiger and could not be killed. Report had it that there were as many as seven, all in one group. The truth probably was that it was a pair of old ones with several cubs. They had their den in a very sparsely settled region about ten miles from here, and while the cubs were too small to travel they were content to make raids on the cattle and pigs of the near-by villages. Later, when the cubs could travel, and their appetite had increased, it became necessary to go further afield. Finally they came close to Tungchen, and at last a score of men, urged on by the promise of rewards, went out to attack them. The native guns are not very dependable, and the powder is so slow-burning that it would be hard to hit a tiger unless he were tied first. Accordingly, the pursuers were armed with heavy tridents. They succeeded in bringing in the male and one of the cubs, though several men were badly clawed in the attempt.

July 15

This is the busiest season of the year for the Chinese, as the rice must be cut and the new crop put in within a short period. We gave the schoolboys a few weeks' vacation on that account.

The Chinese and Athletics

During recreations the schoolboys have been in the habit of keeping the benches warm, or, if they have a mind for something more strenuous, of watching the gardener work.

The most that I have seen boys from other schools do is to walk down to the river bank, sit there for a half hour or so, and then walk back. In Canton some attempt is made by a few to go into athletics, but it appears that generally the favorite sports are to stand idly looking at some one else or to form chaffing groups of three or four. For our own boys I made a soccer ball by tying some grass in a piece of cloth, and started them at it. At first they seemed to enjoy the game as much as Americans would, but the next day I had line-up for medicine for bruised shins and the game seemed to fall into disfavor.

The Chinese claim that *jiu-jitsu* came originally from them, and that even now the best Japanese exponents of the art cannot stand up with the Chinese wrestlers. However that may be, athletics in China have been confined almost entirely to the army, where they formed an important part of the training of the soldier. There are representations on the stage of wrestling and boxing, but that is in the plays, which so often have to do with ancient warriors. Love of sport for sport's sake, or a fund of surplus energy that needs to be worked off, do not seem to be in the make-up of a Chinese Chinaman. Even among those in the cities who do go in for athletics, it is very probable that one of the principal motives is a desire to be modern. I have never heard of wrestling bouts or other feats of strength which have been common among European peoples. Shuttlecock is frequently played by both men and boys and many acquire great dexterity in keeping the shuttlecock in the air with their feet alone.

Summer Heats

On the twenty-sixth I left Tungchen for a few days' visit with Father O'Shea at Kochow.

Kochow seems to have about the same brand of weather as Tungchen, but I found the interior of the Kochow house surprisingly cool,—due, I think, to the length of the rooms and the high ceilings. The rooms are eighteen feet long, while those at Tungchen are barely eleven.

As we left, the doorways were filled with women and children. How worn they looked after four unbroken weeks of heat! I have seen the same look on the faces of people in New York, but the hot period there is very short compared to here. And what poverty and suffering one sees every day! I have seen pictures of the under-nourished children of Europe since the war, but one can see the same thing here at any time. It is the usual condition of millions, and I doubt if there ever was a period that it was not.

August 1

The theatre that has been "entertaining" Father O'Shea at Kochow has moved to Tungchen; at least, the players and their few properties have come.

Theatre and Play

The theatre is a shed, built by a local lumber dealer, of poles tied together with bamboo withes and covered with mats. When the show is over, the owner will take off the mats, cut the withes, and turn the poles back into his stock. It is in this way that buildings are provided in China for conventions, theaters, entertainments, and the like. If the weather is cold, or for any reason they wish to enclose the building, the same mats, which may be used over and over again, are fastened to the poles; whence the name "mat-sheds".

The theatre is down on the river bank, but now and then, when the wind is right, we catch the sound of a shrill fiddle—I shall not call it a violin—or of the shrieking falsetto of a man, that would put to shame the vocal gymnastics of Alma Gluck. Then there is the interminable gong that sounds like some one pounding a washboiler, in and at any old time,

seemingly, that may happen to strike the fancy of the player. The boys say that it is "A Story of the Old Times". From the way it keeps going on and on it must represent at least a thousand years of China's history.

Missioners' Houses—What and Why

The pictures of our houses that have appeared recently in *The Field Afar* have set me to wondering if its readers are not having visions of teakwood furniture and white-tiled bathrooms, and wondering how long "poor missioners" have been in the habit of thus spending the money that has been given them to help save souls. I can only answer by saying that our furniture is pine, much of it unpainted, and in our wildest imaginings we have hardly yet attained to the luxury of a bathtub, let alone really having one.

But there are certain things one must have in a house here. Brick is fairly imposing—but what else can be used? Wood is dearer; and our friends, the white ants, would soon bring down a wooden structure on top of us, to the accompaniment of a shower of dust. There should be a veranda, and thick walls, and large rooms with high ceilings, to make the long "dog days" period more bearable. Then put on a roof of tile, again the only thing practicable, and you have the sum total of our best.

Inside there are no ceilings. Crooked round poles do duty as beams for the floor above. The floor under your feet is of common pine, short boards poorly laid with large-headed nails, and unpainted. The stair you climb is rather a ladder set at an angle, with boards for rungs. There is no paint or paper on the walls, their decoration consisting of an occasional coat of whitewash; nor are there carpets on the floors, or curtains at the windows.

After thirty years in China, Bishop de Guèbriant says: "Your house must be comfortable; you are not Chinese and cannot live as they do. It must be your first consideration. Chapels and the like are secondary. If you do not have money enough for both, build a good house first, and let the chapel wait. Your health, and therefore your work, depend upon it."

THE SHEPHERDS OF TUNGCHEN

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
October, 1920.

When Father McShane was told that he was to take care of Loting during the coming year, there at once came up the question of how he was to get his baggage to the place of his new abode. Having no airplane, and the railroad not yet being in running order, he had a choice of two routes: one, of four days over the mountains by coolie; the other, by coolie, by ox-cart, by boat and what not, down to the sea, over to Canton, and up the West River, with a final dash of four days up the Loting River to his destination.

The longer route, by reason of its being mostly water, would be somewhat cheaper but would take much longer, and, on account of the many changes to be made, would be a great deal more troublesome. On the other hand, we had been told that to go over the mountains would be an appalling grind.

Soldiers and the Boat Service

Then came the break between Kwangtung and Kwangsi, beginning by the fighting around Swatow, in which the former forces were victorious. The boats from Shuitung grew more erratic than ever, and there was prospect of one's being held up indefinitely, if he ventured to make the attempt to go that way. The soldiers of China have a pleasant custom of commandeering every boat in sight whenever any trouble arises—or even if there is no trouble, if they wish to transport troops; so whenever something seems to be in the wind all the little steam launches develop troubles that necessitate their going into dry dock, or hide in some out-of-the-way anchorage until the danger is past. I don't suppose men would mind lending their boats, if it were not for the fact that the military is very likely to forget to give them back, or to strand them somewhere up country and leave it to the owners to get them back as best they can.

We kept asking the boys to get information regarding the Shuitung boat, and it came about like this: September 1, boat not running; September 2, a. m., boat running; Septem-

ber 2, p. m., no boat; September 3, not certain; September 4, boat not running, commandeered; and so it went on.

Soldiers on Land

About September 15 a squad of Kwangsi soldiers, estimated to be about two thousand, crossed the border near Tungchen, and at once the whole region was panic-stricken, particularly the wealthy. What had they come over for? Were they planning to make a last stand at Kochow? Would this valley see a repetition of what happened three years ago on the occasion of the fighting between North and South, when Yeungkong was sacked twice by the opposing armies, and Father Baldit's house and chapel at Tungchen absolutely stripped, not to speak of the pillaging done in every village and market-town through which the soldiers passed?

The news did not disturb the poor much, as they have little to lose; but the rich began fleeing in every direction and the chair coolies tripled their rates. Merchants came to the chapel to ask permission to hide possessions—"only a few pounds of their best silks", "some of their goods", and so forth, and so forth, while a few presumed on closer friendship to ask refuge for themselves and families in case of trouble.

Pirates and Bandits

To add to the confusion, the bold pirates of Tinpak, much more feared than the ordinary brigands of the mountains, had been growing constantly bolder and penetrated inland to within less than a day's journey of Kochow. This region, like most of Kwangtung, has been in the hands of the Kwangsi people, who, called in three years ago to drive out the Northerners, found conditions so much to their liking that they continued to rule the Province, and it is only now that a serious effort is being made to drive them out.

The inhabitants of Loting were in trepidation, their garrison having been very much reduced, while a great band of robbers was operating between here and the West River, and it was feared they might be emboldened by the prospect

of rich booty to make the attempt to enter the city. A Western city, facing such a danger, would be drilling its inhabitants, but there is none of that here. With these Chinese, all precautions seem to consist in hiding valuables and in strengthening doors and gates.

Our valley breathed easier when it learned that the Kwangsi soldiers had crossed over directly to Shuitung to take boat for Canton. They passed within a short distance of the robbers operating below Kochow but did not interfere with them in the least.

Off at Last

It was finally settled that Father McShane should pack his stuff in baskets, forty-five pounds in each, to be carried by a dozen men, each balancing two baskets swung from the pole over his shoulder, for a little less than five cents a pound.

One of my catechists very considerately waited until the day before I should start to tell me of a boy, ten miles off in another direction, who had been sick for a month. I did what I could for the boy, then hurried fifteen miles over to the mountains to a village where I was to hear confessions. Before starting, I was casually informed that there was another Christian on the way, who had not eaten anything for some days and was pretty weak; perhaps it would be well to anoint him! The next morning after Mass and breakfast we went out on the main road and Father McShane's caravan joined us a little later.

The Fourth Day of the Trip

This day's travel would be the longest of any, but the road was fairly good and every one was in good spirits at the prospect of the end.

It was not long before we left the well-watered valleys, dotted with prosperous-looking villages, that lie below Szelun, and came out on the broad, red, rolling plateau, fringed with mountains, in which lies Loting.

We kept pretty much on the go for nearly ten hours, with an occasional good rest of from twenty minutes to half

an hour. We were very fortunate in having excellent porters and chairmen. Some following these trades are about worn out, and they not infrequently spend as much as an hour at a tea house, but our porters were all healthy rice-farmers, and the chair coolies were two young fellows of exceptional physique.

We might have dined along the way, but decided to try the method often followed by the Chinese in traveling, of taking a little at frequent intervals. Father McShane had coffee with malted milk in his big thermos, also bread and fruit; while I carried similar provisions in my saddle-bags. At the tea-houses there was usually plenty of rice-gruel to be had for a few cents a bowl. It was the first day we had consistently tried the method, but we were both much pleased with it, arriving at our destination much less fatigued than on previous days when we had allowed ourselves to go hungry and thirsty for long distances.

Porters took us directly to the shop that is at present being used for the Loting chapel. The new location is twelve minutes outside the walls of the old city, but nearer the business district. We soon found a room in the house of the catechist, set up our beds, and were at home until such time as we should have to take them down again for the journey to Canton.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 4

YEUNGKONG DEVELOPMENTS

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
December 3, 1919.

LAST Monday after night prayers one of the villagers came asking me to go to Chashan in the morning. His mother had just died. I scolded him for not sending in time, but she had died too suddenly. She was sixty-eight years old and had received Holy Communion three months before. This is an instance of one of the hardships we do not appreciate in the States, at least up North,—the lack of even monthly Mass. It requires zeal in our catechists, especially our pious women catechists, to go two or three days' journey into the interior and miss even monthly Communion. However, until God sends more vocations to the East, He will take care of His Chinese.

It is delightfully cold these mornings, like autumn at home, and the prospect of a walk was enticing. I refused the offer of a chair, which the Christians would have paid for, as the day was fine and I need the exercise.

But I didn't reckon that "Jordan am a hard road to trabbel". Of the eleven streams we crossed, only three had bridges; on the bank of another we found a passing boat; but at seven I had to halt the procession to un-shoe my feet and wade knee-deep on a pebbly bottom. As we had twenty-seven miles to make before sunset my guide suggested, near the end, that I carry my shoes and save time. I tried it for a mile or so, but I walked like a tenderfoot and had to don them just before we came to the last stream. It was necessary to make speed, as sunset and darkness end all walking in these parts, the roads being narrow and rutty.

A Christian Burial

I received a hearty welcome, however, and some tea and rice. It was my first trip alone without my "boy" and I

had the pleasure of trying to speak Cantonese to men who know only Yeungkongese. Luckily my wants were few, as I had brought my blanket and Mass kit. Chashan is removed from most of the other stations and hence less visited. On former trips its people were awkward in the presence of of a priest. They are gradually getting "poise".

I discovered that the coffin had not been built, owing to the son's absence, so I was obliged to say the Requiem without the Absolutions.

The chapel here is in better shape now. The wall had fallen in and repairs were so urgent last summer that we "borrowed" one hundred dollars from gifts for other purposes, to repair it. I have not solaced myself yet for the hole it made in the cash-drawer. (Any one who has lived beyond his income and wishes to sympathize is welcome.) The hundred also put new beams and tile on the roof and fourteen kneelers on the dirt floor, so the place is beginning to look like something. There is no altar here yet, though some kind native with foresight donated two flower vases for the altar when we shall have one. The local carpenter could buy the wood for fifteen dollars, and he would throw in his services and some paint for the good of the cause.

By noon the coffin was ready,—huge, unwieldy, made of logs left round on the outside and unpainted. The pall covered all and trailed on the ground. This was swung on the shoulders of four coolies, and off we marched to the grave. The mourning family wore loose cowls and gowns of brown sackcloth that would have touched the heart of the Poor Man of Assisi. All except myself walked barefoot, as much for utility as custom, for we had to ford a stream on the way. The hundred or so in the procession chanted the Rosary, with distractions on my part, while we walked single file between rice fields or slipped up a hill and down again, through cactus and prickly plants, for a good half hour.

The burial service was short and the loose sand of the mountain side was quickly thrown into the grave and we retraced our path. The village turned out for a feast, while I strapped my blanket and Mass kit together and left for Cheungtinnam, a three hours' jaunt southeast.

Deserving Cheungtinnam

I arrived at five, unannounced, yet the warmth of their smiles and the neat meal they gave me showed me a possible reason why I feel at home here. They surprised me with a special dish of chicken, roasted whole in American style, instead of the Chinese fashion of boiled chunks that include fractured bones and what not. The bird was a beauty, but I had no way of tackling it. After consultation, a delegation went off and borrowed the only pen-knife in the hamlet, a rusty "ad" for the Singer Sewing Machine Company. My fingers served as fork and gradually took away my appetite.

Nine months ago I feared the fervor of the villagers might grow cold, kneeling on cobblestones in the open air, but, thank God, the village is united still in nightly prayers, except on rainy nights, when only two score can fit into the schoolroom and the rest stay home. This is, perhaps, the most pressing of my needs in the building line—four walls and a roof, large enough to shelter one-hundred-twenty boys by day and a "night shift" of men,—where, too, the priest can set up an altar on his visit. I'm afraid to estimate less than one thousand for such a building, even mud brick. Of course the village will give us the ground needed, and help to carry the bricks. They will also provide the desks and chairs and fill them with a lively set of empty heads. There are in all one-hundred-twenty boys here, but sixty of them cannot be taught now because of lack of room. The two classrooms are windowless affairs of mud brick.

I amused the mob of little fellows with a whistle I hid in the palm of my hand, until the men and older sons came in, tired, but sweet-tempered in the thought that their rice was almost harvested and this was the bigger crop of the year. They looked like Greek athletes of old, their bronzed bodies shining with sweat and every muscle hardened by rough work. They have admirable physiques and twinkling brown eyes and thirty-two strong white teeth. By the bye, I am rather embarrassed by the envious remarks they make on a little gold tooth I wear in the back of my head. Possibly it is the first they have seen and but confirms them in the opinion that every Westerner is a modern Midas.

A Chinese Professor

I took this opportunity of engaging my professor of Yeungkongese; hitherto I have been studying Cantonese and the slight difference was an obstacle, especially in dealing with women.

The new teacher is a Chinese "medicine man", one of our best Catholics. He has loaned us the two houses for temporary schools and keeps a fairly clean guest room for the priest on his visits. He will give up his practice to teach me, though he is not any too well off. As for salary, he asked only that I give him food and lodging, but as that is rather indefinite I prefer to give him eight dollars a month and let him find himself. He is a "talkative chap" and is bound that I shall understand him. He has quite a hearty laugh and knows when to use it.

He is of the last generation and has no desire to learn American ways, but he uses a briar pipe Father Gauthier gave him years ago. It has a near-gold rim around it. I told him that when new it cost at least two dollars. He has not recovered yet and insists on telling every one the price. For a dozen years he thought it worth only fifty cents; now he treats it with more respect. However, you can't teach an old dog, and he gravely puts a pinch of tobacco into it and takes the usual one inhale, then knocks out the ashes, just as though he were smoking his old Chinese pipe.

Chinese Generosity

Mass was at five in the morning. Then the "Prof" and I walked the twenty miles home to Yeungkong. Out of consideration for the doctor's age, we gladly stopped at every wayside inn for a cup of tea or a stick of sugarcane or a bowl of rice soup. Like the inns in Dickens' time, the Chinese tea sheds are the newsmongers of the district and in each we found a group of men, resting for the moment, and eager to find out where I had been and what for, and why the doctor, who seemed to know each one, accompanied me. Some one in the crowd, pagan though he was, usually insisted on paying the two-fifths of a cent for my share of the

River craft for passengers and baggage

Narrow dykes—the only roads through the rice fields

refreshments and in return I would offer him a little of the strong Indo-Chinese tobacco I had in my pouch. The parting was always solemn, with many a bow and smile.

I got home in time to greet some Christians who came with a present of twenty-four wild birds they had caught,—a brown, speckled bird smaller than a robin. I have not found its name yet, as the local name is not in the dictionary. I must say that our Christians are generous in gifts in the food line and not a week passes that they do not bring me a chicken, duck, oysters, or even a goose or a pheasant. Since the winter began I received five pheasants, all too beautiful to kill, though I managed somehow to eat them. At Christmas I could set up a small-sized butchershop with the livestock given the priest. This is really a big consolation, as it shows that out of their poverty—and not even a backwoodsman in Georgia could realize their poverty—they are willing to do their utmost. A woman just interrupted me with a basket of forty eggs,—all strictly fresh, though smaller than American size.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
January 11, 1920.

I took a rather long trip a few days ago,—the longest in distance, though not in time, that I have yet taken. It was westward and south for perhaps one hundred and fifty miles, to the limit of the Yeungkong sector. It took in two prefectures, or "counties" as we would say.

Not only was it the first time that an American priest had set foot here—which is a daily red-letter event at present—but it was the first visit of a priest in many years, and where the former missioner left hundreds we find at present tens or less. Fifteen years of bandit attacks have wiped out villages where formerly there were two-score Christians.

We left Yeungkong at half-past one on December 27. I tried to travel as light as possible, as the Christians must shoulder the "white man's burden". It consisted this time

of the Mass outfit, two blankets, a comb, towel and toothbrush. Besides, my pockets bulged with my Breviary, a notebook, and a handy volume for the mission journeys. Father Vogel followed the Chinese custom of walking part of the way with us, then went back to Yeungkong for a two weeks' meditation on *"O beata solitudo! O sola beatitudo!"* The travelers were quite a crowd. I had asked three of them to postpone the home trip to their villages until I could accompany them, but the prospects of the feasting in a village on the priest's arrival persuaded several others to wait, also.

Small Villages—Big Hearts

We hopped and skipped through Yeungkong's slums, then ferried downstream for one hour to Faochun. There the Christians insisted on my taking a chair, though it was only four miles to Chuenpak, our sleeping place for the night. Incidentally, the chair made such good speed that we outdistanced the others and on arrival there was no one but myself to foot the bill.

This village belongs to the Wong family and has not been molested by bandits in many years. Of the Wong family tree only one branch is Catholic—a man and his six sons, four of them married. The little group of fifteen or so pack the family chapel daily and are practising Catholics. They have an altar, painted and rigged up, and the walls have a few framed holy pictures, but even aside from these the atmosphere is Catholic. They do not practise the virtues of cleanliness or thrift, and they imagine a single priest can manage a half chicken, huge chunks of pork fat, four eggs, a lobster, and any number of oysters and dried or salted fish. Even with a knife and fork I could not have made a braver showing, yet I'm sure I disappointed them.

I caught the few minutes of light to say my Breviary, surrounded by a litter of pigs and some children.

They treated me like one of the family and put me to bed in a corner of one of the rooms. The noticeable feature was its abundance of fresh air that whistled in through the side of the room that has no wall. These principal rooms have

simply three walls and a roof, avoiding useless windows or doors.

The morrow was the Feast of the Holy Innocents, besides being Sunday, and the family was joined by a few other Catholics. There were three communicants. All had received Holy Communion on Christmas Day at Yeungkong. After Mass I baptized another son and a grandson, born on Christmas Eve, then blessed a new house and played with the children, who threatened to cry whenever I made signs of stopping the game.

Returning from a walk before breakfast I looked at a field that was most enticing, a piece of ground about one hundred feet square, adjoining the Temple of Ancestors. It and the temple site are the only high ground in the village. The Catholics will give it to us any time we wish to build a little chapel. I explained to them that the score there at present hardly warranted building a chapel now, especially as they have a room set apart for prayers. They urged that a simple mud brick affair, large enough for two score, would be sufficient. I shall send the catechist here to tap the rest of the Wong family trunk.

Chinese Cooking

On our return we had breakfast,—a square meal and a really appetizing one. The old Christians gradually learn our aversion to stale fish and some of the grease, and their meals are delightful. While on the subject I might add that if a man can stomach a little careless dirt he will soon relish Chinese cooking. Much of the grease and many of the flies escape my observation naturally, so the chief objection with me is the sameness of every meal,—like the Sunday desserts at Maryknoll in ye olde days. (Lest the cook take umbrage, I must hasten to say that the later Maryknoll diet was the most varied I've met.) Chinese dinners are gotten up for healthy appetites. A poor foreigner with squeamish taste has only to walk, or simply wait, until ten o'clock before breakfasting, and he will be cured of his squeamishness. The old Irish proverb, "Hunger is the best sauce," applies the world over.

Pengkong—a Possibility

At noon we said the Rosary in common, which, by the way, is the Sunday program of the Catholics here—fifteen decades. We broke up camp soon after and walked to Pengkong, another four miles away.

I wasn't half so shocked this time at the dilapidated shack still standing as Saint Anthony's Chapel. It looks bare enough, but there is hope this coming year to get into some sort of repair. The catechist is one of our few "litterati", versed in Chinese lore. He is a young man, lean and nervous, though not so famished-looking as when we hired him. The boys here are good youngsters and sometimes make the trip to Yeungkong for feast days. They are bright-eyed, but thin for this time of the year, when every boy usually bulges from the amount of rice he has stuffed away. These youngsters are bareheaded and barefooted, even in the stiff north wind that blows now for months.

At two we walked about one hour to the water front, Yingpeng, and were ferried in a rowboat to midstream. All the way the rusty-looking sailor argued on the price, yet seemed just as pleased when he got nothing but the regular amount. In a small sailboat we reserved a "stateroom" for our party of five and baggage, but the room turned out to be simply an almost invisible division on deck, covered with a matting. We could sit up in the center. However, it was snug and warm, and a Chinese wants nothing more. Neither did I at the time, so after Matins and Lauds I "turned in" on the "3 by 6" allowed to me. I had two sweaters and two blankets and passed an agreeable night, waking only when we reached the port of Chiklung.

Chiklung—Centre of the Yeungkong Section

Chiklung is a large market place about fifty miles west of Yeungkong, larger than any other market in the Yeungkong section, with about three thousand inhabitants, although it is the center for perhaps about fifty thousand. It is the geographical center of the Yeungkong sector,—two days from Yeungkong and two days from Tinpak, which again is two days from Kochow.

The three Christians here bought a shop for four hundred dollars, and use it for a chapel. It is fairly decent. At present we do not use the ground floor at all. The little loft is divided by partitions into two bedrooms for the priest and his boy, and a tiny chapel that can hold ten men. The chapel has a good picture of the Queen of Heaven, its only ornament. A pleasing feature of the priest's room, despite its cobwebby beams and old bed terrifying in its possibilities, is its windowless opening that fronts the south and the river. It is the entire width and height of the room, and so perilously open to the river that a man could commit suicide without a soul the wiser. The morning sun greets the Mass that is said there, and throws a golden canopy of light, to soften the bareness of the walls; the noon sun looks in at the priest's breakfast; and the sunset is a distraction from the Breviary, as we take our place near the window's ledge to catch the light. And all the while the river, clean and sandy-bottomed, flows by, and a passing boatman idly wonders who the stranger is, perched at the opening in the wall.

No priest has been here in four years, but it is within easy distance of Yeungkong and the Catholics make the trip for feast days. At first thought, I said it was money wasted to buy a chapel here for three Christians, but later I found out it is the point of departure for every one passing through to Yeungkong, and the Christians from Sanhui and Tinpak must pass the night here. It is refreshing to see the fine spirit of hospitality among the Christians. The latch is always open to one another, and a place ready at the table. Long distances which otherwise were impossible are made pleasant by frequent and short stops at the houses of Christians. The Tinpak men take a week to come, and another to return home, and the easy stages and chance to meet their neighbors make the trips a holiday.

En Route

At eleven we left for a refreshing change of scene. For sixteen miles we walked in a bracing cold north wind westwards over pine-clad mountains. After the sandy stretches of Yeungkong territory, with its bare hills and dried up

water-sources and sloppy rice paddies, it was like a trip to the Adirondacks to smell the pines and feel their slippery needles under foot, and rest the eyes on waves of evergreens and mountain laurel. And between the mountain ranges were level plains of sugar cane and sweet potatoes, not the scrawny attempts of the hills of Yeungkong, where the rice planters seem to take little care of their other crops, but heavy, tidy fields that would do credit to the truck farms on Long Island. Here was a scene of thrift and weedless gardens, and nature responded with a generous crop—the result of three months' peace from pirates.

We passed village after village with cottages unroofed, and brickstrewn streets. In two of the villages an old man and woman had returned to the home nest and tried to repair the ravages of the pirates, but many of the dwellings were the tombs of their masters. Of the hundred Christians here twenty years ago, not more than forty can be found today. Thank God, a new generation has grown up and our attempts to regain the loss have been answered by over two-hundred-fifty on our roll call from this western portion of my mission.

Here, distance is a big obstacle to effective management. In the eastern section that I described in former letters, the villages are within a few hours' walk. Here, days must be spent, and the work of our one catechist here is immense. Yet he knows his men by name, scattered though they are in twenty villages. I never realized the extent of his work before; indeed, I just found out that he must pay one dollar for boat passage each time he comes for his monthly salary. It doesn't stop his zeal, however; he made three extra trips to receive Communion.

On the way we rested for a moment at a wayside inn. The young owner squatting on his haunches is a catechumen, and he gallantly offered me a share of the lone pig's foot he had for sale. No fruit, rice-cakes, or even tea would accompany the pig's foot on its last corporal work of mercy—which indicates more the poverty of the passersby than of the shopkeeper.

In the five hours' walk we passed very few travelers, much

less houses. Luckily the pine trees relieved the scene and made a park out of desolation.

Good Soil for the Seed of Christianity

Our destination for the night was a pagan village, Tintaukung, of thirty cousins. The head of the family, seventy-five years old, had been studying for baptism in his younger days, and a providential meeting with our catechist reminded him. As a matter of course the entire tribe will follow the chief, as soon as each knows the catechism and has had a year's probation.

My aim in stopping was to greet the old man and choose one of the rooms for a chapel. The family will clean it out—quite a job in China,—and hang up the holy picture we gave them. That is about all we can do at present, but I hope in a few months to release catechists to go and spend six months and teach them the daily life of Catholic China.

They were evidently embarrassed for a place to put me for the night, and finally they offered me a separate bed in one corner of a room in which four others slept. I lay on the pillow-less, un-mattressed boards and had to chuckle at the allurements farm life never has.

In one corner of the room slept two boys about fifteen years of age. Their feet were blue with the cold, but the warm footbath every laborer takes on retiring restores circulation, and with vacant minds they lay down to sleep. The room was cold and draughty and would make an American talk with a Yankee nasal twang for a week, but the day's exercise seems to drive the cold out of the Chinese system and they catch a new one each night with the assurance of getting rid of it during the next day.

The boys were up at five at the call of some roosters in the next room, though I really can't tell how they distinguished the five o'clock crow from the continuous attempts of the young roosters throughout the night. With a jump they were out of bed. As they wear their street clothes to bed (the clothes look like pajamas anyway, which may mislead the wearers), a moment later found them fumbling with a bucket of water. They did not stop at the waterline on the

average youngster's neck, but were generous in splashing about. Without disturbing their elder brothers they carefully opened the huge doors of the village compound and drove out the cattle and hens. They take the cows to the fields and only at nine o'clock return for breakfast.

I rose at six, said Office, and only then discovered that there was no suitable place to say Mass. The like will not happen again, however, as we shall have a room specially for a chapel henceforth. At present it contains a pig and a ton of rice.

Sanhui

At nine we walked south four miles to Sanhui, a small market of one hundred shops. We measured the main street and deposited our bedding in the town school. There seems to be a common sleeping room here also, without any door, but I'm getting so used to it I simply kick off my shoes and pull the blanket over me without remembering I'm not at home. There three men and a rooster slept in the same room with me. I discovered the bird at two, when he commenced crowing under my bed. I slept beside a life-sized image of Confucius, and the joss sticks burned all night. We have a chapel here outside the gates of the market, but as it is unfurnished we could not sleep or eat there.

About thirty—half of whom were baptized—attended Mass. There were two Communions and the baptism of a baby boy.

On the way back to breakfast we visited the Christians' shacks, made of thatched straw. Their houses were destroyed by the robbers, and they have neither money nor inclination to rebuild them. There are a dozen boys here up to fifteen years of age, not yet baptized. One hundred Catholics at Sanhui were wiped out, but it seems easy at present to make converts. We need here a schoolmaster and a woman catechist; the latter perhaps is unattainable as the distance and dangers are great.

As we were returning from Mass, we heard a few shots fired. The soldiers ran into a small group of robbers and captured one. From the smile that swept the town, I judge they do not catch a thief every day. He will be shot soon.

Yutung

We left Sanhui at ten, and a quick ten miles, carefully guarded by a band of soldiers voluntarily offered, one of them a Catholic, brought us to Yutung. On the way we passed posses of soldiers who were skirmishing through the mountain passes in the hope, or fear, of meeting the band of robbers.

At Yutung I baptized four baby boys born since the last visit of a priest, five years ago—all in one family, the son and three grandsons of the principal Catholic. At Mass on New Year's Day were six men, four women, and a dozen children, all baptized. They knew their prayers well, which is the exception in these wilds. There were two Communions. In this station, of the ninety-five baptized on my books, only twenty-five are left. Many have migrated to Singapore, the haven of peace and money for these Chinese.

We left Yutung at nine and struck southwest. The scene changed as soon as we quitted the city and crossed the river separating Yeungkong Subprefecture from the Tinpak region. Miles of sand, pure white, made walking tiresome. Later this gave place to spotless fields of salt. The air was cold and the hills were dotted with pines, so a little imagination made me think of the snow-clad fields of Maryknoll, and the salt crunched underfoot in a realistic way.

We reached Tinpak City at one, twelve miles from Yutung, and with eight miles still to go.

Nearing Pakho, we had to ferry two streams. *À la chinoise*, the rowboat never comes close to shore. Of course it can't, on account of shallow water, but no one thinks of building a little wharf or deepening the water for a few feet. But then, the thousands who use the boats do not wear shoes and it is only the thousand-and-first, a queer foreigner, who needs to complain. I solved the difficulty by riding on the shoulders of a young Catholic fellow who had obligingly shouldered my valise and bedding for the last three days. The same acrobatic stunt delighted an audience three times, but at the fourth landing, near the little chapel, I hired a chair and "saved my face" before the Christians. I also saved the price, for two " huskies " refused to be paid for so short a trip!

Pakho

Pakho is a fishing village and finds relaxation in spreading the ocean out to dry in small plots and selling the salt deposited. There is a chapel here. It is served from Muiluk, by Father Kong, a native priest whom I have not met.

Near Pakho we passed three villages burned by the bandits. Only parts of mud-brick walls remain, and the fields lie fallow, waiting for the survivors to muster courage to return from within the city walls. This whole section of Tinpak seems to me much more fertile than Yeungkong, yet miles of level plains are unplowed. A reign of peace would support double or treble the population. People now cluster in walled towns and food is dear.

The score or more of Christians here had all attended the Shuitung Midnight Mass on Christmas. However, I did them some good—at least the Christian who was with me did—by telling of the numbers who are studying the catechism in the Yeungkong district. It puts heart in a small group of isolated Catholics to know there are others near by. As soon as I explained I am American, a young man present said, "But America is Protestant". My angry answer, that we have two-thousand-ten-thousands—as the Chinese put it—of Catholics in America, opened their almond eyes to the size of a walnut. A Chinese priest I met awhile ago showed surprise at the same response, and had the sense to jot down the figures on the spot. He said he was confronted with the assertion many times and never responded except by the negative reply that there are three hundred Protestant sects in America.

There were ten Catholics at night prayers, and the pagan "hoi polloi" packed the rear of the chapel. At Mass on Sunday there were six present, and one received Holy Communion; the rest came at the close, as they have no watches to gauge the time and the sunrise was cloudy and dark.

We left Pakho at ten. A Christian sailor accommodated me with his boat. Otherwise I should have had to hire one for eight dollars. The Christians ceremoniously paraded me down to the beach and lined up as the sail was furled, and we

slipped away to the tune of a merry mountain breeze from the north.

Shuitung

I can't say much about the scenery, as I was soon asleep and woke only at Shuitung at noon. A Christian had kindly accompanied us from Pakho to show us the chapel at Shuitung. It was fortunate he did, for we dodged in and out of alleys for twenty minutes before coming upon a pretty, one-storied, long building that was set on the border of a pond.

I must confess admiration for the generosity of these Christians. I was a stranger and not their pastor, yet they anticipated most of my wants and supplied the rest when I asked for them. It is a pretty practical faith that will urge a young man to carry my Mass kit and bedding day by day for miles, and he gets so confused when I thank him that I do it on purpose each day.

The chapel at Shuitung is set way back behind the main street, as are most Catholic chapels I have visited. The Protestants seem to locate on the main street of a market, in dust and filth. Their purpose evidently is to attract the passersby, especially as they do quite a lot of "street preaching" inside the open shop. The shops are visited often by the ministers, while native helpers are the steady force managing routine work. The Catholic chapels are better placed, in the quieter sections of the towns. We lose a bit in advertising but less than might be imagined, for over here every one in a town knows every one else's business. Besides, the missioner aims at the family rather than the individual.

An Historic Event

On January 3, I said Mass at three o'clock and left at five for a thirty-six mile stretch to Kochow. The journey is too long for one day, but there are no Catholics between, and only two filthy hamlets invite a stop overnight. Sanhui is a half-way place, while Chanlung is so close to Kochow that a person feels spurred on to reach the big city in his disgust at the looks of the little village.

I arrived at four with blistered heels, but happy to be at Maryknoll-in-Kochow. Father O'Shea was "cramming" at Chinese. Fathers Gauthier and Walsh had left a few hours before on a seventeen-days' jaunt.

This was another historic moment in the Maryknoll Mission Annals—the first visit of one of our missioners to another. I appropriated Father Gauthier's room, borrowed Father Walsh's tobacco and Father O'Shea's pipe and a clean outfit in clothes, and felt at home. We talked incoherently the first few hours, but as we were only two months apart the news came to an end at last.

After four happy days the home journey commenced.

Conclusion and Conclusions

I haven't made up for the meals I lost on the trip, and my pocketbook is thirty-seven dollars lighter because of the excessive boat fares, but I'm glad to have covered the entire district under my charge. Now I can think more intelligently of it as a whole, and my conscience doesn't bother me at my neglect of the sheep in the wilds of Tinpak. They will have to be satisfied with three visits a year, at least for this year, but, please God, we shall soon have enough men to place one near them. The western section has from the beginning been a neglected field, due to distance and the bandits. The only hope I see at present is for a priest to watch his opportunity and a few weeks of peace and rush over to visit those stations whenever possible. It's a place for a missioner who is a good walker, although a horse would come in handy over there. The two hundred catechumens are scattered in small groups and can hardly be handled efficiently from Yeungkong.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
March, 1920.

At home I have listened to Polish Catholics reciting their prayers in unison, the men commencing and the women on their side of the church answering, and the sound was a

1. Herding the water buffaloes 2. A typical country market
3. The pastor and newly baptized at a mission station

VISITATION SCENES IN THE YEUNGKONG SECTOR

prayer, though I could not join in it with them. I have heard the Rosary given out in the soft Galway tongue that seems to be made for communing with God. And in the same polyglot city of New York I have knelt and heard the thunder of the heavy German gutterals that fit the deep faith of the Teuton. Even in Japan and Korea the chant of many praying natives was solemn and seemingly without cadence, like the cloud of incense that rises to a height above the ministering thurifer and rests suspended before the All Holy.

The Chinese at Prayer

But the din of Chinese prayer is nerve-racking to the Westerner, accustomed to the puritanic severity of American services and laying undue stress on external decorum. To the Chinese, prayer is a personal talk with God, and though united in body with his fellows at Mass he seems to forget the union as he prays.

This morning I tried to make my thanksgiving after Mass while the Christians prayed at the Mass that followed, and soon I found myself nursing a grudge against certain individuals in the congregation. With my eyes shut tight in concentration I could still see the men behind the shouts that pierced my eardrums.

One old man in a corner prays as though Heaven were as deaf as himself; a good old woman in the back insists on chanting through her nose in a key that whines above them all. An urchin near the altar rail shouts out, exulting in his memory of the prayers. While our old gatekeeper chimes in strong on the "Our Father" whenever it occurs, and subsides for the rest of the time. Thus they pray on, one man answering the litany before the invocation is ended, and his neighbor drawling out the "Amen" when the others have finished.

These do be petty faults, I know, and no man's throat is musical so early in the morning, but still it calls for charitable thoughts to keep a calm mind in the midst of tumult.

This morning, picking up the prayerbook, I followed their words. And it made a difference. Here were young innocents and old sinners, men who had lately been baptized

and others whose fathers before them had known the blessings of faith, and all were saying: "Thanks be to God for creating me and taking care of me! Thanks be to Him for the blessings of the Incarnation and Redemption! I thank Him for the forgiving of my sins and the giving of His grace, in that He led me into His Church and to the road to Heaven! I thank Him, finally, for His unnumbered blessings from the day of my birth up to the present!"

And the expression of each thankful soul colored the prayer. The old man in the corner could look back upon a score of years through which God led him by the road of Job and loss of fortune to resignation and to daily Communion. The good old soul at the back had seen her sons and their sons kneeling to the one true God, and peace had smoothed the wrinkles of old age. Perhaps the noisy urchin did not realize how much he should be thankful for, but it was fitting that his thanks be loudest who had been spared a life of pagan worship. And our old gatekeeper in his simple wants had found a home with friends, and work that kept him close to the altar and its God.

And then the words of Saint Paul to the Romans came to me: "The Gentiles are to glorify God for His mercy, as it is written: 'Therefore will I confess to Thee, O Lord, among the Gentiles and will sing to Thy name.' . . . And again: 'Praise the Lord, all ye Gentiles, and magnify Him, all ye people.'"

And the solemn hush at the Consecration showed that these Christians could pray as well by silence as by noise, and rebuked my carping criticism. It is true Saint Paul elsewhere warns his new Christians: "Let all things be done decently and according to order"; but until such time as these zealous Chinese are disciplined to order and moderation, I am sure the good God understands and accepts their thanks. Thanks in any form makes a sweet prayer.

The Young Men of Yeungkong

It is quite the fashion for the young men of the city to drop in for a little visit now and then. They are men of a new generation, and attractive, with the gentle manners of

their fathers and an etiquette that survived the revolution. They have kept the respect shown to elders, that centuries of a patriarchal life have bred in China, and they show good taste in retaining the comfortable, graceful dress of former days instead of aping the tight, stiff clothes of Western civilization. It was surprising, too, to find that of the score and more who come to visit, none of them are smokers. This is not due to Protestant influences, for these men attend the public schools; besides, Protestantism has made but slight inroads here.

They are not like the flashy youngsters that one sometimes sees in the bigger cities, with a notion that they must flatter European ways and decry their own, with nervous mannerisms of some foreign friend, a scented handkerchief, and neat ankles that wobble awkwardly in Western shoes. They seem to be unconscious of their hands, and consult no wristwatch as they talk with you. And yet they are ambitious and keen-witted and eager to study, and, what is more, they seem to study with an aim in view and are not simply going to college to please a wealthy parent.

These are generalizations that might not stand up under rigid searching, but they are true enough to make the average Chinese student compare favorably with his Western classmate. Their home life may be quite another matter, but our Catholic students burn the Mission kerosene as faithfully as any professor would wish.

There is one youngster in particular who was more than merely inquisitive. He paid frequent visits, carefully timed for our convenience, and began to ask some questions on the Catholic Faith. A month ago he asked to be received into the Church and commenced to study the books necessary. Later he announced that he had accepted an offer to go to France to study civil engineering at the Prefect's expense. He will be gone six years. The other day he asked wistfully for baptism. His probation had been long enough were he to remain here and put in practice the life he learned from books, but it was hardly long enough for one who is leaving us so ill-equipped. Besides, he is going to Catholic France, and we shall do our best to introduce him

to Catholic priests in Paris and they can give him the one thing necessary. He will say a daily prayer for our Mission and promises to write to us frequently.

Lepers in Yeungkong

Within a six-mile walk of Yeungkong City there are at least several hundred lepers. Up to the present revolution a colony of lepers was "supported" by the local official. They were grouped outside the city in a barren valley between the tomb-covered hills. They had to go several hundred yards to a little brook for water. The Government no longer gives them any allowance and they line the byways and beg. There is a rumor that the Presbyterian Mission will build a well for them within the lepers' enclosure. These lepers are mostly men. I saw only two women among them.

Near Pakwan, which is twelve miles north of Yeungkong, are several dozen shacks erected by lepers, outside the market, though they mingle with the traders. To do anything with these it would be necessary to erect a few buildings enclosed by a wall, preferably near a waterway for supplies. The local Government would probably give a grant of land. It ought to include several acres of farmland for a truck-garden. This might have to be bought, as all arable land seems to be occupied.

The Government in peace times allotted two dollars per month to each leper, and might be induced again to give the same. It is not sufficient. I think two dollars per month could cover living expenses for one leper, especially if there were a truck garden to complement the bowl of rice. To start a leper asylum would require, according to my figures, the sum of thirteen thousand four hundred dollars for the first year and three thousand each succeeding year. I am figuring on one hundred lepers:

Two dormitories and a messroom for 100 lepers	$10,000
A truck farm of several acres	1,000
Yearly board for 100 lepers at $2 per month	2,400
First year's cost	$13,400

The city of Yeungkong, business men and officials, would contribute towards this, but perhaps only enough to cover other incidentals, such as medicines and coffins.

I estimate on one hundred lepers simply as a basis. Probably, with Government restriction and action in "rounding" them up, the number would be three or four hundred in this prefecture.

It seems to me that, while at present neither we nor the Presbyterians have sufficient men to devote one to such a work, the next few years will see some attempt made to take over an asylum. The Protestants already have the field in the one spot near the city; at least, their promise of a well, and their weekly services with the lepers, would make interference on our part indelicate at this late date, unless we could offer better accommodations physically. Needless to say, if the hope were realized, there are six young men over here who would like the job, and one hundred and fifty at the Maryknolls who will envy the lucky man.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
May, 1920.

Pushing north this time, we reached Manshui, "Mosquito Water". Our room is mud brick, unplastered, and when it is not raining we are thankful for the many holes in the roof that give a little air. I can touch the roof with my hand where the altar is set up. There were actually seventy-two humans squeezed into the room this morning. Of the seventy-two, all wore at least loin-cloths, except some of the twenty children. However, it isn't as hot as it sounds, for each is armed with a fan and keeps the air in circulation. The room would comfortably seat ten whites, but the Chinese count standing room literally, and as their feet are the widest part of them this allows elbow-room to wiggle the fan. The "natives" treated us royally, inviting in the near-by villages. The very pig I kicked out of the "chapel," where he was comfortably sleeping on my bed mat, met his doom soon after and we had him for dinner.

New Policy Regarding Instruction of Women

Seventy-two were ready for examination for baptism, but we held them off till their women folk are instructed. We startled them a bit by the announcement of our policy. They have been studying for over a year, but they were all men, and we have decided not to baptize in the ordinary case unless the entire family is ready, including all the women folk from the mother-in-law to grand-nieces. The experience here for twenty years shows the wisdom of this hard rule for, when the women do not come in contact with the Church, superstitions are ritually carried out at home and daughters are betrothed to pagans, and the Church remains a men's club. It is difficult, perhaps, for us to get the Chinese point of view of the unimportance of the feminine side of the family; and it is harder still for them to understand our stressing this point. The shock of our refusal to baptize the men until their wives and daughters are ready has brought our argument home better than would twenty-five years of preaching.

Catechists Needed

Despite the new regulations, which we announced in each village, today there were delegations from three neighboring hamlets, asking for catechists. One represented seventy men and women; another, thirty; and the last, about forty. And not a teacher in sight to give them! That swells the number of new villages without catechists to about fifteen. Within a few months we can release several teachers from other villages that have been studying for two years, but even at that it will make you lenient with us, I hope, when we harp so often on the need of teachers. We have no trained teachers as yet. It will be the work of several years, and, not to lose time, the material on hand must be used. Next month we are calling the teachers in for a retreat and further instruction, and by another year perhaps we shall have some sort of organized course.

Chapels Needed

At Cheungtinnam there were four hundred studying. The more industrious presented themselves for examination,

but we sifted the elect to twenty families,—forty-four individuals. We promised them a chapel as soon as they could fill it. They have given us the congregation, as much ground as we wish wherever we wish to build, and later they will give us the daily labor of the farmers, in the slack season, to carry the brick and lay stones. All we need to supply are bricks and the plan,—but the plan calls for bricks aplenty.

At Chashan, on Pentecost, the Holy Ghost came to twenty-five in Baptism. Twelve were women; eight entire families were included. There were twenty-two confessions and eighteen Communions and one marriage. The chapel could not hold the one-hundred-fifty who came from surrounding villages. We were a bit afraid such a crowd would tax the hospitality of Chashan, but the natives nobly dressed a forty-pound pig for the occasion, with one hundred pounds of rice and fixings. Those who could not get inside the chapel for Mass arranged to be present for the feasting that followed on the grass outside.

At Shekhang forty-eight of the hundred inhabitants were baptized. About half were women. Thirty more will come up for trial on the next visit of the priest. This village should be second on our list for chapels. Now the men pray in one room, the children in the classroom, and the women in a third house. They will give us a house, which can be enlarged for four or five hundred dollars. The lack of room is chronic, of course, in thirteen of our main stations, but few of the villages have shown such zeal in studying, none is so overwhelmingly Catholic, and yet—what impresses a distracted missioner most—great is the consideration the village shows in its need. For sixteen months it has not complained of its lack of room, and today, when I said that this year we could do nothing but perhaps by the end of next year they would have a chapel, they were happy. This may seem a small matter, but it is true that our most generous villages are poorest, and the most promising ones are least clamorous.

Noling gave us, for chapel and bedroom, the school-room, which is also a stable. It was like Bethlehem, with three buffaloes for the ox and two pigs for the ass. This is our poorest station, but the four Christians are generous in their poverty.

Mass at the "Stations"

The turning at the *Dominus Vobiscum* seems providentially arranged for correcting abuses. Some one's baby is being unmercifully squeezed by the heedless throng; some heretics are saying "Have mercy" instead of "Pray for us"; a dispute is taking place too audibly as to whether the *Angelus* or the *Regina Cœli* should be said: or a little imp of a toddling urchin has sneaked up with its eye on the bell—or, mayhap, has already captured and rung it lustily.

The Eastern sense of decorum differs vastly from the rubrics prescribed by Holy Mother Church, and even the solemn moment of Consecration must be sadly interrupted to warn a raw newcomer to stop shouting, or to order every one on his knees. The Communion is prefaced by an explanation in the vernacular, on the style of the *Book of Common Prayer*, that only those who have duly confessed may come up for Holy Communion, and even then a simple old soul or two must be invited by name to advance or retreat.

On our tours the Mass ends slightly differently from at home. The Second Ablution is often with water only, as we must conserve the Mass wine: and as soon as the three *Hail Marys* are said the first move is to blow out the candles, for these loosely built rooms gutter them. The sermon must wait till the warm vestments are removed; besides, the Christians still have long prayers to recite. Then the order for quiet is heard, first from the priest, then from the catechist. Old Christians take up the refrain, to show their importance and their familiarity with our customs. And after the twentieth "Hush!" from every one to every other one, the priest can be heard.

Even then, it calls for concentration on his part to overlook the constant interruptions, to refrain from a sharp word when some one in the very center of the throng starts to go out, or a dog comes walking in and like one of the family plants himself in front of you and yawns, or your boy with ill-timed industry and noise begins to remove the altar-cloths.

I remember once seeing our chief catechist, a venerable old scholar, stand up under the very nose of the preacher

and scratch his spine with his long tobacco pipe, introduced at the nape of his neck. To the Chinese, these occurrences are not distractions. They would put it down to petty nervousness if frequent exception were taken to such things.

The morning sermon is more personal than the evening one. The latter is usually a few polite words of encouragement: the former, vibrating from an empty stomach, lays down the law, in simple terms best suited to their grasping. An example will show the depth of the arguments used:

"You plow the fields with a cow. The cow looks down on the earth; you walk along with your face to the sky. Why? Because you have a soul and the cow has not. Your wife also walks along erect, because she, too, has a soul, yet you do not try to convert her."

Recapitulation

Home again on May 28. The trip north gave us eighty-four confessions, fifty-seven Communions, one-hundred-thirty-three baptisms and six marriages. The journey cost us forty-one dollars and twenty cents.

FRANCIS X. FORD

September, 1920

We passed the summer well, and cool weather a week ago found us ready to fatten.

War Clouds

A machine gun just rolled by, to be set up on the nearest hill, and one hundred soldiers from Taikau have reinforced our city wall, while trenches are again thrown up flanking the approaches to the city.

It's over two weeks since any boat came to Yeungkong so we are a bit hazy as to the nature of the conflict. It seems that several thousand soldiers have revolted and turned pirate, to the east of us. Yesterday the new civil prefect sent for our old catechist and asked for protection from the Mission in case of danger. Last year's prefect did not do that; instead he took a boat to Canton; but no boats are running now.

The Protestant ministers are away at Canton and want to get back here, while Father Vogel and I are here and want to get away for the retreat. I'm afraid it will look like a physical retreat. However, I don't think the rebels will enter the city, and the affair will blow over like so many that have preceded it. It gives the local soldiers some excitement and reinstates them for the moment in the good graces of the abused inhabitants.

The military prefect has favored us—at least the catechist views it so—by inviting us to contribute our mite towards the funeral expenses of some soldiers recently killed.

October 4

We were busy these two days receiving "refugees" and storing their valuables in our bullet-proof bedrooms. Ten of the twelve professors at the Normal High were in yesterday to beg a few feet of storage room for their books. Last night twenty pagan women were accommodated in our women's quarters, and the "notables" among our Christians "happened in" to spend a few days with us—not that they fear the rebels, but they love liberty.

The Protestants at the hospital are flying their American flag and the new sect just started (an off-shoot, due to some disagreement) flies its own British colors.

PART IV

THE THIRD YEAR

THIRD GROUP OF MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS, WITH THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR, September, 1920
The insert shows the Departure Bell, which formerly called pagans to worship in a Japanese temple

Chapter 1

A NEW GROUP

Maryknoll-on-Hudson, September, 1920

N the departure of a missioner for the service of Christ there is little glamor. The world knows little and cares less about it. Yet the event of departure is singularly impressive. Few mothers or other relatives attend the ceremonies, but some brave ones were there for this, Maryknoll's third departure. The chosen band were:

Reverend Anthony P. Hodgins, Brooklyn, NewYork.
Reverend George F. Wiseman, Boston, Massachusetts.
Reverend Frederick C. Dietz, Oberlin, Ohio.
Reverend Robert J. Cairns, Worcester, Massachusetts.
Reverend Joseph S. Donovan, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.
Reverend T. Walters McKenna, Baltimore, Maryland.

A novel and interesting feature of this year was the entertainment given in the rooms of the local Council of the Knights of Columbus, in Ossining, and the presentation of the missioners' crucifixes by their brother-Knights.

Hospitality was warmly tendered all along the line, from Scranton to San Francisco, until finally, on September 25, the new apostles sailed through the Golden Gate for China.]

On the Ocean

The Chinese students on board are excellent characters and delightful to meet. Several of them have A. B. and A. M. degrees from Yale, Columbia, and other universities. Not only do we find them easy to approach, but frequently they come to us desiring to get acquainted. Some of them spend a great deal of time with us and ask many questions relative to the Faith. We try to emphasize the fact that we

are going to their country for purely religious motives, and we find they appreciate that.

Many of the passengers on board are Protestant missionaries.

October 15—Japan

After quarantine inspection, which took place as usual outside the breakwater, our ship moved slowly into Yokohama Bay and was made fast to the pier. Hardly had the gangplank been lowered, when a host of money-changers crowded on board, forcing their way by the guard. We scanned the pier for a bearded face, but none appeared. Father Cairns tried to telephone, but when he discovered that he could not read the telephone book, and that the operator spoke only Japanese, he decided not to.

After twenty minutes' walk through the picturesque streets and alleys and among the most picturesque of peoples, we came to *44 Bluff*, where Father Lebarbey and Father Lemoine, Paris missioners, extended a cordial hand of welcome. We remained but a very short time, as we had only the one day in Japan and were told that there is little to see in Yokohama.

Tokyo, an hour distant, became our objective. At the Tokyo station we haggled with the automobile and rickshaw men, and finding the automobile cheaper, engaged one to take us to the *Morning Star School.* Brother Heinrich received us very kindly, and while dinner was in preparation escorted us through the buildings and grounds. There are about twelve hundred boys here, most of them children of the upper classes; but only about ninety are Catholic. When we returned to the Brothers' dwelling, dinner was waiting for us. It consisted in part of Japanese dishes, such as raw fish and pickled horse-radish. Brother Walter, a *Hoosier* from home, was introduced.

That afternoon we visited a museum, where it was our good fortune and rare privilege to gaze upon the relics of early Christianity in Japan. It was interesting to note that the Christian statues of the Blessed Mother and Child bear marked resemblance to the Buddha, a fact which Brother Walter credits to the influence of Oriental art.

In Asakusa Park and vicinity we had a good view of Japanese religious customs. In front of the shrine proper is a huge collection box, about twelve feet long and five feet wide. Into this the worshipper tosses his coin, then he removes his hat, bows his head, utters his request, and passes on to make room for the unending throng behind. A subsidiary shrine to the right is very interesting. The Japanese have a popular belief that any one afflicted with a bodily disease will be cured if he touches the corresponding part of the body of this deity. As a consequence, the god's face is worn perfectly flat.

We were much impressed by the kindness, politeness, and hospitality of the Japanese. Everywhere we found them pleasant and obliging. That in their hearts they are religious is evident to any one observing them at prayer before their idols. Such people ought to make splendid Catholics and we have history's testimony that they did. Those who will be selected to be Maryknoll's missioners among the *Nipponese* are certainly to be congratulated.

October 17—At Sea

At seven yesterday morning, the *Nanking* set out for Shanghai. This morning—Sunday—there were three present at the six-thirty Mass, and all received Holy Communion. The nine-thirty Mass was celebrated by Father Hodgins, who also preached to a congregation of seventeen in addition to ourselves.

The "rolling *Nanking*" tossed more than ever before. There were frequent crashes and bangs. In the dining room and writing rooms one had to hang on to the tables to keep from toppling over. This rolling, of course, is more amusing than anything else. No one is afraid of it any more.

October 19—China!

At a quarter of eight we obtained our first glimpse of China,—some of the coast islands. Shortly after, we noticed the beautiful blue of the ocean turn to green, and by eleven o'clock it was plain mud. Hence the name, *Yellow Sea.* Fishing junks began to dot the horizon on all sides, and we

realized then that we could not be many miles from land. As we drew nearer Shanghai, the surroundings took on more life and color. We passed a junk now and then, its brown-red sail full to the wind. These boats look beautiful from afar and in pictures, but any American, seeing one at close range, though ignorant of its name would not hesitate to call it "junk". More often appeared the equally picturesque sampan, whose occupant, standing erect near the stern, propelled his little craft deftly by means of a stern-oar—an operation called "sculling". Side-oars, as we have them in America, are scarcely seen hereabouts.

A Welcome in White and Yellow

At four in the afternoon the good ship *Nanking* docked. As we made for land we could hear the humdrum chant of the coolies, at work on one of the buildings near by. A double welcome awaited us on the pier: from Messrs. Lo and Tsu on the one hand, and Messrs. Feeley and Norman on the other, all excellent friends of Maryknoll. Both parties claimed us for dinner, but a brief council determined that our English friends should have us on the morrow, and that we should be the guests of Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu that evening. Then two motor cars took us through a maze of rickshaws to Saint Francis Xavier's College, where Brother Faust, the acting Superior, received us warmly, showed us the rooms we were booked to occupy that night, and sent us off with best wishes to our Chinese chow.

To a Home of The Sacred Heart

That night ride to Mr. Lo's—for by this time it was dark—cannot be adequately described. Our automobile passed, with continuous coughing of its horn, through ever-narrowing streets, by a multitude of shops most of which were lighted by oil lamps, but some to our surprise by electricity—and, curiously enough, these "Mazda" globes made us feel at home. This was the only modern touch to the picture and certainly jarred with the surroundings. Boys—stripped to the waist, some of them—were still hard at work pounding brass in a shop in front of which we stopped, for the poor

Chinese have no eight-hour laws and child-labor prevention. "Where do these boys sleep?" some one asked, and was told, "Right where they are."

The interior of Mr. Lo's residence was in striking contrast with all we had just seen. The first room we entered was an oratory where a beautiful wall-painting of The Sacred Heart with arms outstretched seems to respond graciously to the Chinese inscriptions surrounding it: "The Sacred Heart of Jesus rules this house. O Sacred Heart of Jesus, watch over this household and keep us in peace!"

Mr. Lo conducted us next to the drawing-room, where our old friend, Ignatius Tsu, greeted us with his well-known smile and a warm hand-shake. Ignatius and John Berchmans Lo, and two other sons of Mr. Tsu's, were also on hand. French was the principal vehicle of conversation, though English was also used. All of us were much impressed with these young people as we chatted and smoked, had tea, and listened to American songs on the Victrola.

Before dinner we were shown to another oratory upstairs, where a statue of the Miraculous Virgin seemed to beam down upon her Eastern children. The showers of graces proceeding from her hands are represented by a hundred tiny electric lamps, which sparkle beautifully. Here, at the instance of Mr. Lo, the *Salve Regina* was sung, followed by the triple invocation in French: "O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee!"

Dining "in Chinese"

Then came chow! It is impossible to do justice in writing to what we were unable to do justice to in eating. Suffice to say, that it was a genuine Chinese banquet, beginning with soup prepared from bamboo shoots and what seemed to be clover, continuing through about fifteen courses of snails, sharks' fins, fish-lips, chicken-livers, and so forth, and ending with delicious roast duck, mocha cake, and coffee. This was followed by a cup of fragrant green tea in the drawing-room, soon after which we sang "Maryknoll" and took our leave.

It was not a difficult matter to fall asleep at Saint Francis

Xavier's in spite of the loud talking in the streets, for we were very tired. But the rubbery fringes of the sharks' fins made us dream dreams which we hope will never come true.

Mass at Saint Joseph's Hospice

At seven the next morning Mr. Lo's chauffeur took us to Saint Joseph's Hospice, where we had promised Mr. Lo, the father of that grand institution, to say our Masses that day. Saint Joseph's is the charitable Home, mentioned in *Observations in the Orient*, which takes care of fourteen hundred people continually: poor, aged, feeble-minded, sick, prisoners, and orphans.

A bell sounded and the chapel was soon filled with children, men, and women, the women taking the Epistle side and the men the Gospel, which seems to be a custom in China. Mr. Lo and Mr. Tsu themselves served Father Donovan's Mass at the High Altar, during which the children sang. Now, Chinese singing is rather distracting to Westerners at first, and so it proved for us. Yet to hear these little salvaged souls sing with loud and enthusiastic voices the praises of God and His Blessed Mother in alternate solo and chorus did not fail to touch our hearts and gladden them. It made one pause and muse for a few happy moments on that grand and marvelous institution of Christ, the Catholic Church, which brings all nations under the sweet yoke of Christ to sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord.

Mr. Lo had asked us to say Masses for his intentions, which will be interesting to note, for they are characteristic of the man: two for former inmates now suffering in Purgatory; and two for all the benefactors of the Institution, and also his enemies.

At Sicawei

By half-past ten we were back at Saint Xavier's where Messrs. Norman and MacDonnell were waiting with cars to show us some of the city. Our first stop was the Jesuit institution at Sicawei, where Father Kennelly welcomed us warmly.

Sicawei, also, has been described in *Observations*. We will

only note that what impressed us particularly were the brass-work and wood-carving departments, where very artistic articles are produced and sold at very low prices. We saw, too, Saint Ignatius' Church, a cathedral-like edifice, where about six hundred Chinese receive Holy Communion daily.

Goodbye, Shanghai!

The day before we sailed Mr. Lo requested Father Donovan to say Masses of Thanksgiving for the past. He and Mr. Tsu again served and received Holy Communion. How fittingly the Offertory of the Mass applied to those two good souls: *Oculus fui caeco, et pes claudo: pater eram pauperum—I was an eye to the blind, and a foot to the lame: I was the father of the poor.* The children's singing today was even more touching than yesterday. They chanted the *Magnificat* in the "Trojan" tone, and the well-known *Adoremus* with the *Laudate, Dominum.* A very pleasing feature was their pronunciation, with its substitution of "l" for "r": *Adolemus in aetelnum, Sanctissimum Saclamentum.*

The parting with Messrs. Lo and Tsu at the dock that evening was almost a sad one, for these kind friends had entertained us so delightfully and we felt we had known them for years. Three successive times they turned around on the pier to wave farewell. God bless them! Their lives are ample testimony that the sacrifices of the missioners are worthwhile. Just that day, for instance, Mr. Lo had administered seven baptisms.

At six the next morning the *Nanking* departed for Hongkong, to make port Sunday night. Not many of the old passengers were left, but a considerable number of new ones, mostly Chinese, had taken their place. We were all resting after the three strenuous days ashore.

Maryknollers Meet

About half-past five on Sunday afternoon the *Nanking* entered a narrow channel between mountains—the approach to Victoria, the chief city of Hongkong Colony.

The *Nanking* does not dock in Hongkong—the cost is

five hundred dollars a day to do that—but she simply drops anchor out in the bay, and sampans crowd around to remove passengers and luggage. We had just about decided to remain on board overnight, when a launch appeared, bearing our Maryknoll confrères. What a reunion that was! Only Fathers Walsh and Vogel looked natural; the rest were hidden behind beards, which were certainly tempting. We could hardly resist pulling Father O'Shea's, monstrous and red. We hurried to the launch and to shore, singing *Maryknoll.*

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

Reunion Notes

Friday morning at six bells, we steamed out of Shanghai en route for Hongkong, and arrived Sunday night. Father Vogel was the first we spied. He was followed closely by Father O'Shea, whose head was covered by a large white helmet and his face by a beard I would not venture to say of what color! Then came Fathers McShane, Ford, and Walsh, and, with the exception of Father Meyer, who remained at Loting to complete Father McShane's house, the Maryknoll reunion in China was complete.

We spent the next few days seeing Hongkong. The war was still going on when we reached Canton. It does not take long to see Canton, but I suggest that the next group be supplied with gas masks to protect them against the smells.

On November 6, three of us boarded a Chinese junk en route for Shuitung and Kochow. Fathers O'Shea, Donovan, and I were the party.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

Shanghai, November 2—this looks like a vacation, doesn't it? And it is—for me. Father McShane was advised to go under an operation for appendicitis, and Shanghai was chosen, and I was elected his escort. He is at the General Hospital, under the care of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. The Mother Superior had been to both

1. Chapel of St. Joseph's Hospital 2. Mr. Lo (center) and Mr. Tsu (right)
3. Mr. Lo placing a medal on the neck of a condemned man

WITH CATHOLIC CHINESE NOTABLES OF SHANGHAI

Hawthorne and Maryknoll and is making a pet of our invalid. The operation was a success and the improvement is marked already. The rest here will give our missioner a good handicap for beginning the new mission of Loting when he returns.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Who's Where Over There, 1920–1921

[On November 15, Fathers Walsh, Dietz, and McKenna took the boat at Hongkong for Wuchow. Father McKenna was to remain at Wuchow for a month until the Loting house should be completed, when he would join Father McShane. Father Wiseman was named "curate" to Father O'Shea at Kochow; Father Donovan to Father Meyer at Tungchen; and Father Hodgins to Father Ford at Yeungkong.

To relieve our missioners of numerous clerical details, and to leave them freer to do their work of evangelizing, it was decided to appoint one of their number as mission Procurator. At first it was intended to locate the Procure in Canton, but no suitable house could be found. Then our Procurator turned to Hongkong. With the permission of Bishop Pozzoni, who has been unfailingly kind to Maryknollers, he accepted the hospitality of the pastor of Kowloon, Father Spada of the Milan Foreign Missions. There, in the fall of 1920, Father Cairns set about his many duties. A few months later four rooms and some furniture were secured at 4 Liberty Avenue, Kowloon, and the first Maryknoll Procure in Asia was an accomplished fact. Though compact, it was clean and comfortable, and could provide "on a pinch", by aid of roof and veranda, for half-a-dozen Maryknollers passing through Hongkong.]

Chapter 2

WUCHOW, A NEW-OLD MISSION

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
November 21, 1920.

LAST summer Bishop Ducoeur, Vicar Apostolic of Kwangsi Province, and the Maryknoll representative entered into negotiations about the cession of a part of Kwangsi to Maryknoll. Subject to the decision of Propaganda, the Bishop ceded to Maryknoll a large part of eastern Kwangsi, with the treaty port of Wuchow as the principal city and center. At the present writing the exact limits of this new territory have not been definitely settled, but the Maryknollers will take the city and sub-prefecture of Wuchow, leaving the rest to be determined later.

We are all glad it happened this way. Our Kwangtung mission is fairly large, but, unless increased later, thirty missioners will fill it. The new territory in Kwangsi will require thirty or forty more, and as these missions are side by side it will mean a large, compact body of American missioners in South China.

When Bishop Ducoeur asked that a missioner be sent this year to Wuchow, Bishop de Guèbriant appointed Father Walsh. Father Dietz, also, was assigned to Wuchow, where he will spend the year in the study of the language.

Location of Wuchow

It is time to answer the question: *Where is Wuchow?* Wuchow is the port of the Kwangsi Province, right on the boundary line where Kwangsi adjoins Kwangtung, and on the West River, which flows through both Provinces. It is a straight run from Hongkong by daily steamers which make the trip in thirty hours, and it also has the same service from Canton. This makes it very accessible. Of all places in the interior of South China, it is probably the easiest to reach.

WUCHOW, A NEW-OLD MISSION

The City of No Conversions

Wuchow has the unique distinction of never having registered a convert to the Catholic Faith. Among the missioners of Kwangtung, this has passed into a proverb, and whenever a man is discouraged at the slow rate of conversion in his mission, he will be told, "Oh, you are not so unfortunate. Think of the missioner of Wuchow, who is obliged to hire a pagan to serve his Mass!"

The evangelization of Wuchow appears, then, to be something of a difficult proposition, but it is not without a peculiar interest of its own. This will be real pioneering. There is no running start, there are no footprints to walk in, no shoulders to lean on. We must stand on our own feet, and hoe our own row. We have no vain dreams. Forty years from today may see the situation still unchanged. The Lord knows. But it is interesting. That is the only claim we make at the present time: *it is interesting.*

Arrival at Wuchow

Our boat from Hongkong was a big river steamer and everything was very comfortable. It is a Chinese line, but manned by foreign officers. The Chief Engineer, "a Sydney boy", as he described himself, made the trip pleasant by many kind attentions, not the least of which was his own company, for this mariner was not of any mournful cast and was no mean foe to dull care. There were also various Protestant missionaries on the boat, all going to Wuchow.

At Wuchow we went at once to the Catholic Mission, where Father Auguin, the incumbent up to now, was waiting to receive us. Father Seosse, the missioner of Pingnam, our nearest neighbor, was here, and these two veterans gave their three new confrères a warm welcome and a hearty dinner.

The Mission House

We are in the heart of the Chinese city, and our little property of about fifty feet square is completely surrounded by Chinese "skyscrapers". The plot is encircled by a wall, and inside that wall there are the house, a midget

of a chapel, servants' quarters, a kitchen, and about ten feet of garden. It is all rather compact, a tight fit, as it were. The house itself is not bad, however, and we shall be quite comfortable, though not as much so as in Kochow. One could not call it an eight-room house, for that would convey a false impression, and yet it actually has eight rooms in it. Perhaps it would be better to term it a four-room house divided into eight rooms, if you know what we mean. But we have occupied houses that were even less pretentious, and it will serve our turn.

White Neighbors

Fathers Auguin and Seosse showed us all the sights of this city of two hundred thousand people, and introduced us to several members of the foreign community. These were all pleasant gentlemen, and cordial, and we began to feel at home. Wuchow has a considerable foreign colony, running to about fifty people.

The Protestant missions seem to fall into three main divisions, namely: the Alliance, the English Wesleyan, and the American Baptist. All appear to have complete plants, especially the American Baptist, and they are all manned with large foreign staffs. The other foreigners here represent the Customs Service, Standard Oil, Asiatic Petroleum, and British-American-Tobacco. Formerly a British Consul was stationed here, but the post has been vacated.

After toasting the success of the new missioners, our French confrères left us, one to return to his own mission, and the other to go to Nanning.

JAMES E. WALSH

Through War to Wuchow

The trip to Maryknoll's Kwangsi Mission was exciting. The Kwangsi troops had been forced to evacuate Canton, and on leaving they blew up the arsenal. Eager for revenge, the Cantonese pursued them along the West River, and in this civil strife feeling ran so high that, instead of humane killing, slitting of the abdomen was sometimes resorted to.

Our Honkong-Wuchow boat passed through the line of combat on the second day. The first sight of actual war was a burning village on the right bank, one mass of flame. The Chinese passengers disappeared from deck and sought shelter among the mail bags in the hold; the Chinese crew refused to take the boat farther. There were a half dozen Protestant missionaries, men and women, aboard who felt that they must get to Wuchow. So the "foreigners" took hold of the vessel. It was then we saw some actual warfare. On the right bank, through smoke and fire, a company of Cantonese were advancing on the foe, the flaming town behind them. We were almost abreast of them when a cannon-ball plunged into the water right in front of our bow. Discretion seemed the better part of valor, and the *Tai Ming* steamed back to Shiuhing till next morning.

Then, seeing an American boat come down the river, the officers decided it was quite safe to ascend, for we were flying the British flag.

We went up safely, passing three or four burning villages on the way. It was raining pitchforks, and hundreds of Kwangsi soldiers (most of them without uniforms) were retreating goose-file along the narrow road through the drenching rain. We found all Wuchow in a state of apprehension, the Cantonese being expected to present themselves for revenge in a few days. However, time wore on, and until now the latter have not pressed their victory, though they are still on the river.

November 27

Father Walsh went to Canton two days ago, leaving the "curate" to celebrate Thanksgiving Day alone. I called on Mr. H——, a Swiss gentleman in the Customs, who is a Catholic, as is also his wife; and there I learned of two more for our flock: a Japanese lady and another Customs officer, nationality Portuguese, so our congregation begins to take on proportions after all. Add our importations from Canton, the two teachers and the "boy", and we get the grand sum total of seven souls.

December 3

Father Ford dropped in yesterday, and we spent Saint Francis Xavier's day happily together. By the way, our chapel here at Wuchow is dedicated to Saint Francis Xavier.

Our Victrola arrived for this happy occasion, and we worked it overtime, although the reverend pastor of Yeung-kong was loth to stop talking long enough to listen to the music.

December 4

An American gunboat came up today, and that and the British gunboat lying in the harbor give us foreigners assurance of safety.

December 6

On the fourth, Father Meyer came down from Loting, where he has spent two months wrestling with a building proposition. After shaving off his beard, he left today for Canton where he will secure a few days' rest before taking up work in his own mission again.

December 12

This is Sunday, and we invited six sailors from the American gunboat, *Pampanga*, to hear Mass. They spent the day at the Mission and we enjoyed their visit.

December 21

Father Walsh returned from Canton to "settle down" at Wuchow. He brought the Christmas packages from the Knoll, and we experienced the pleasure of being thought of. Over here, it means a great deal.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

December 23

It is time to get ready for Christmas, so today we ordered electricity for the house. The Company gives us ten lights and meter for an installation cost of forty dollars. Electricity is cheapest in the long run.

December 24

The workmen finished the wiring, and today the house is flooded with light for Christmas. There are mince pies, too, those pleasant holiday tokens having come direct from Hongkong, so you see how close we really are to civilization.

Christmas Day!

There is no snow, but a searching chill in the air creates Christmas atmosphere. Besides, the very absence of the traditional properties, such as snow and holly, only serves to emphasize the real meaning of the season. That is to say, there are no frills to Christmas here, so that the only thing to engage one's attention is the feast itself.

Midnight Mass was celebrated by Father Walsh, while Father Dietz executed a musical program. Our little congregation was out in force, and though the meagreness of their numbers reminded us forcibly that we are in the catacombs here, still it was good to see even a small number come bringing gifts to the King. The second Mass, at nine, was attended by a sailor from the English gunboat, an attractive young man.

Although loth to stray from our own fireside on Christmas Day, we were persuaded to take tiffin with our kind friends, the H——'s, and this occasion, like all our visits there, was very enjoyable. A visit to the Club was then in order, where we foregathered with the foreign community for a short time.

The Prospect for Souls

Saint Stephen's Day is quiet, and we settle down again to our simple existence of studying Chinese and making plans for the work of our mission. In thinking of future work here, one anticipates that there will be many a heartache before any great results are obtained. Kwangsi is well known to be one of the most unpromising places for missionary endeavor; it has actually a smaller number of Catholic converts than any other province in China, six thousand being the total out of a population of twenty millions. All the foreigners who live here declare that its people are much prouder and of a less

conciliatory spirit than those of the neighboring provinces. It must be admitted, however, that the Protestant missionaries have had considerable success in Wuchow and at other places in the Province, and, without knowing their figures, it is safe to say that their converts are numerous. It is possible to convert the people,—that goes without saying, and the combination of hard work, plenty of money, and God's grace, will doubtless fill the bill.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
December, 1920.

Wuchow, Maryknoll's latest mission, has a population of about one hundred thousand, and is a typical Chinese city, with narrow, filthy streets, uncovered drains, congested houses, and infinite shops. It is better off for foreign goods than most of our other missions, for one can buy oat-meal, canned milk, Australian butter, wheat flour, potatoes, and malted milk, not to mention excellent biscuits. The climate, however, is bad even in winter. Usually the only place one can get warm is in bed. Exercise helps a little, but we cannot be racing up and down all day long, especially since we have little walking space.

A Chinese City House

This Mission is a cement building about forty years old. It must have been imposing when first built, but at present it is surrounded by Chinese houses three stories high, which obstruct all view and most of the sunlight. Being in the midst of the Chinese, however, it affords an excellent opportunity to study the lives and customs of these people. From morning till midnight there is one round of noise: peddlars selling their wares, children shouting and bawling, women squabbling, dogs barking and fighting, roosters crowing, varied now and then by the restful squeaking of a Chinese violin (and of my own, also) or a Chinese flute.

But to return to the building. It is damp, that goes without saying. The upper floor consists of four square rooms

for ourselves and our guests, and separate from these a large apartment for the "boy" and our two teachers. Downstairs comprises a chapel, which could be fixed to look quite neat and attractive, a dining room, and three other rooms, two of which are too dark and damp to be of any particular use. Everything is in fairly good condition, and, with the aid of some paint and a couple of oil stoves, could be made somewhat comfortable.

Protestant Activity

The Protestants are strongly established. The hospital of the American Methodists is said to be superior to that at Canton. The English Wesleyans are intrenched in a beautiful Mission of various works, including a school of manual arts. Another denomination has a printing establishment, employing about fifty Chinese. It is here that the course in Cantonese which we are using was printed, and Mr. Cowles, the author, is, I think, in charge. There may be other institutions but these are all I am acquainted with yet.

Sanitation—Not

On first impression, China was fairyland to me, as it had often been dream-land before. But the second impression, which followed immediately after, was one of revulsion. Every one spits everywhere, the clothes of the common people are often filthy, the narrow streets are littered and slippery, and the smells are those of the Ghetto. This lack of sanitation is the only thing that got on my nerves. However, I soon came to the conclusion that it was easier to accommodate myself to four hundred million individuals than to teach them my way, so now I take it all philosophically. For the present, most of the day we are at home at our books, anyway, where we take care to keep things neat.

Chinese Characteristics

As for the Chinese themselves, my experience has been that they "grow" on one's affections, as is generally asserted. I like them heartily. They are polite, humble, simple in a

good sense, and not disposed to grumble; simply overgrown, good-natured children. At least this is true when their passions are not aroused; but at such times they are devils. In the recent pillage of the Waichow district (which forms part of the diocese of Hongkong, and therefore is not far from civilization) they were guilty of such vandalism and brutality as can hardly be imagined. But ordinarily they are very likable. A Christian from a neighboring village dropped in to see us and to attend Mass twice recently on his way through town. His smile radiated happiness. One would think he was a Maryknoller in his first weeks. Yet he was simply a poor farmer.

The Perennial Problem

A few words as to the language, which is to occupy the new men almost exclusively for a year.

In some ways it is so different from our Western tongues that it is hard to make comparisons; but in my judgment Chinese can be more easily learned than Latin or Greek. It would be simpler even than French, were it not for the tones. There are no inflections; that is, each word is unchangeable. Hence, no declensions and conjugations to burden the brain; just the one form always.

As for the tones, of which there are nine in Cantonese, I used to shudder at the thought of them, but, after all, they are clearly defined and can easily be mastered, if one takes pains at the start. I have reduced them to notes and think they will not be too difficult for any one who has an idea of "*do—re—mi*". I found my experience in teaching Mrs. Justine Ward's *First Year Music* at The Venard a great help. Plain Chant is also a good preparation; the cries of the street peddlars from morning till night sound for all the world like it, and so does reading aloud. In rapid speaking this sing-song is not so marked, but the tones are there and if you don't use them you won't be understood.

The most difficult thing for me is the syntax. Now, "*He be at that place do what, eh?*" is the way to say: "*What is he doing there?*" Or, "*Go can reach that place not, eh?*" is the ordinary way to express: "*Is it possible to go there?*"

1. The city on the river
2. Making friends with the neighbors
3. The Sunday congregation after the siege
(The priests are Father Heraud, P. F. M., and Fathers Dietz and Walsh, A. F. M.)

AT WUCHOW ON THE WEST RIVER

These things certainly tax the memory. Perhaps when one gets the Chinese point of view, this will not be so difficult.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
March, 1921.

The Wuchow Mission, owing to its having no Chinese Christians, is peculiar among the Maryknolls. One day is so much like another in our isolated existence that there are few occurrences of note to chronicle. After Mass we go to our correspondence or books, according to circumstances. We are practically recluses, but there is one advantage in that we have ample time for study. One of the "indoor sports" is to make out street cries, some of which are distinctively striking. Needless to say we know every peddler's voice by this time, but when we meet one or the other while out walking, often enough "he" happens to be a woman.

Maryknoll-at-Pakkai

An event which does not strictly belong to the Wuchow diary but ought to be chronicled somewhere, is that a house was opened for the American Missions at Pakkai, a stone's throw from Kongmoon. Kongmoon is not in our territory, but our missioners and their shipments have to pass through that port so often, that it was felt necessary to have some place for them to stay overnight and say Mass, as also some individual to attend to trans-shipment of baggage. Father Coste, who like so many of his confrères is happy to have been of service to us, says that the house is large enough to harbor three missioners, and that a Christian will be there continually to attend to the needs of passing travelers. Heretofore our missioners were obliged to remain on the horrible junks overnight and be deprived of Mass until arriving at their destinations. Though not in our territory, Kongmoon is centrally located and one has to pass it when going by water (the most practical way) from one of our missions to another.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
March, 1921.

En route to Tungon, I took in Shiuhing, arriving there in the evening, as it is just one day from Wuchow. Then followed two happy days, talking over mission plans with the Jesuit Fathers, and inspecting their new school in which they rightly take great pride. The school impressed me, and I observed that it is a good nucleus for the South China University for which we are all hoping. Father Henriques, the Superior, has been thinking much about the University, but he does not see how they can undertake it. It will call for much money and many men, while they are few and poor. It is the same story all along the line; but all are agreed on the need, and there is much agitation on the question at present. Something may come of it.

A Mission Harassed

The visitation of Tungon took ten days, for it is a whole year since the Christians saw a priest. The burned village is just as Father Superior saw it three years ago. Not a thing has been done to repair all the damage. The Christians are too poor. Although Peking has been addressed, nothing has come of that effort, either. And there will be nothing done, one feels sure, until a missioner is stationed there and has time to take some interest in the thing. This village was destroyed as the result of a feud, and apparently a bitter one, for the other clan still heckles our Christians, killing off a few of them from time to time. The last victim was Ah-man, the Christian who conducted Father Superior on his trip, and who also conducted Father Meyer only last year. The enemies announced that they will hunt out every Christian. I tried to see these people and inform them that we were about ready to do a little justice on our own account, but they would not appear to talk with me. This may not be a religious persecution; the Christians try to make it appear so, but I have seen many of these cases, and if one looks far enough one will generally find some family squabble over land or some other secular matter. But it is bad enough, and we should have a man there to protect our people.

Tungon City

Tungon City surprised me. Readers of *Observations in the Orient* will remember the marble mountains described by Father Superior. They are simply wonderful, and in one of them there is a large cave which might rival the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky. This marble is reputed to equal that of Carrara. At present, any person may go and cut out by hand whatever he wants; it belongs to the municipality and there are no restrictions.

I visited the Mandarin, who gave me the most courteous treatment I ever received at the hands of his ilk. He wished me to take my meals with him and sleep in his house while in Tungon, sent soldiers to escort me every step of the way on my visitation, and obtained permission for me to spend the night in the Tungon Guild Hall at the West River Port, where one is forced to wait for the steamer. He also promised to arrest the marauders who are killing and robbing our Christians.

The Tungon District

After visiting every village, I cast up accounts, and found that, out of a hundred, only thirty have been to the Sacraments. They are not instructed; that is the only trouble. They wish to receive the Sacraments ardently enough. Their faith seems to be very strong, and that is a little surprising, too, for this mission has been practically neglected for five or six years. The spirit of the people is remarkably good, and it will make a fine mission for some lucky man at the end of this year. Yes, we can hardly let it go any longer than that. This will mean the usual business of buying the land, and building to install the missioner—but don't reach for your fountain-pen just yet. We hope to make a real appeal for Tungon soon. He will be a lucky missioner who goes there. The Christians are few but have a wonderful spirit, the country is extremely attractive physically, the Christian villages are not nearly so scattered as usual—no day's trip being more than fifteen miles—and of all the American Mission stations in Kwangtung it is the most conveniently located for access to the outside world. Take it all in all, it is a "good parish".

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
April, 1921.

The war between Kwangtung and Kwangsi, long prophesied, has at last broken out and they are fighting at a good clip down the river. I think there will be no trouble in Wuchow itself as there are so many foreigners here; and, in fact, there is an American gunboat here to protect us all. Father Dietz and I took lunch on the boat yesterday and found one of the sailors to be a young man from Cumberland, Maryland! It is like a trip home to meet a man from one's own town.

The war is a matter of Chinese politics that would take a long time to explain—or rather, nobody can explain it. How long it will last is problematic, but most people do not regard it seriously. It is said there is going to be fighting in Loting and Kochow, but our missioners report things quiet there so far. We are not worrying, for this state of affairs is almost a normal condition in China.

Father Dietz and I are well but getting no converts. I don't hope to do much in Wuchow until we can get a larger property with room enough for a school and a reception hall. Our present home is so small that we could not invite the people here even if they wished to come. I have been dickering for a property for a long time but without success. After a hunt I settled on what I considered the most desirable site, a hill lying between the business section and the foreign section. This would make a fine mission and is suitable on every count. But the price! I was so disgusted that I dropped the whole matter. One could buy the same land in Hongkong itself for a good deal less money. Well, that's the way it goes. We shall have to wait and see what we can do as time goes on.

JAMES E. WALSH

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
July, 1921.

At Canton Doctor Sun Yat Sen was inaugurated as the new and, according to his party, only valid President of

China. Rumors of war continued, but nothing of actual importance took place for some time. The new Government at Canton was evidently hard pressed for funds and resorted to many ingenious devices to get them. Kwangsi sided with the Peking Government, not because it loves Peking more, but Canton less, and because peace is abnormal and nerve-racking. So far as I have been able to observe, war is the only national sport of this country, much as baseball in America.

The American gunboat, the *Pampanga*, came into port and some of the crew paid a welcome visit. Uncle Sam's boys will remain here awhile to see that his citizens at the Baptist and Catholic Missions and at the Standard Oil are not molested.

The Opening Attack

On June 20 the fun began! It was the beginning of the memorable siege of Wuchow. We knew from reports that fighting was going on down the river, but not did expect local action so soon. China is fast modernizing! Please throw overboard your notions of a primitive civilization over here. An airplane flew over the town and dropped a couple of bombs, causing much consternation and a little damage. Most of the shops shut their doors, and people ran in all directions. One of the bombs dropped about two blocks from here into a shop which was fortunately empty at the time. The river, a mile below us, is said to be mined; and machine guns are common on both sides. The World War has evidently taught more lessons than one.

Panic and Refugees

Two days later we heard the booming of guns down the river. There was no particular news, save a rumor that Kwangsi was getting the worst of it in the battle going on.

The next morning we witnessed a general exodus from the town. The houses and shops were closed, and the frightened people were making for the other side of the river and for towns farther up. In the afternoon the airplane came again and accentuated the general panic by dropping some more

bombs. 'Twas a most unwelcome visitor and gave one a creepy feeling. It also dropped circulars saying that the people in the town would not be molested, and inviting the Kwangsi soldiers to come over to the Kwangtung side with their arms, promising them an extra month's pay.

We had many demands made on us to take people in, and we gladly admitted into our little compound whoever asked to come. The place was crowded with men, women, children, chickens, dogs, baggage, boxes, and household furniture, and we had indeed as much privacy as gold-fish. Our place is right in the heart of the Chinese city, far from all foreigners, and only a stone's throw from the principal yamen, which the airplane was trying to hit, and which the Cantonese troops would probably go for the first thing.

Father Walsh and I went to the Customs, looking for news, and found the place a sight! The officials had given refuge to hundreds of Chinese who were encamped in the basements, on the porches, and over the spacious lawns.

Friends in Need

At the Club we met Lieutenant M—— of the *Pampanga*. He said that in case of serious trouble all foreigners should assemble in the Standard Oil compound, where he would protect them. On the way home we met one of his men who had been to our place to inform us about arrangements. At home we found more neighbors pressing in to know if we would protect them, to which we assented. Their constant question was: "Fear? Not fear?"—that is, "Is there reason to fear?" To which we answered, "Not fear," though we were not so sure about it. The town was wrapped in deep stillness for once—but around the Mission there was more talking and crying of babies than e'er before.

Next day rumors were rife. The airplane came again, dropping a bomb a few blocks away, wounding two people. One of our parishioners, a foreigner, called, all excited, and told us we were going to see some big doings. He also lent us a *Colt 45*, which we were glad to get, for we had no gun in the place. It would serve to frighten away effectively

any scattering of looting soldiers whom our bare faces and the "Flower-Flag" at the door might not inspire with sufficient awe. Mr. V——, of the Standard Oil Company, dropped in to see us and invited us to his house in case of trouble. It was a kind offer, but for the people's sake we decided to remain here.

An Ill Wind's Good

It's an ill wind that blows no good. With so many people so close to a chapel and a priest, what more natural than to invite them to a talk? So Father Walsh did it, explaining our reason for being here, removing a few false notions, and instilling some fundamental religion. The language teacher followed with another little advisory talk, and, on request, presented his hearers with catechisms. One can never tell if anything will come from such an effort, but it can hardly do any harm, and as it was the first time we were able to get a crowd in Wuchow to listen to us, the opportunity was not to be passed over. Several of the people were afterwards busy perusing the little book, but unfortunately many, especially women, cannot read. However, the "professor" and all the "boys" were zealous in giving information at every opportunity about the "Doctrine of the Lord of Heaven".

Rumors

A committee of Wuchow business men went down the river to ask the Cantonese to take peaceable possession of the town, since the local military officials had disappeared. The *Tarantula*—a big British gunboat—hove in, bringing the British Consul from Canton. More people came to the Mission; and the dining room, the porches, back yard, and attic, were turned into dormitories where the refugees slept on bamboo or straw mats scattered over the floor.

A letter from the British Consul late at night said that after consultation with the Chinese authorities he could not promise much, or guarantee absolute safety. He could not say when hostilities would cease, and invited all foreign ladies to leave for Hongkong on the *Tarantula*.

On June 25 we consumed the Blessed Sacrament so as to have the chapel space to quarter refugees. At breakfast Mr. P——, an English missionary of the Alliance Missions, called and invited us to stay at their compound in case of trouble, which he expected shortly, for the Kwangsi troops were preparing for a resistance to the invaders, and the Canton gunboats—nearly a dozen—would probably bombard the town. This sounded serious, for in that case we could not protect the people at all. So we sallied forth to the Customs for further confirmation of this news.

On the way we met the Commissioner, and at his request accompanied the Consul to the American gunboat. Lieutenant M—— and others proceeded to shore to protest against an eleventh-hour machine-gun emplacement shrewdly erected near the Customs building, and on which the Cantonese would not dare to return fire without getting into serious trouble with the foreign gunboats. But we left before they began their parley, and returned to the Mission no wiser than before.

About one o'clock word came that Kwangsi had left and that the Cantonese gunboats were actually coming up the river to take possession. The whole place breathed a united sigh of relief, for we had the assurance—not entirely reliable, of course—that the Cantonese would take quiet possession and indulge in no looting, if not resisted. But the rumor seemed too good to be true; so Father Walsh accompanied our kind messenger back to the Customs, where he found the same state of excitement as before and no Cantonese gunboats in sight. He had tea—the usual Saturday afternoon affair—at the Commissioner's and heard many conflicting rumors.

Kwangsi's Change of Mind

The sudden determination on the part of Kwangsi to defend Wuchow, after all the military had apparently retreated, calls for an explanation. It is said that as the chief Kwangsi commander was fleeing up the river he met two Kwangsi gunboats, loaded with ammunition, coming to the rescue. So he turned about and came back. This displeased every one

in town, for resistance meant battle and destruction. We all preferred to have the Kwangsi forces acknowledge their defeat and retire quietly, leaving the city to the Cantonese.

The next day—Sunday—at about three in the morning, rifles cracked intermittently in the streets, and suddenly the electric lights went off, causing a general hubbub at the Mission while oil-lamps were procured. We arose sleepily, not too well prepared for any emergency that might occur; but gradually the disturbance died down and we returned to our slumbers. Mr. de S——, our only parishioner at Mass that morning, informed us that he had to climb over the barricade at the "Little South Gate" to get here. There were six dead soldiers in sight. But the skirmish had been due to a mistake—the defenders of the town having mistaken reinforcements for enemies.

The Cantonese land forces were closing in on the town from both sides, and their gunboats were simply waiting till they should be ready, before coming up. We passed an anxious forenoon, for serious trouble seemed imminent; an impression that was only strengthened by the fact that when the writer tried to go to the foreign settlement in the afternoon he found all the gates of the town barred or barricaded, and a guard of soldiers at each. He succeeded in having one of the gates opened to let him through, and so continued on to reconnoitre. Meanwhile the airplane came over again, dropping three bombs, one of them injuring one man, and smashing windows only a block from the Mission.

The Cantonese Take Possession

The *Pampanga*, with the British Consul and others on board, went down stream to parley. Shortly after, to the accompaniment of firecrackers and other signs of joy from the besieged town, the whole string of Cantonese gunboats glided silently into port. Some of them, indeed, did not look formidable—in case of trouble one shell from the foreign ships would have sent them to the bottom. Yet a few of them were "right classy," as a Southerner might say.

It seems that the British Consul, by some manner of persuasion, induced the Kwangsi men to agree to leave

without firing a shot,—the only condition on which the Cantonese promised to take peaceable possession. It all seems like a joke now, but we can thank him for averting what might have been a serious business.

The Cantonese General had a proclamation posted everywhere through the town, assuring the people of protection and requesting the immediate restoration of business and normal life. The effect was immediate. The streets filled with people, bearing back their belongings to their deserted homes; the shops threw open their doors; and a continuation of firecrackers gave vent to great satisfaction. It must seem strange to foreigners to see an enemy so warmly welcomed, not only by the many Cantonese who are engaged in business here, but by the Kwangsi inhabitants. The explanation is, that these wars are quarrels among the military, and the people as a whole are not interested. There is no room for patriotism or local feeling in most cases. Men fight on one side or the other, according to inducements. For instance, the Kwangsi General, who came to reinforce the city and caused the skirmish early in the morning, has with his entire forces gone over to the Cantonese side; yet no one thinks of him as a traitor.

Our refugees prepared to return home, so we gave them another little talk, urging them to come around when occasion offered, and to look seriously into the matter of joining the Church. Two women and one man announced their desire to become Christians. Besides, these troublous times have produced a renewal of fervor in a Chinese Catholic family of the town of whose existence we were previously ignorant. Thus God draws good out of the evil He permits.

Wuchow Occupied

Many of the people who returned to their homes came back later to the Mission, especially the women. The town was swarming with soldiers with and without uniforms; and the Chinese are accustomed to look back and recall what *has* happened under similar circumstances. About fifty of our refugees were still with us, taking no chances.

In search of further information, we spoke with the foreign crews of several Hongkong boats shortly come to port. While there, the airplane—which is a seaplane—came along and made a perfect "landing", to the great delight of everyone. This is the first airplane that has ever appeared in Wuchow.

On June 29, Foundation Day, we sent our thoughts over the seas to Ossining and kept them there. We spent the day restfully, giving our nerves a chance to quiet down.

About ten in the morning the professor brought the disquieting news that soldiers were looting a house a few doors away from ours, and the people were looking on, frightened and submissive. At the report that the soldiers were going to set fire to it, Father Walsh went and protested, and they desisted from this latter intention, much to the disgust of one who was soaking the place in kerosene. But such looting is not usually dangerous nor widespread, being part of a thoroughly systematic plan to punish Kwangsi militarists for the havoc they wrought in Kwangtung last year. It is only the houses of these people that are being looted, and it is being done quietly.

Mr. V—— of the Standard Oil Company went to Pingnam, one day's voyage up the river, to bring several Protestant women-missionaries of that port to safety.

Good Out of Evil

By June 30 things had almost resumed their normal state, except that we still had a few people quartered with us.

Glancing over the events and dangers of those ten days, we feel at the Mission that there are several things we have much reason to be thankful for, chiefly:

1—God's Providence permitted no harm to come to us and the hundred and odd souls entrusted temporarily to our care.

2—THE ICE HAS BEEN BROKEN at Wuchow. Although not more than half a dozen have shown what might be called an efficacious interest in the Faith, yet all our neighbors have become our friends. We have sown the seed and watered it; it requires time to sprout and grow; and in His own good time God will see to the increase.

FREDERICK C. DIETZ

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
July, 1921.

We marked with a red letter the day which brought the news that Father Gauthier has been named Bishop of the new vicariate in Western Kwangtung. Right from the start Father Gauthier has done all he could to guide and help us and the American Mission has not a better friend in China. We tried to send him a telegram of congratulations, but found the soldiers had clipped the wires.

First Catechumens

We are meeting with a few signs of interest since we started running a quasi-hotel during the siege.

We have sent to Canton for two catechists, a man and his wife, who will instruct our neophytes and do what they can towards attracting others. We shall need to rent a house in the town, as our present compound is too small. Wuchow is a crowded little city, but the catechumens seem very anxious to have teachers and they are all looking around for a house, so we may yet find something. We must certainly bend every effort to meet them halfway by providing teachers.

In this way we shall be able to have the men and women instructed at the same time, and so will be enabled to baptize complete families all together. Experience has demonstrated that as a rule this is the only practical way to secure real Christians, and consequently we will endeavor to follow this schedule in the present case.

Peace Events

On July 4, the Standard Oil did the honors for the American community with an "At Home" in the late afternoon. It was one of the least unpleasant society affairs that we ever attended. Every foreigner in the port was there. Several Chinese celebrities were also present, among them being General N——, the field officer in command of the entire Cantonese army. He looks like a little schoolboy who could not say *boo* to a goose, but is reputed to be one of the very best military men in South China. Another interesting personage was a Mr. M——, just appointed Commis-

CHILDREN OF CHINA—MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS' NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS

sioner of Foreign Affairs for this Province. I had met this young man before, having sat next to him at a banquet somewhere, and he told me that he had attended De Paul University in Chicago (conducted by the Vincentian Fathers) for several years, and had later entered the University of Chicago, where he finished his education. He is not a Christian, but seems well disposed towards religion, and is a nice type of American-educated Chinese.

The War Again

The war scare, though somewhat dissipated, is still present. Business is only half-hearted. There is still fighting up the river, and, from the reports, the Cantonese are having it all their own way. Town after town has fallen, and generally without even a shot being fired. Their objective is Nanning, capital of the Province and the home of the Kwangsi militarists. The Cantonese forces are yet forty miles distant from that city, but it has been such a walkover for them so far that they are expected to capture it now in short order. Our Bishop, Monseigneur Ducoeur, also lives in Nanning, where the Catholic Mission is a flourishing one. He is not worrying, however, about the war, for he is an old missioner in China and war is one of the least of his troubles. To my own certain knowledge, the sinews of war, or rather the lack of them, worry him a great deal more.

"What They Fought Each Other For"

General Chan Kwing Ming, Commander-in-Chief of the Kwangtung forces, has issued a manifesto explaining their reasons for making war. It is a dignified and able document. The argument is that last fall, when they succeeded in wresting their own Province from the military of Kwangsi, they were content to let well enough alone. But recently the Peking Government had instructed the Kwangsi militarists to retake Kwangtung, and had furnished them with money and supplies for that purpose. The best proof of this was the fact that the Kwangsi men mobilized and actually invaded parts of Kwangtung before the Cantonese made a move. Consequently they had embarked on what

they considered to be a war of self-defence, but at the same time, since they now realized that they would never be let alone as long as the Kwangsi military men remained in power, they had determined to make a clean-up job while they were at it and drive them out of their own stamping-grounds. Whether all this is true or not, we have no way of knowing.

It appears that the present Cantonese Government is assuming the upper hand in the politics of South China. This means that the extremely radical Republicans, whose head and front is Sun Yat Sen, are on top in this region, and there are even some who think that they may eventually get the ascendancy throughout the nation—a position to which they professedly aspire. The leaders in this party are largely recruited from Chinese educated in America. There is serious doubt in the minds of some about the wisdom of applying American ideas to China, and especially in an over-night manner.

The people do not care who wins the war. All they desire is a little peace, and a whole skin in which to enjoy it. There are not many Patrick Henrys in China, and those may have both liberty and death who want them, but as for themselves, they prefer tranquility.

An Impression Made

By this time all our refugees have left the mission. A recent edition of one of the Wuchow dailies, the *New Kwangsi Journal*, carried a short article expressing gratitude to the Catholic Mission for having protected many citizens during the recent trouble. It is only a contributed article, but it may contribute to help the cause. Here it is:

"The other day when war broke out, we, the undersigned, with many others of the neighborhood, were admitted into the Catholic Mission in Classical Hall Street to take refuge, and we are obliged to the Fathers for their protection. In addition we were well treated while there, and our fears were allayed. Now we have moved back to our homes, and whereas we could find no other means to repay such kindness, we are taking this means to express our gratitude."

JAMES E. WALSH

WUCHOW, A NEW-OLD MISSION

American Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
August, 1921.

During this month of extreme heat, very little history was made at Wuchow.

On the first, the Mission got its new catechist in the person of Mr. Methusaleh Cheung, a young man from Canton with excellent recommendations.

The Kwangsi war has been going on desultorily all month, with the Cantonese steadily gaining. Meanwhile, the fomer war lord of Kwangsi has sought refuge in Annam, the French colony in Indo-China. International law perhaps demanded that the French protect him as a political refugee, but that is certainly returning good for evil. I recall reading years ago, when I was still at college, an *Associated Press* article which related the story of how a military official in Kwangsi, China, had herded all the lepers of his district, to the number of hundreds, into a big ditch and buried them alive. That official was the present political refugee. The lepers were being cared for by the French missioners at Nanning; in fact, they were their catechumens under instruction. Hence, we do not wish him any ill luck, but our love for him is purely supernatural.

August 20 brought Father Wiseman, on his way to his new mission at Pingnam. Pingnam is on the river above Wuchow, in Kwangsi, and Father Wiseman is going up to look the place over.

JAMES E. WALSH

Chapter 3

LOTING AND TUNGCHEN

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
November 12, 1920.

A LETTER came from Father Walsh ten days ago, saying that he was leaving Hongkong for Canton, to look up the contractor and some necessary material, He hoped to be in Loting by the first of November.

Meanwhile, the work on the house progresses. By economizing on cement, we were able to get up the first floor arches. Above that, very little cement will be used until we come to the tiles for the roof. The work goes on regardless of weather, for we don't build here without putting up two structures. The first is a mat-shed that goes up at the beginning. It is built of light poles, tied together and covered with thatched matting. It is the same as the Chinese use for theatres, assemblies, and all other temporary structures. It will be a long time before the Chinese build Colosseums, at least here in the South. They can put up a mat-shed that will accommodate as large a convention as you wish, and rent it to you for fifty dollars a month. What permanent structure could compete with that?

Since I had no hand in its designing I feel free to say that this will be the most comfortable house we have. With a good exposure to the prevailing summer winds, a wide veranda with ceiling, and a sleeping porch, I think it would be hard to improve on it except in minor details. If the mat-shed did not half hide it, I would have a picture for you, but I must leave that to Father McShane.

My time is fully occupied trying to get an old shop into shape as a chapel for Father McShane. The altar is on the order of that at Maryknoll, with the *Chi-Rho* in the center, carved capitals on the two columns, and seven Chinese characters carved into the base, "Come down from heaven

to earth to save men." The tabernacle has the two carved side panels, the Chi-Rho in the center above, with four characters meaning "Lover of us". I was for, "Lover of mankind", but the catechist stood for the other, and I let him have his way.

Of course, the altar is only plain pine, but much cheaper than it could be had at home. The principal reason is that the work costs very little, the wages of both the carpenter and the carver being about twenty cents a day.

I am just over a three days' attack of the "flu", during which I used Father McShane's aspirin, the gift of Mr. G—— of New York. I don't know what I should have done without it.

BERNARD F. MEYER

December 3

Here I am on the boat at last. I do not know when Father McShane can come, so I have hired a "policeman" to watch the place at Loting until he arrives. If there is no priest around, the thieves get very bold.

My cabin is a little piano box 'tween decks, that usually holds four but which I got for myself by paying four fares, a total of three dollars and twenty cents. By taking up some boards of the floor I can stand up on the floor below, but the door of egress is eighteen inches by thirty-six, *the lesser measurement being the vertical one!* I crawled out this morning in time to see a boat pass going up with a wicker chair in the prow.

December 4

We arrived at Namkonghau last evening and crawled between the blankets for a few hours' sleep before the arrival of the Hongkong boat bound for Wuchow, which was due a little after midnight.

Two p. m. found me at the Wuchow Mission, where I met Fathers Ford, Dietz, and McKenna. I learned that the boat with the wicker chair, which passed us on the river yesterday, was taking Fathers Walsh and McShane "home" to Loting.

December 8

I am now in Hongkong for a two days' stay and take the night boat to-morrow for Canton. From there I expect to leave about the eighteenth. There has been no news from my Mission for a month or more, because I told the "boys" to write me at Canton, thinking that I should have been there long before this. I hope the Mission has suffered no more loss than that of the contents of the kitchen; though it would not be at all surprising if the retreating Kwangsi men, or the brave fellows, "turn-pirate, turn-soldier", had broken into the house. However, in everything that has happened since I left Tungchen, I seem to be able to trace so evidently the hand of God that I am not at all disturbed.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
December, 1920.

Our dispensary is getting a reputation. I haven't killed anybody, and, seriously, I have had two rather remarkable cases. While I admit that all the results may be explained by natural causes, I like to think that the intercession of Father Price, whose help I asked in both instances, had considerable to do with the recoveries; and that feeling is strengthened by the remembrance of his zeal. I know he must have often repeated the words of Saint Francis Xavier, "Lord, give me souls," and I like to picture him now before the High Throne pleading for his dear mission in Kwangtung.

Healing the Sick

One case was that of a boy with an affected knee, of whom I have spoken before. The knee was enlarged and he had not been able to use the leg for three years. When he was brought to me I felt there was nothing to be done; but, to satisfy the parents, I painted it once or twice with iodine and prescribed bathing with hot water, which treatment I know was not carried out. He was the only son and I made a special appeal to Father Price to help me, because I thought it would mean so much for the spirit of this poor mission.

I was much surprised, a month or two later, to find the boy in much better health and able to use the leg a little. I brought him to school and directed him to exercise it as much as possible. Now I return to find that, while the knee is still enlarged, the leg has grown nearly as long as the other, and he walks with only a very slight limp. The parents, naturally, are overjoyed and the case is being much talked about by all.

If Father Price had a hand in this I fear he will have his hands full in the future; and if he didn't I am likely to lose my reputation just as soon as another case does not end so fortunately. In any event, it's up to the good Lord—it's His mission.

Another case was that of a twelve-year-old boy I went to see just before leaving in September for Canton. He had had violent stomach pains for several months and I found him almost a skeleton and doubled up in agony. I was very anxious to do something, as the family had fallen back into their old superstitions, so I again asked Father Price for help. I gave the boy some paregoric to ease the pain, then instructed him as well as I could for confession and gave him absolution, expecting that he would die before I should get back from Canton. On my return I found him in apparently very good health and able to carry wood into market. In remarkable contrast to this was the case of the boy's uncle, who, taken sick, called in a pagan doctor, and shortly afterwards died.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
January, 1921.

I walked all day in the rain to reach the outpost of the Sunyi mission in this direction. It is a little market town, forty miles from Tungchen. Judging from the decaying condition of the shops that border its single street, it should soon cease to exist. One finds the same "down-at-the-heels" appearance wherever he goes up here. No one dares do anything on account of the unsettled condition of affairs,

and matters seem going from bad to worse. I am told that the people are growing poorer every year. It is easy to believe it.

I have just been interrupted by one of the young men coming up for medicine for "Grandma," who is none other than the queen of the village herself. She has granulated eyelids and I racked my brains for something in my slender store that might be good for that affliction. Finally, I gave her a *Hail Mary* and a wash to be applied to the eyes. I have more confidence in the *Hail Mary;* though, if good results follow, the medicine gets the credit.

Again the Catechist-Need

I have had visits recently from a number of people, perhaps thirty or more in all, who expressed their desire to become Christians. Last year I baptized more than fifty adults, and now have a catechist in a new village of twenty persons, whom I hope to be able to baptize at Christmas. The more recent arrivals will have to wait their turn until I can send them a catechist. At present there is none available. I have six men and three women at work and could use more if I could afford to hire them.

My predecessor had only two or three men catechists and one woman, and so had to do one of two things: either let some village go altogether; or remove the catechist from one village before the people were properly instructed, in order to send him elsewhere.

Of course, to those who have been reading of conversions by the thousand in the North of China, twenty or thirty catechumens may not seem many, but it should be remembered that this is comparatively new territory. Besides, it is said that the people of the South are harder to convert. One good result of a slower influx of new Christians is that they can be assimilated and the Christian tradition better preserved.

Difficulties of the Pioneers

While it is still true that a missioner does not exactly hold a sinecure, still when we think of the difficulties of the men of twenty or thirty years ago, particularly here in

the interior, we must count ourselves very fortunate. We, for instance, experience a spirit of tolerance where they too often found hatred and persecution, and I often wonder what would have happened to the missions during the latter part of the last century if it had not been for the strong arm of the French Government.

The priest of that period knew hardly any of the women of his congregation. They dared not show their faces and he dared not hunt them out. If he were so fortunate as to have a good woman catechist he might succeed in having most of them instructed for confession and Holy Communion. Now one finds the spirit changing a little, as it is changing all over China; though up here it is only a little as yet. But it is an entering wedge, and it is only a question of time, I think, until women will be as free in China as elsewhere. Even now the catechist has little difficulty in marshaling the women to meet their "spiritual fathers", and I have had women who were contemplating entering the Church come, though very shyly, in the company of a Christian, to see me. Such a thing would have been unheard of fifteen or twenty years ago.

As one comes to realize what those who were here ahead of us had to face, he loses all inclination to criticise and begins instead to marvel at their sacrifice and devotion, and, above all, to recognize the manifest working of the Holy Spirit in the fructification of a soil evidently so hard and stubborn. When the Spirit "brooded over the waters" in the beginning, the work of fructification is generally admitted to have been that of a long period of time; so I like to think of the Spirit of God now hovering over the dark abyss of the waters of paganism, slowly and silently, yet none the less surely, manifesting His omnipotent fructifying power.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
May 15, 1921.

On a recent trip we passed a wayside shrine where a "medium" lay on his back on an altar, answering the ques-

tions of one or two men and a number of women who were gathered around. I understand that these "mediums" are practically all charlatans who are gifted with a ready tongue and have learned a number of verses that might apply to almost anything under the sun. They remind one of the oracles of the ancient Greeks.

Confucianism Adapted

At a resting place I had an argument with a young Confucian student who was very frankly an atheist. He was firm in the belief that the soul has no existence after death, though the reasons he gave were a hodge-podge of inconsistencies. He claimed to be a follower of Confucius, but, as a matter of fact, his doctrines were those of one of the later rationalists, who, by explaining away certain troublesome sayings of Confucius, attempt to make him the founder of their cult. It is nowhere recorded that Confucius denied the existence of the supernatural. When asked about the nature of heaven he evaded the question by replying, "Why speculate on the ways of heaven when you do not yet understand how to act on earth?" If Confucius could only come to life and hear all the mutually contradictory doctrines that are taught in his name and claim to rest on his authority!

Tungchen War Notes

We reached Loting in due time, after nothing more exciting than spending two nights in a plague-stricken market. We tried for four hours to keep our feet on a red mud path that might be compared in slipperiness to an ice pond set at an angle of thirty degrees, but we arrived finally at Loting, where we found two busy missioners.

High water made our trip to the West River a rapid one, and by noon of the day after leaving Loting we were at Wuchow, where several of the Maryknollers had gathered for a business meeting.

Our unusually quick trip up the river to Kochow, and the events that followed our arrival there, are described in the Kochow diary. I was finally able to finish the much in-

1. The walled compound of the Mission 2. Father Meyer and part of his flock
3. Some of "the boys"

THE MARYKNOLL MISSION AT TUNGCHEN, 1921

terrupted retreat to the catechists, and on Independence Day bade adieu to Kochow. I was not molested in the least en route, and arrived the next day at Tungchen to find everyone, soldiers and civilians, just getting over a great scare. Father Donovan seems to have been the only one not frightened.

It is reported about like this. The soldiers are afraid of being shot; the officers are afraid the soldiers will not be dependable, as they are mostly mercenaries and have more than once proven beyond a doubt that they may be depended upon to go over to the other side if it looks safer; and the civilians are afraid of soldiers, of whatever side. Hence it was that the generals of the army in Tungchen called on Father Donovan to arrange in advance against possible eventualities; and, as soon as the soldiers began to come into Tungchen in their retreat from Sunyi, the civilians fled precipitately over the hills in every direction, dragging, driving, and carrying their most precious belongings—pigs, cattle, chickens and household utensils.

To us this is laughable, but for these poor people it is a serious business. There is little discipline among the soldiers; in fact, I suspect they are often encouraged to forage, for the more they can pick up in this way the more contented they will be, and the more popular the leader who has led them into such "green pastures". This is true even of the Kwangtung forces, whose business it is to defend the Province, while the excesses of the Kwangsi soldiers have been unbelievable. Here in Tungchen the Kwangtung soldiers—chiefly men from other provinces, however—broke into most of the stores and houses, though it must be said to the credit of their commanders that four were shot for stealing.

At present, things are still far from normal, as there is a fear that the tide of battle may again be turned in this direction. Fortunately, it receded from this valley just in time to allow the people to cut their rice, which, had the disturbance continued two weeks longer, would have been largely lost.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Tungchen,
August, 1921.

Father Baldit, the French missioner who had charge of the Tungchen mission for twelve years just previous to being called home to serve under the tri-color, came up to visit the place where he had spent the best years of his life.

Good From the Boxer Movement

He came here just after the Boxer uprising, and in the more or less widespread movement towards the Church that followed he baptized upwards of a hundred persons in the sub-prefecture of Loting, now in charge of Father McShane.

The genesis of that movement is interesting. It had been only a short time before that the Empress had caused posters to be put up in all parts of the empire, declaring all Catholic missioners equal in rank to the local Mandarins. After the Boxer troubles there followed an edict declaring the Christian religion good, decreeing imperial protection to all who should embrace it, and threatening that any one who should in any way molest the Christians would be most severely punished. The result was to advertise Christianity in every corner of China more efficiently than an army of missioners could have done. Many inquiries resulted and those missions that had the means and personnel to take advantage of the movement gained an impetus, particularly in the North, that still continues.

Women of the Flock

I baptized five women who had been under instruction for some time. This is in connection with the special effort we are making to have all the women instructed and baptized so as to have Christian families. It is no less the rule here than almost all the world over that the influence of the mother in religious matters is greater than that of the father.

Several women who have been studying for some months went to confession today for the first time. The country churches do not have confessionals as we know them, but for the men there is a prie-dieu in the sacristy, and for the women a wood screen out in the body of the church with

the grating covered by a curtain. Men and women are heard at separate times.

Sunday being a feast day, a considerable number came in a day ahead, and on Sunday morning I had quite a congregation. A thermometer placed in the sun registered nearly 120° yet a half-dozen women walked twenty miles, and many who live not quite so far away brought their children. And do not think that it is not difficult for them, this which few foreign women could do at all. If their red and perspiring faces were not evidence enough, there were the calls for medicine to allay the chills and subsequent fever incident to what seemed a mild sort of sunstroke and which is met with very frequently here in summer.

Tungchen's Need of Sisters

One of my recent sick calls was in the village which last year swelled my list of converts by forty. It was to a woman dying of blood poison. She died the day after, and now two others of the village wish to become Christian because that woman died so peacefully, In another village, to which I sent a woman catechist recently to instruct the wife and daughter-in-law of one of my Christians, several women have expressed a desire to become Catholics, though their husbands claim they have no time to study. They are women to whom I gave some medicine last year and with whose children I made friends. It may be that China will be saved by her women; at least, she will not be saved without them, and I am beginning to think that even at Tungchen, where there would be little need for an orphanage or old folks' home, the Maryknoll Sisters would find in the dispensary for women and children a most fruitful apostolate.

BERNARD F. MEYER

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
December, 1920.

Father Walsh and I just reached Loting after a rather monotonous six-day trip up the river from Hongkong. We

were disappointed to learn that Father Meyer, who had been superintending the building of my new house, had just left for Canton. Upon further questioning, we discovered that our boats had actually passed each other without our being aware of it. This seems almost incredible when one considers the narrowness of this river and the custom among the boatmen of inquiring, when they pass, what is being carried on one another's boats. But we were probably asleep at the time.

Father Walsh stayed a couple of days and then left for Canton. I am all alone now; yet not exactly alone, for I have twenty-five workmen with me. The main part of the house is finished and in another six weeks I hope to be able to move into it. Then my curate will join me and we shall settle down to our usual work.

Loting and the Sisters

One of the first questions asked me after arriving here was: "*When are the American Sisters coming to Loting?*" Of course I was delighted to learn that the Chinese are so anxious to have you here, because it will no doubt hasten your arrival. Yeungkong will probably get the first assignment of Maryknoll Sisters, because it has the largest number of Catholics; however, I am convinced that Loting, too, will have plenty of work for you.

There is a splendid opening for an academy and an industrial school for girls. You would be surprised to know the large number of girls anxious to attend such schools. The Protestants have a good-sized boarding and day school for girls, and I am told that it is very successful. So far as I know, they have no school for boys at all.

Then there will be your orphanage; and in conjunction with this you might have your dispensary. At present I hardly think there is need for a large hospital. The Protestants have a well equipped one which seems to meet the present needs. When Father Walsh had the "flu" here last summer he received good medical attention from this hospital.

Then there are the aged to be cared for. This work is

very strenuous, but I learn from the Little Sisters of the Poor at Canton that practically all under their charge enter the Church; besides, such work creates a very kindly disposition on the part of the pagans, who like to see regard shown to those who have no relatives.

I have already been asked to staff a maternity home with our Sisters.

These are some of the Loting needs that are waiting for your arrival. I have said nothing about the lepers, but they are here by the droves. Probably for lack of Sisters you will not be able to attend to all these needs during the first few years, but I am anxious to let you know in advance just what kind of possibilities we have.

As for your own plant and home at Loting, Father Walsh has told you that we have already purchased grounds for you. Most of your ground is about five feet higher than ours, so that you will have a fine site for your home. I don't think it can be surpassed in the entire region.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

American Catholic Mission, Loting,
July, 1921.

I was not long home from Hongkong when I learned that the head of the pagan orphanage had expressed a desire to send his little infants to the Sisters' orphanage at Canton. After two days, I went to him and inquired whether the report were true. His answer was that he had been quoted correctly, and of course the reason was that he hadn't enough money to keep them. He stated, moreover, that if I would assume responsibility for the transfer it would no doubt win added respect and appreciation for the Loting Catholic Church. I told him I would consider his offer and in a day or two would give him my answer.

Public Opinion

I then began to make inquiries as to what effect such a move would have on the pagan population of this vicinity.

At best, it is no easy matter to get from a Chinese his

real opinion on a given subject. The Chinese are so polite that, for fear of offending, they will often evade until they feel pretty sure what kind of answer is wanted. However, the answers I received on this subject were so spontaneous and uniform that I felt convinced I should make no mistake in getting the little ones into the hands of the Sisters. I decided also to engage two or three pagan nurses to take care of the ten or twelve infants as far as Hongkong. This would have the advantage of bringing these pagan women in close touch with the Sisters' orphanage; they would see just how the Sisters conduct their work, and they would also learn that the Sisters are not selling or destroying the babies as the Chinese do.

The Offer Accepted

In two days, I went back to the orphanage and told the superintendent that I was willing to take ten or twelve babies to Hongkong. The Sisters there had only recently offered to relieve me of all the infants that I couldn't manage. I told the old gentleman that, since his orphanage was in such financial straits, and especially since I was so interested in the welfare of the little ones, I would defray the cost of the trip. We then settled on the following Thursday for the departure to Hongkong. I at once engaged a small boat to take us down to the West River, where we would have to transfer to the big boats that ply between Wuchow and Hongkong.

The Start

When I went to the reception room Thursday morning, to make the selection of babies, what was my surprise to find exactly thirty-three little urchins, all, with the exception of about six, in the very best of health! Both the superintendent and matron of the orphanage were there, and they told me to make my selection and to take as many as I wanted. When we had twenty-one picked out I thought it best to call a halt! Having made the necessary preparations for the trip, the signal was given, and in less than twenty minutes we were on our boat and were moving down towards the West River.

A Floating Infant Asylum

We had pretty good sailing the remainder of the day. Of course the youngsters were noisy and restless, but, considering the circumstances, they were not too bad. Before leaving Loting I suggested buying baskets to put the little ones in, but my suggestion was not considered. As a result the babies were planked right down on the floor with nothing between them and the hard boards but a page from *The Baltimore Sun*. I brought along a supply of milk, but was surprised to learn how indifferent the nurses were in preparing it; in fact, it was only when I insisted that they gave it to the children at all. They preferred to feed them rice and rice gruel. And this is the way the food was administered: the gruel was simply poured down the little one's throat as fast as it would swallow it, while the rice was first chewed by the nurse for a minute or so and then stuffed into the baby's mouth. I must admit that this was a revelation to me, especially since the ages of the infants ranged from five to forty days.

That night we passed through the section of the country most thickly infested with pirates and robbers, but I hadn't the slightest fear that any of them would wish to relieve me of my charges.

The Baby-Show

The next day, at two p. m., we reached the West River, and shortly after we anchored at Namkonghau. It did not take long for the sampan dwellers to learn our mission, and the news of our arrival soon spread through the place. Within an hour the dozen or so sampans were crowding around, while the villagers were actually boarding the boat to get a look at the passengers. Baby after baby was picked up, examined, and given a favorable or unfavorable comment. A certain number asked outright for a baby; and one woman even offered to pay a few cents for one. I suppose their object was to re-sell the babies and thus make a few cents. Then there were a few whose actions were so suspicious that even my pagan nurses suspected they were planning to steal a baby, so within a few minutes

my three faithful helpers had gathered the little ones from the other end of the boat and placed them on the floor directly in front of me. I then saw that they wanted my help, so, laying aside my Breviary, I assumed the rôle of watchman for the next three hours.

Attempt Number One

At exactly five we heard the whistle of the approaching Hongkong steamer. I don't know when I ever heard a sound so consoling, for immediately I had visions of boarding the boat, getting the babies settled in a quiet corner, and then retiring for a bit of rest. But wait—! the river at this point is probably two miles wide but only the middle of it is navigable for large steamers, consequently local passengers must be ferried in a long, open, flat-bottomed boat. Before getting on this ferry I engaged four women from the village to help the nurses transfer the youngsters from our boat to the ferry and from the ferry to the steamer.

As we approached the steamer the "rail-hangers" caught sight of the infants, and within a minute or so more it looked as if their boat might capsize, so many of the passengers rushed to the rail to get a peep at the babies. I got on the steamer, elbowed my way through the crowd, and finally reached the compradore on the second deck. I asked him where he would place the little ones, but imagine my feelings when he told me that he could not make room for even one new passenger! He encouraged me, however, by saying that another big boat was following and that I could easily get accommodations on it. By this time at least half of the babies had been transferred from the ferry to the boat, but there was nothing to do but shift them right back again and row back to the dock to await the next steamer.

Attempt Number Two

Fifteen minutes later we were being ferried out to the next and last steamer for Hongkong that day. As soon as the compradore, who was watching our approach, saw the infants he motioned for us to go back, but I was too anxious to get on his boat to heed his gestures. When the boat came

to a stop I got on and started to mount the stairs that led to the second deck. The compradore himself met me and told me that they were crowded and could not take on any more. I made an effort to reach the captain on the third deck, but before I could advance far the boat started and I was forced to get off. We returned a second time to our little boat at the dock, and I must admit that it was not pleasant to do so, since it would be twenty-four hours before the next steamer would arrive. The nurses sensed difficulties and insisted on returning at once to Loting. But I knew that within an hour I could reach Father Chan's Mission and could then telegraph Father Walsh at Wuchow to reserve a cabin on to-morrow's Hongkong boat.

Wuchow the Solution

Before forwarding the message the operator handed me a bill for five dollars and eighty-two cents. This seemed very expensive, and when I considered that I could actually go to Wuchow for sixty cents, and be able to return on the same boat on which I was now trying to make reservation, I decided not to send the telegram but to go directly.

As it was then ten p. m. and the boat to Wuchow was due to leave about two a. m., it was hardly worth while returning to the babies. Then, too, Father Chan's boy promised to go down early the next morning and remain with them till I returned from Wuchow.

At one a. m. I got up, dressed, and waited till one-thirty. At two we hurried to the dock and I was considerably cheered by the news that our boat had not yet arrived. We waited just three hours before it came.

The boat anchored at Wuchow at noon. I hastened immediately to the steamer that was to leave at two p. m. for Hongkong, secured a cabin for this trip, and then started to find Father Walsh's Mission. There was just about enough time with him to explain my visit and eat dinner, when I had to leave to catch the boat.

Once settled on this steamer and moving down the river, I felt as though our troubles were over, for would it not be an easy matter to pick up the babies at Namkonghau, place

them in the nice cabin reserved for them, and then let the nurses do the rest?

The Glorious Feeling

As we neared Namkonghau, I could plainly see our little boat at the dock, and concluded that the babies were on the ferry that was coming out to the steamer. I then went to the lowest deck, elbowed my way through the steerage passengers, and finally arrived at the gangway where the new passengers would enter.

It did not take long to see that there were no babies on the ferry, and I shouted to the ferryman to tell me where they were. "Over there," answered he, pointing in the direction of our ship. I took this to mean that they had come out in another ferry on the other side. I hurried up to the first deck and scanned the whole water line of the vessel on that side, but could see no boats. Then I asked one of the crew if any babies had been brought aboard and he replied that he didn't see any. Down again I went to the ferryman and asked him if the babies were still at the docks, and he told me they were!

By this time the steamer had started to move, and before I realized it we were fast approaching the ship's full speed. I hurried to the captain and asked him to please stop the boat for a few minutes. I'll remember that captain to my dying day, for he had the ship almost at a standstill before he heard the full reason for my request. I then sent a message to the owner of our small boat and requested him to row down to the steamer. At the same time the captain gave orders to have his steamer pull in towards the shore. In this way our little boat, when it arrived, was able to push right next to the gangplank that was let down, and the transfer of the babies was effected without much trouble and in a remarkably short time.

This was a time that I felt like "saying something," but to what effect? The Chinese passengers were enjoying the affair as much, perhaps, as they would their evening chow; and any indication on my part that I did not agree with them would but lower me in their estimation. I

1. THE START—THE MARYKNOLL MISSION AT LOTING

2. THE END—THE ORPHANAGE AT HONGKONG

(*Page* 314)

simply retired to my own cabin and congratulated myself that my entire party was together again.

Plain Sailing

The rest of the journey was uneventful. It was about three p. m. the next day when we docked at the Hongkong pier. In response to a telegram sent by Father Walsh to our Procure, to "have automobiles meet Father McShane and party", I found the Procurator himself and two clerical visitors at the pier to welcome us.

I doubt if Hongkong ever had in its midst more innocent "greenhorns" than those nurses of mine. Previous to landing, the leader of the three suggested that I buy a couple of big baskets to carry the babies to the Sisters' orphanage. I told her I would get something better than baskets. So, when the little ones were all placed in the automobiles, I told the nurses to get in, also. I noticed they were very reluctant to do so. And why shouldn't they be? They had never in their lives, except at marriage, been carried by coolies, and it never entered their minds that they were now to have such a privilege repeated. They were willing enough to have their baggage carried, but they insisted on placing themselves back of the automobiles, expecting, of course, that the automobiles would be carried by coolies, and they could follow behind. We finally got them into the cars, and just what passed through their minds when the machines began to move, and move rapidly, too, would be interesting indeed to learn.

It did not take long to reach the Sisters' orphanage, where the infants were received with open arms. When they were finally bunked in little clean white beds, I could not but think how fortunate they were to be placed in the hands of the good Sisters. And I thought, too, how fortunate I was in being able, through the generosity of American friends, to finance such an undertaking, for I know there are hundreds of other missioners who, for lack of money, would have been helpless to rescue these infants. It was well worth the money and trouble, and I was glad to have shared in it.

DANIEL L. MCSHANE

Chapter 4

KOCHOW IN PEACE AND WAR

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
November, 1920.

ERE we are at Kochow, and our trip to Maryknoll-in-China is over.

The "junk" on which we—Father O'Shea, Father Donovan, and myself—left Canton was rightly named! We had a cabin to ourselves; that is, no human beings occupied it with us; but we had as our companions spiders, cockroaches, and ants galore. There was nothing on the top deck, and consequently it made a fine place to sit down and enjoy the breezes. Our cook was Father Walsh's boy, *Ah Hok,* whom Father O'Shea insisted is "dead from the neck up", but, as a cook, he is unsurpassed so what care we if he can't read characters?

By Water and Land

The junk arrived at Kongmoon about ten that night, and we were held there for two days while the boat was loaded as the spirit moved—and the spirit seemed slow. The upper deck, which was first-class from Canton to Kongmoon, now became third-class, piled with empty lard pails, boxes of all kinds, and anything that had a peculiar smell. We scarcely found room for our three chairs.

Another day and night found us at Shuitung. On the way we passed Sancian Island and naturally our thoughts turned to the Apostle of the Indies, whose great ambition was to convert China, and we hoped that the "Yankee Xaviers" would prove worthy of their trust.

We stayed over night at "our own place" in Shuitung, and the next morning at eight set out for Kochow, a distance of about thirty miles. The coolies refused to make the trip in one day, owing to the weight of the baggage and, incidentally, to our own weight, because we had to be carried in chairs.

A Temple Lodging

We arrived at Sanhui, the half-way station, about three o'clock and immediately the question arose, "Where do we put up for the night?"

Father O'Shea sent *Ah Hok* looking for a place, and in about ten minutes he returned to announce that he had discovered suitable quarters. Father O'Shea wanted to see for himself, and he followed the boy to the lodging place—*a temple!* He said it was funny to see the boy use all his Chinese manners in bowing and smiling to win over the city fathers to give us the temple—but he won. We entered the temple gates in style, as an admiring populace looked on, and there we bunked. We were downstairs in good quarters, and above us were the pagan gods sitting alone for their own edification, for no one could call and see them, as there were no stairs, but only a sad looking ladder minus a few steps.

The next morning we said Mass in our commodious apartments, and at six o'clock were again on the road for Kochow.

A Stormy Entrance

We reached Kochow shortly after noon and bravely marched up to the gate of the town, only to find it barred against us. Looking up on the walls, we beheld armed soldiers with their guns pointing in all directions. A Christian rattled off some Chinese to Father O'Shea, and we followed him to another gate, which was likewise barred and guarded. On the walls the soldiers were resting on their guns at perfect ease.

We sat aside on logs while the Christian went in to confer with the catechist, Yip, who, in turn, had to see the Mandarin. It was tiresome waiting, and Father O'Shea got impatient. He advanced toward the gate, peeked in, and with fire in his eyes, burst forth in Chinese eloquence, the like of which we had never heard before. With gestures and noise, he demanded that the soldiers open the doors and let the American priests in, and when his phillipic was over the gates swung ajar and we marched in like conquering heroes.

Just inside the gate, our reverend and revered "Captain"

bellowed once more and with a mad gesture told the coolies to hurry through the portals with our honorable baggage. In a few minutes we were quietly settled in our Kochow Mission, although the entrance had been stormy. Just what they are fighting about, I don't know, and we are told the people themselves don't know.

GEORGE F. WISEMAN

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
December 28, 1920.

After our return to Kochow, we found ourselves to be very important people. Panic prevailed, and we were called into consultation daily.

Shall we give battle to the troops outside? No, you have the advantage while you remain quiet. *Shall we let the invaders in?* No, not until the Kwangsi soldiers get out, or you will have the battle right in the town. *Shall we pay the Kwangsi men to leave?* That is your own affair—I certainly would not. These, and a hundred more such questions, one more foolish than the other, filled our days. However, we were giving "safe, sane, and conservative" advice only, and we recalled our American Consul's caution not to mix in local politics. We have heard of the unfortunate outcome of a "separated friend's" arbitration in another district.

Signs of Trouble

Conditions were getting steadily worse, and there were strong foundations for believing the Kwangsi soldiers intended to loot the city and then depart. If any more refugees had come in, we should have had to hang out a "Standing Room Only" sign. However, we couldn't refuse them hospitality, little as it was. The Sermon on the Mount must not be made vain by the latest descendants of the apostolic band there convoked.

We went to the Kwangsi General—almost an old friend by this time—and impressed upon him the necessity for keeping our sanctuary inviolate. He promised most unctuously.

The next morning, more Kwangsi soldiers came into town, with laden coolies. It looked as if they were going to leave soon, and the townspeople paid them three thousand dollars for not sacking the town. However, looting did begin at six o'clock, and we heard doors being smashed in all around us. Perhaps some people forgot to pay for "protection" and were being raided.

The Attack on the Mission

At eight our catechist, Yip, came in where the three of us were trying to catch up on our correspondence. His color was a little sickly and we were joking him when suddenly we heard a racket at the orphanage barricade.

Though we had not been scared, we had taken no chances and all were armed.

This barricade was our first line of defense, at the end of an alley leading into the main street. The other end of this alley was our main defence, the courtyard gate. We raced to the gate, where Father O'Shea found a detail of fifteen soldiers chopping merrily away. Just how it happened, he is unable to say; but all feel that it was Providential intervention, for the mere appearance of red whiskers, Colt automatic, and spotlight, would never account for the panic and rout of the attacking banditti. Father O'Shea forgot his shooting, but the yell he let out must have been convincing.

The danger was not over yet, for the looting was going on with ever increasing violence. Refugees were being admitted during lulls and we kept up a patrol until midnight, posting our retainers as look-outs. We heard each other's confessions, standing in the dark of the alley right after the first assault, and were personally unafraid although we were hoping the end would soon take place.

At midnight, a series of rifle shots rang out in regular sequence, and we found it was the signal for departure of the Kwangsi garrison, much to our relief. However, it was not until after Mass in the morning that we discovered the amusing fact that, while the Kwangsi soldiers were trying to break in at the front, the Kwangsi Civil Mandarins

(additional to the one we already had) were begging their way in at the back.

After the Storm

In the morning, the Kwangtung army entered unopposed, and we inspected it as well as the town. Everywhere the fronts of business houses have been broken in, and, in addition to the looting, over sixty women have been carried off. The newcomers seem a very much better disciplined force, and, although the town is deserted, Catechist Yip reports the Town Fathers as well pleased with the new commander and his men. Rumor hath it, he is not "up" in Chinese classics, but he is busily engaged in fighting bandits and is considered a first-class warrior. More power to him! He says he did not make an assult on the town because of lack of arms and ammunition for his braves. The Kwangsi-ites had been well supplied with both.

Later a detail of fifty soldiers arrived from Canton to escort the Kwangsi Mandarins, and they left in state. But not before presenting us with a pair of elaborately carved scrolls, ten feet high by one broad, in which a beautiful platitude about love of man for man is set forth as the principal legend!

Infanticide

Faan Shing, our oldest student, on returning to his home at the time of the scare, was met with the news that his fifteen-year-old wife had died the same morning. He offered me his baby girl for the orphanage, but the orphanage has been started to save pagan souls, not to relieve Christians of their duty. Nevertheless, it is quite a test of faith to bring up a girl child. The pagan custom is to not keep them more than an hour or two, if the parents already have a couple, or if they will be at all in the way. We had always *thought* that reports of infanticide in China were vastly exaggerated, but they are not. However, our experience here is that Kochow has learned from the Western world some things that are not to the credit of our race.

A Surprise and an Appointment

A letter from Bishop de Guèbriant announced that he has made me "titulaire" of Kochow. Wuchow will be more central for Father Walsh. Of course, the Bishop is right, but, since I'm the pastor of Kochow, I'll say that the exchange was hard on the flock. They lost a fine pastor—and I a fine chance to be a real pioneer missioner. Kochow has been so well taken care of in the past that there is quite an air of Christianity about the compound.

We started packing up Father Walsh's effects, and in the midst of this labor in slipped the Tungchen missioner—Father Meyer—mounted on a *bicycle!* After a brotherly greeting, we all tried out his "rusty" steed in the court-yard and pronounced it impossible. However, he did the impossible, so what would you? Later he made the trip to Tungchen in record speed. Still later—but glad to state, not yet—he'll meet a water buffalo on the rice path—and then we'll have no Father Meyer. Father Donovan, who has been eating us out of house and home for six weeks, said *au revoir*, and then Father Wiseman and myself changed rooms and started to "settle down".

I have not met any of my near neighbors yet, but will try to do so after the visitation. Father Vircondolet will be at Fachow, one day away; Father Genty, an old campaigner, is at Shekshing, two days away; and Father Cellard at Kwangchowwan, three days away. If Paris can supply another man next year for Lungwoh, my western horizon will be somewhat adequately occupied. However, our own side of the line has a few big gaps; but *Deus providebit.*

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
February, 1921.

We sent our cards to the new Mandarins, Military and Civil, on New Year's Day. Only the officials here observe the Western New Year, but they did it in style, at midnght shooting off a great many fireworks. However, instead of returning cards, the Mandarins made us a visit.

The Maryknollers Entertain

Father Wiseman and Catechist Yip made the preparations to receive the guests. In due time, both Mandarins arrived, accompanied by a military guard. The Kochow pastor was a little late, for he lost his only collar-button. The affair was most decorous. Were there not present the greatest men of all the seven sub-prefectures of Kochow?

We could not rise to the sublime dignity of receiving *à la mode chinoise,* so Father Wiseman invented a style all his own. We had just had a gift of a Christmas cake, and that was cut up in "wedding-guest" portions. Coffee was served "sans lait". Monogrammed cigarettes—another Christmas present—were also served. A bottle of quintessence of the grape graced the table—uncorked but untasted, the reason being that our Military Mandarin didn't like Japanese-made vintage.

The pastor presided, with that air of "jovial owlishness" which his *Field Afar* portrait illustrates; on his right sat the Military Mandarin; at the other end of the board Father Wiseman was in state, with the Civil Mandarin on his right; and distributed around were the four chief aides of the four honorable dignitaries. Conversation ranged from a calculation of the fare and time to New York, down to a discussion of Japan's difficulties with America. At the end of an hour we bowed and we salaamed, and our honorable guests took their honorable departure.

We made several beautiful speeches, which were repeated by Yip for our guests' benefit, and we hope he supplied whatever we had forgotten.

Chinese Landlords

After instructing Father Wiseman in the use of a gun—emergencies seem to be the rule in China—the pastor started out on his visitation.

On the way to Chetung, the goal of our first day's hike, we stopped for an hour en route with the family of one of our students. None of the family has yet been baptized, and though the student has been studying for a year he has not yet covered the doctrine sufficiently. However, what these

people lack in knowledge they more than supply in good will, and it is hoped soon to be able to receive them. They took us over to the home of their village elder, who had previously sent an invitation asking us to call.

The village elder, the senior of the four Lei brothers, is a most important individual in Kochow, for a great many of the Catholics hire their rice farms from the brothers Lei, who are said to have an income of eight thousand loads of rice a year—a great fortune in these parts. Up to the time of the institution of the Republic, these great land-owners were a thorn in the side of the missioners. In many cases they kept their farmers from entering the Church by the ease with which they could deprive them of home and sustenance. This condition has now largely changed, and most of the notables are on friendly terms with the missioners, for they have come to realize that their best tenants are the Christians and that Christianity is their safest bulwark against the ever-threatening banditry.

Fruits of Banditry

Up to five years ago, this countryside was so infested with bandits that sick-calls to many places had to be made at night. Nearly always the missioner had to be attended by three or four Christians, all heavily armed, and even then he had many narrow escapes. After many half-hearted attempts to do away with this evil, the authorities finally sent up a Military Mandarin who liked to fight. I've been told by my Christians that when he stopped work a year or two later two thousand bandits had been "exterminated".

Wherever I went on my visitation I found only too-obvious signs of the visits of these gentry. Everywhere one hears of families counting one or more members killed by them, everywhere one sees the little villages—and even the large individual houses—boasting their two-story defense-towers. Everywhere, too, one is told the tale of the "good old times"—how that, a generation ago, Maoming was a flourishing region, and the High City (Kochow) deserving of its renown. Plague, flood, famine, and rapine have made the countryside supporting it miserably poor, even in a pros-

perous year like the present, and the once eminent city has hardly half its former population, with many of its former homes fallen into gray heaps of tile and mud brick. However, the Chinese are a vigorous race, and with a few continued good harvests much of the old prosperity will return, if only internal peace is finally restored. Many think—among the Chinese themselves—that this can come only by foreign intervention. But, come in what way it may, with peace the thrifty Celestial will bring about prosperity,—saving always the possibility of plagues that his contempt for sanitation invites.

Encouragement

I'll omit the details of what I learned on my trip, and state in a general way that it was a great revelation to me, although I've been over a year here at the "center". I'll not say much, either, of the interest I took in the "home-made" manufacture of bricks, or the village sugar-mills, or the limestone quarry in which two of my Christians are shareholders and where a very good quality of lime is made, using mountain-shrubs for fuel. These items are part of the missioner's "side lines", of interest to him only as they affect the material well-being of his people.

Neither, on the spiritual side, can I tell that there is any great movement towards the Faith like that with which our men down Yeungkong way are blessed. However, there are general good-will on the part of all and a great many sincere inquiries; and in God's good time we can look for steady, though slow, growth. Our French predecessors have broken down prejudice, and perhaps we'll be fortunate enough to see a great influx of Christians if our zeal is tempered with becoming patience.

Consolations were not lacking, of course. In addition to hearing the confessions of backsliders in general, I was happy to arrive at the bedside of an old offender just as he was about to die with what I later found to be cholera. It certainly is a great life,—and with God's help we're not going to weaken until we do our "bit" in making the Celestial Kingdom a little more truly celestial.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

February–April

Cholera broke out at Shaanfu, fifteen miles to the south. I started there at ten in the morning with temperature at 85° and got back at six, chilled to the bone with temperature at 45°. However, it was a good try-out for my little pony, and he came through with flying colors. The cholera is quite serious in that district, and I gave the last rites to our woman catechist and her daughter. However, they both improved and were soon out of danger. In the city itself, small-pox is said to be raging, although the cases I saw were clearly chicken-pox.

Protestant Neighbors

We were visited by Doctor J——, a member of the Reformed Presbyterians, who is here looking over Kochow's Protestant Mission, with a view to taking it over. He was more surprised to see us than we were him, for the coolies had brought him to the Catholic Mission instead of the Protestant. However, we soon made him at home. On the whole, the personal relations between priests and ministers in the mission field have been pleasant, and many a missionary priest has owed his continuance in vigorous work to the kindly ministrations of Protestant mission doctors.

Real Estate Ventures

Now that we've started on our "brick and mortar" career, there's no telling where we may stop. Maybe a convent for the Sisters, and the fifty-thousand-dollar hospital that is "indicated" for Kochow, with the orphanage and college buildings rising further up from the river. However, we'll content ourselves just now with carrying out a few little artistic hints that Father Ford gave us last year, with respect to making the chapel more light and airy, and these will shock our susceptibilities only about twenty dollars' worth. As the wet season is due, we have also gone over all the roofs and they're now fit to stand anything except a typhoon.

"Chinese–Amelican—allee samee Boy!"

Great nightly festivals in honor of the dragon are being held, and are unusually impressive this year as there has been

a protracted drought, and the rice crop is not yet in. Like an *Uncle Tom's Cabin* company with two *Evas*, the performance on our street had six dragons, each a block long, the billowy crests of which were the men carrying them. Two of our schoolboys got the wanderlust and strayed after one of the processions, and although "Father" waited up, cane in hand, they did not return till he was saying Mass. They had spent the night in the orphanage, for they were "afraid to come home in the dark". Whether they were "singing just like larks" is not recorded: what they did later sing was a Chinese version of a tune "Father" himself often sang as a boy, on similar occasions.

A Struggle Against Odds

We had a very pleasant visit from Fathers Genty and Vircondolet, my nearest neighbors among the French Fathers. Father Genty, only forty-one years old, has been here eighteen years, and he has a fund of valuable mission experience such as I have long wanted to draw on. I now made the best of my opportunity and through the media of French, Latin, and Cantonese got answers to many questions that had long been unasked for want of some one who "knew". The French priests have made a very game struggle against big odds, and the really first-class results they obtained without resources are marvelous. Just now, they are in a very unfortunate position, for the value of the franc is small, and even the High Cost of Living has been felt in China. Their *viatique* is only two hundred Mexican (one hundred in United States currency). Father Genty had to let all his catechists go; but as his mission is an old, well-established one it has considerable "momentum" and can go on though handicapped for a while. On the other hand, young Father Vircondolet has to start his missionary career with an allotment from the Bishop of one hundred Mexican (fifty) dollars for his chapel. Luckily, I had a few "stringless donations" in my personal keeping.

A Red-and-Sable Wedding

At Kochow we have had our first Nuptial Mass. The bride was baptized and received her First Communion at

her wedding. To edify our little congregation, we permitted the women-folk to occupy one side of the church at the front—the Hongkong and Shanghai custom—instead of keeping them in the rear as is the Canton style.

Do you ask what the bride wore? Well, Father Wiseman says that she was dressed in red, with gold trimmings, while the groom wore a sable velvet, with not even a touch of white showing. White is the mourning color and "wouldn't do", y'know.

We had the bell ring out as gladsome a strain as a Chinese bell can—which isn't much—but the groom's elder brother set off a string of fireworks to finish up with *éclat*. This is one of their pet extravagances and I do not dare to discourage it. Many of them need food and clothing more, but what would you? So much depends on the perspective. "When Father was a boy" he thought his elders unusually mean for not allowing more "smoke money" for the Glorious Fourth's celebration; now he thinks the very same thing an unnecessary extravagance.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
May 15, 1921.

For weeks, Kochow had been preparing for its *First Grand Athletic Meet.* Day after day, the prisoners from the local lock-up worked with the utmost good nature—and most surprising energy, in spite of their shackled legs. The land adjoining the church was to be the historic scene, and it underwent a wonderful transformation. All the schools of the six sub-prefectures ruled from this High City contended, and the subscriptions towards the expenses of the Meet are said to have totaled Three Thousand Dollars!

Sunday, May 1, saw the "Grand Opening of the Maoming Athletic Association". The flag-raising had taken place Saturday evening, and at six o'clock Sunday morning the blare of trumpets and roll of drums announced the arrival of the competing colleges. The faithful at Mass were noticeably distracted and could hardly wait for the last Gospel.

Truly, it was a gorgeous display, such as Kochow had never before witnessed. But hardly had the games begun when the celestial flood-gates opened and converted the field into a natatorium. However, by evening the grounds were fairly dry, and a lantern parade saved the occasion, while an acetylene arc gave us our brightest Kochow reminder of Broadway.

An Invitation Heeded

Monday and Tuesday, between showers, races were run and games were played; but, outside of a social call to acknowledge the invitations of the Military and Civil Mandarins, the Kochow Fathers were not much in evidence. However, by Tuesday night, an *SOS* came from the Committee in Charge. They had no judge suitable for the Big Games, and would the *Shan Foo* kindly supply?

By this time, feeling was running rather high between the principal contenders, the Agricultural School, the Kochow Middle School, and the Middle School of the Six Counties. The Presiding Judge had been rather indiscreet, it was said, although we could not determine just how he had been too partial. Anyway, he had left the grounds with undignified haste, after the General in charge had drawn his sword with a most significant gesture. Dissatisfaction threatened to ruin the aforesaid *First Grand Annual*. Who could save the day? Every one craved the honor, said the *Uen Cheung* (Civil Mandarin), but surely the *Shan Foo* had the requisite knowledge, and none there was who could impeach his fairness!

Modestly, we yielded. A special badge having been "struck off" and placed upon our ample front, the games proceeded. And there was no blood shed except upon the foot-ball field. With that sensitive fairness which marked his career as referee of the Venard games, our umpire strutted the field of battle; and when the following Monday saw the Meet's successful close, it was with merited glory —the General on his right and the Civil Mandarin on his left—that he led the great parade around the enclosure.

Joking aside, it was certainly a big honor that we received,

AFTER KOCHOW'S "FIRST GRAND ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEET", May, 1921

Father O'Shea, umpire, is in center of first row, with the General at his right and the Civil Mandarin at his left. (*Page* 328)

and it gave great prestige to the Church. Of the thousand and more students witnessing the games, there were very few who had any adequate idea of what the Catholic religion stands for, nor did they care to bother finding out, since they could see no visible signs of its greatness. Oriental psychology is still the same as when it made Saint Francis Xavier lay aside his modest religious habit for the gorgeous attire of his Japan apostolate. The Chinese god is Mammon, and since the Catholics here are of the poorest, the pagans have a contempt for their religion. When they find, as in this case, that Wealth and Power cannot furnish justice, they are moved to find out why the Christian religion alone can supply it.

The War Again

The war-dogs are again snarling, and there are troops massed at all the passes leading into Kwangsi. The only thing preventing actual war just now is lack of funds on both sides. However, since both sides are anxious to "start something" they'll probably find a way to make themselves and their respective provinces even more wretched than they are at present. However, unless some more startling symptoms show by Thursday next, the pastor will leave the fort to Father Wiseman's generalship, and hie him forth over those awful Loting Mountains to the Wuchow Meeting.

Wanted: a Doctor

The bubonic plague is with us again. It is about at a standstill—always ready to burst forth, but no new deaths reported in our immediate neighborhood. We have the usual number of rats dying in our compound, and have taken the usual precautions against them. Of course, every man, woman and child in the Catholic Mission knows by heart the instructions about first pouring kerosene over these dead rats in order to kill their even more deadly fleas, and then picking them up with a pair of fire-tongs and carefully burning them. Imagine our disgust, on hearing a noise one evening, to find that a rat, discovered dead on a schoolboy's bed, had been immediately thrown out of a window into

the expectant jaws of a scavenger dog! No other race than the Chinese could long endure the prevailing combination of torrid humidity and cynical contempt for sanitation. Even they are beginning to feel it, for their records show traces of the bubonic plague only in the last generation.

A patient came in the other day with an almost hopeless case of gangrened foot. We did our best in disinfecting and treating it, but it really called for amputation. Oh! for the day when the *Kochow Catholic Hospital* will be here, with a real graduate doctor! The city hospital, adjoining our compound, has been abandoned for over seven years, and it will be ours for the asking. Come on, you Doctor Kelly or Burke or Paderewsky, and grab this ground floor opening!

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

American Catholic Mission, Kochow,
June 29, 1921.

We've had a lively time here for the second time in half a year.

At present, thank God, we're all alive and well, which is far more than might be expected of individuals going through what three of us have experienced in the past few days. At present, also, we are hosts, much to our disgust, to the Military Mandarin of Kochow, and about thirty of his staff. Two other Military Mandarins of even rank, Generals W—— and S——, are also staying in town, where they are making use of the former headquarters of General F——, now with us.

In other words Kochow has again been captured, and even more skillfully looted than it was in December. And, what is more to us, we also were "taxed" by the new arrivals —to the tune of my fine white horse and all the belongings of the catechists here gathered for retreat. However, we are doing business as usual, and Father Meyer, who was conducting the retreat, has just finished the sermon on the "Last Things" with an unusually impressed audience. But cheer up, say we, for the worst is yet to come, and we know not when nor how.

The Second Attack on Kochow

We got back from the Wuchow meeting in good time, but found that the Kwangsi raiders weren't far behind us. Saturday, we heard that General F—— had returned to the town, having traveled all night with three companies of soldiers, leaving the biggest portion of his force near Lungwoh with other portions scattered over the Kwangsi border. He naturally had not expected an attack from the South, as Fachow was protected by General C——, but the latter's men mutinied. F—— wanted to pack up his stuff and leave immediately, but the gentry begged him to stay in the hopes that assistance would come before the Kwangsi soldiers got here.

He stayed—and lost, for Sunday morning the Kwangsi-ites attacked in such force as to cut off the two companies he had across the river, and then surrounded the town where only a hundred-odd soldiers were guarding the wall. The Kwangsi-ites were attacking fearlessly, and at noon F—— came to the conclusion that surrender was inevitable. He sent a messenger asking me to go and see him at the yamen, and Father Meyer and I went immediately. Two 4-inch shells burst near by and the rifle-fire was brisk.

Peace Parleys

General F—— and his staff admitted they were helpless, and asked us to save unnecessary loss of life and property by going out to see the Kwangsi General and obtain terms. We returned to the Mission, where we ate lunch while a flag of truce was made up. At about one o'clock, Father Meyer and I, with Catechist Yip and two aides of General F——, went to the city wall where we tried to get into communication with the Kwangsi soldiers who were sniping from the adjoining houses. Finding this impossible, we went to a more quiet portion of the wall and Father Meyer descended by making a flying leap for some poles stacked in a nearby lumber yard. Waving a small American flag, he made his way to where the snipers could see him and finally reached the Kwangsi forces, who received him in a business-like manner. The General said he had already

sent in his own officers, and that the terms were immediate evacuation through the North Gate, with their arms and accoutrement, and notice to the relief force coming down from Sunyi to immediately turn back. He said that the Kwangsi forces were on a raid and that they would stay in Kochow only a day or two.

In the meantime, I had obtained a truce at our end of the wall, where the soldiers immediately began to establish friendly relations—those outside throwing up cakes they had looted to the men on the walls. However, it was plain that they were impatient to get in, and it was difficult to restrain them from battering the gates. At about three o'clock Father Meyer returned and firing was stopped on all sides. Entering the compound, he sent Yip to General F—— with a letter given him by General S——, and with a verbal report. Although the Kwangsi men had not told Father Meyer, they had set four o'clock for the end of the armistice.

A Change of Mind

When Yip arrived at F——'s yamen he found him in consultation with two of the Kwangsi officers. At the end of an hour—already beyond four o'clock—Yip returned with the statement that F—— had decided to remain in the hope that he could "stall for time" until relief came from Sunyi. We were rather surprised to hear this; first, because it seemed to be putting us in a false light with the Kwangsi General, and because F—— had been so obviously desperate in his interview at noon. However, we said that, having done our part in good faith, we would wash our hands of the whole matter.

During all this time refugees had been coming into the compound with their valuables. We had refused a great number, because they were military officers. Finally we got the outer gate locked, with a lot of military baggage on the outside, but on Yip's return many forced their way through with him. Among the things brought in were eight loads of General F——'s personal stuff, accompanied by as many soldiers. Our protest was physical as well as verbal.

Just while the local excitement was at its highest, two

shells struck the town and firing began on all sides. One of the shells struck the yamen and the other just missed it, with the result that the Kwangtung headquarters became panic-stricken, the soldiers carrying General F—— and his staff with them in their wild flight. Where the treasures were, so were their hearts, and they ran wildly to the Mission compound. Here we had the gate open, trying to push out the objectionable baggage, and of course the soldiers made short work of coming in. General F—— tried to keep some out, but it was in vain, and I told him to let them come—that I could not let in half the company and keep the others out to be massacred. At the same time I upbraided him and made him surrender his side-arms to me.

The Attack on the Compound

All this time the firing was coming closer, and as I closed the gate after the last of the Kwangtung men the bullets were whistling past. Running into the inner courtyard, I forced the soldiers into a roped enclosure and told their officers to disarm them. This they did all the more rapidly as shots were already striking within the compound. We had all the guns and ammunition within five minutes, but quick as we were the Kwangsi-ites were even quicker.

Having shattered the East Gate of Kochow with a shell, they poured into the town and made for the yamen. They were shooting as they came, evidently fearing an ambush, and it was rather squeamish work to hold them up at the Mission gate. However, they were made to understand that the crowd within had surrendered unconditionally, and they were coming in peaceably to take the guns when another party came in over the rear wall from the Civil Mandarin's yamen. Father Wiseman got these to stop firing—but that was about all. Just when the firing stopped and the looting began it is hard to say; but inside of twenty minutes the compound was a wreck.

All the captive soldiers were stripped clean and their officers lost even their clothes. The soldier's baggage that had cost us much trouble during the afternoon was quickly distributed. We had been having a retreat here for the

catechists, and both they and our "boys" were stripped clean. Yip, our head catechist, had sent his family away by raft the previous morning; but he had kept all his valuables in his room, and he claimed to have lost a thousand dollars' worth. Altogether we have put in a claim for about two thousand dollars. The Fathers were more fortunate, although one soldier tried to search Father Wiseman. My horse was taken, as were also the clothes being laundered. But no serious attempt was made to break into our own house.

Father Meyer, being our language expert, had gone out again in search of a responsible officer, while Father Wiseman and I took our stand in front of our locked door, behind which the women catechists were huddled. It was an exciting evening, but Father Meyer returned about ten o'clock with a responsible officer and the worst was over. We then insisted on the evacuation of both Kwangsi-ites and their prisoners, and this was gradually accomplished, only officers being permitted to remain. At eleven-thirty we entered the house and were glad of the opportunity of eating supper.

During the looting, the soldiers broke into the sacristy and scattered the sacred vestments all over the place. However, they did not take anything, but dirty footprints left their traces on the albs and chalice veils. The altar cards were broken, but that was the extent of the damage, for when the Kwangsi soldiers had come in we had consumed the Blessed Sacrament, realizing that disorder was certain to follow.

Peace—For the Present

The loss of life was slight. Father Meyer, on his trip, saw only half a dozen dead men; and the later reports were that the victory was almost a bloodless one. Our action in disarming the Kwangtung men on their arrival in our compound certainly saved their lives, for the Kwangsi-ites were savage at what they termed the treachery of General F—— in trying to hold out after he had sent us out to arrange for the surrender. Had they found him they surely would have shot him down, but luckily we were able to say that he was not in our house.

Monday morning the Kwangsi Generals arrived in town, the danger of disorder was temporarily over, and, in fact, one man was shot for looting. Father Meyer went to the nearest General and demanded an apology for entering our compound, as well as reparation for the damages. At first an excuse was made on the ground that we had admitted the Kwangtung soldiers to our compound, but as it was only too obvious that our guests were uninvited the General made the usual promises. Later on Fathers Meyer and O'Shea escorted General F—— to the headquarters of General W——, where he was received with cordiality and respect, all three generals being Hupeh men and having been fellow-mercenaries in the past.

Tuesday our retreat was resumed, although we still had about thirty captives in our compound and soldiers were coming back and forth from the various yamens. At my request the captives all got busy at cleaning up the wreckage, and at noon we began to look once more like a peaceable station of Holy Mother the Church, instead of a military headquarters, and a vanquished one at that. In the meantime the desultory firing on the outside of the town, the counter attack of those Kwangtung troops who had been too late to relieve the town, slacked up and finally ceased.

With the end of the actual fighting Chinese diplomacy was getting busy, and the victorious Generals were making an effort to get General F—— to join them. As a general he had been uniformly successful until now, and this failure is considered accidental and due to the inability of the General in Fachow to take care of his own territory, thus exposing Kochow after the latter's troops had gone off on an offensive. At present, it is probable General F—— will receive his guns again and join forces with his erstwhile enemies and oldtime cronies; and it is even more probable that each will become Kwangtung or Kwangsi patriots, depending upon which province ultimately becomes victor in the present quarrel.

Tuesday afternoon, General W—— sent his card and asked me to come and identify my horse. At first, the animal could not be found, but in the afternoon we brought him safely back.

Celebrating Maryknoll's Tenth

It is now Wednesday, and Maryknoll's Foundation Day. We were able to get hold of a chicken for dinner, but under the circumstances didn't feel able to answer to any toasts, except that the *Eleventh* may find us even more happy and chipper than does the *Tenth*. The news that Fachow had been captured by the Kwangtung troops broke in upon our reminiscences of other and more peaceful Foundation Days with the thought that we'll probably have another siege in a day or two when the now-triumphant Kwangsi-ites will be surrounded by the Kwangtung armies that must already be moving in this direction. A semi-annual siege seems to be our record thus far, and we'd hate to have these celebrations become a weekly affair.

WILLIAM F. O'SHEA

[The part played by Maryknoll missioners in the "siege of Kochow" had its serious side and discloses the weak condition of China at the present time. It also indicates the difficulties and dangers experienced by our young American priests, whose spirit may be judged from the following lines written by Father Meyer after he had managed to get "through the lines and home".]

Father O'Shea has already given you the essential details of our connection with events. We are not looking for pity—it is all a part of the day's work—but neither are these things exactly a joke. There is no intelligence service to speak of and leaders did most unaccountable and foolish things. If they were armed with wooden muskets and popguns one would not mind. While every one seems very much afraid for his own skin, so much so that comparatively few soldiers are trustworthy, they are not so regardful of others. The comparatively small number of casualties is due, not to the dislike on their part of taking life, but to the fear of losing their own rifles. Mausers and four-inch field guns are not exactly playthings and when their owners are cornered or savage with hatred or lust of looting they make

some of these diminutive battles sanguinary enough to suit anybody.

Most of the soldiers are of the "turn soldier, turn robber" sort, and no general can be sure from one day to another that one or more of his colonels will not go over to the enemy, taking their regiments with them. Foreigners are comparatively safe, yet there is always the possibility that this lack of discipline and responsibility may lead to grave consequences.

BERNARD F. MEYER

Chapter 5

THE MOTHER-MISSION

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
January, 1921.

EVEN in China, time races like a typhoon. Since I got back to the home nest several events have occurred. We bought a parrot for forty cents, to help Father Hodgins learn Chinese. It was warranted to talk, and we figured it an improvement on the Berlitz System, but the bird keeps respectfully silent in the presence of his master and caresses have only resulted in a nipped finger. We tried the Robinson Crusoe stunt of blowing tobacco smoke into the animal's throat, but got nothing but a squawk of protest in return. Luckily we had not discharged the Professor and can fall back on him for lessons till the bird forgets its grouch.

Abandoned Babes

It is a curious feature of Protestant endeavor in China that abandoned babies seem to be overlooked in their philanthropic schemes; so much so that several Protestant books belittle the need of such work and claim it is a thing of the past. Yet the Catholic missions are doing a mighty work in this one matter alone, sending to Heaven in one year souls exceeding the Catholic population of any one of sixty-two American dioceses.

I haven't the latest figures on hand but one-hundred-twenty-five thousand dying babies were baptized in China, and thirty thousand others who survived are housed in one-hundred-forty orphanages. The magnitude of this work may be measured by comparing it with similar work at home. In the one hundred dioceses of the United States forty-five thousand orphans are reared, while in the fifty vicariates of China there are thirty thousand orphans, the

majority of whom were received when only a few days old.

After such huge figures, our tiny affair at Yeungkong seems hardly worth mentioning, but there is strength in the knowledge that we all are part of the world-wide Church.

Reorganizing the School

An improvement here is the reorganizing of our school. Last year it was picturesque, but almost useless. Our venerable catechist, between visits of Christians and business affairs for the priest, used to warm a seat in the school and, succumbing to the warmth, would often drop asleep, while the three or four regular pupils likewise rested. It was an innocent pastime, and the boys took to it like bear cubs in winter. However, the Christians who could afford an education for their boys were sending them to the pagan or Protestant schools, so this year we are starting anew and on serious lines. We began by adopting the public school course with improvements.

As Father Hodgins will be permanently "at home" this year, not to mention his other qualifications, he has been nominated President. The schedule he drew up includes Chinese under every phase except spelling, mathematics, English, geography, history, drawing, music, agriculture and calisthenics. That is the usual public school course. To it has been added Mass, catechism, frequent visits to the Blessed Sacrament, talks on Church History and the Gospel, and weekly confession. Four years of this will qualify a student for entrance to the Sacred Heart College at Canton.

We of Maryknoll, especially of the first few years, know what it means to start a school. Father Hodgins' slogan is: "*Start ahead, the rest is easy*". Luckily, he is methodical enough to make such a seemingly rash plan workable.

Bed and Board

We announced the opening date and signed up twenty students, before tackling such un-essentials as beds and board. The carpenter, by stress of threats and the payment of all

debts, within ten days transformed trees into bunks. By stringing bunks three tiers high along the walls, we made beds for twenty-two where three had slept before. He is now busy with fifteen more bunks, which will fill up all available space until someone helps us to stretch out. Our fees are thirty dollars a year for pagans; twelve dollars a year, or twenty loads of rice, for Catholic boys; and six dollars a year for day pupils.

These fees will not cover the expenses, even of board as far as the Catholic boys are concerned, but the primary aim of the school is to prepare future catechists and teachers and to develop vocations, and we feel justified in risking the extra money. So far, two of the boys have entered with the hope of studying for the priesthood later. Five are not paying anything, except for clothes and books. We figure on spending three hundred dollars this year over and above the revenue of the school, and shall have to storm our friends.

The Teaching Profession

Let me give you an insight into the need of such a school. When it came to engaging a teacher we found no Catholic in our whole section qualified to teach. We have many fine young and old men, either farmers or village school teachers, but not one who has gone through the upper primary school. That might not at first thought strike you as alarming, for in America there are so many intelligent "self-educated" men, but the Chinese language does not admit of self-instruction. You may know one thousand words, but you could not pronounce another word, much less know its meaning, without outside help. An American child who has mastered the twenty-six letters of the alphabet knows potentially *Webster's Unabridged*, but the Chinese has no such advantage.

Hence, we imported a man from Hongkong, who will teach most of the subjects. English and calisthenics will be taught by Father Hodgins; singing, by someone else (that is not a reflection on Father Hodgins' voice). But for the Chinese language we have to call in a local pagan professor, as there is strong local pride in the vagaries of the Yeungkong dialect, and Yeungkong boys show as much love for pure Cantonese

as a Bowery urchin does for *Bostonese*. The professor costs us eight dollars a month, which is not dear. He is a quiet individual, and his name—"Big Neck"—belies his appearance.

A School for Girls

We have decided to resume our girls' school, also. It is only right that we should become "all things to all men", not forgetting the women, but hitherto the women have been a nonentity here. Now they more than fill their small portion of the chapel, and as we must have a resident woman catechist to teach them she can use her time also with a school.

It will be a small affair of a dozen pupils or so, but we shall try to make it serious, following the same schedule of studies as for the boys, with the exception of English. Sewing and lacemaking will take its place. The school, for want of space, will be housed in the women's doctrine room. We live *à la* Maryknoll these days and always seem to find room for more by "pushing over". This doesn't tend towards convenience or order, or half a dozen other virtues of which the Chinese have as yet no notion, but we must wait patiently till the Sisters come for that.

FRANCIS X. FORD

American Catholic Mission, Yeungkong,
January, 1921.

I am happy over here, although existing without the proverbial beard. The language is coming gradually. I find that I can ask quite successfully for the necessaries of life, and that in school the little chaps distinguish words of approval from the opposite.

Our Charges

Another old lady was admitted to the order of worn-out and cast-aside grandmothers. She is sixty-five and makes the seventh.

The two babies in our makeshift orphanage are screaming

lustily. We cannot accept others who cry for the privilege, because we have no place nor funds just yet; however, nothing prevents baptizing tots about to die, so seven more were made ready to see the Holy Innocents to-day.

A pagan mother offered us a baby, but it makes the one too many, for our orphanage is not ready and our two babies take up all our spare room.

A widow with her three sons would like to live here in order to get regular daily instruction—but we have no catechumenate. The Protestants have one, with forty women constantly under instruction. Here in the interior people work from sunrise to sunset for a bare living daily, and without a catechumenate they have not a free moment for study.

We baptized the seventy-sixth baby for this month. All were abandoned by "pagan mothers with fine faces". We should like to meet the "London New Witness" writer who truthfully asserts that Chinese women have fine faces, and then falsely concludes that therefore those who write of abandoned tots in China are writing fiction. Had we the five hundred dollars a year needed, we could take in a houseful of such children and save many a life, as well as make sure of the eternal lot of those called away.

Saint Thomas' School

Our boarding and day school, Saint Thomas', recalls the patron of schools, Saint Thomas Aquinas, and Saint Thomas the Apostle, who labored even as far east as China, perhaps. It keeps us in mind, also, of our first Superior in China and at Yeungkong, Father Thomas Frederick Price, whose heart was set on having a first-class school here in order that vocations for the native priesthood might be encouraged, catechists trained, and the dormant intelligence of Chinese boys developed.

A catechist's two sons, one of whom is anxious to become a priest, became boarding pupils. A Christian introduced his pagan nephew, asking instruction and a salaried job. Twenty more Christian boys wish to attend our school, but cannot because neither they nor the Mission have the

fifteen dollars to pay for their yearly keep. A pagan mason who would like to become a Christian obtained permission to send his boy to our school.

We have a catechist-teacher for religion, but we had to get him from Canton at twelve dollars, with food and lodging. As soon as we have graduates of our own, we shall not need to import Catholic teachers from Canton, the language of which our boys hardly understand.

Seven more boys were measured for boy-scout suits. Another boy came from Mapo. He is unable to pay anything. Having no blanket, he has to sleep with a friend from the same town. Seventeen boarders are here now, and more expected. We do not know how we can pay the bills, but we must educate some, at least, of our fine Christian boys. We had to refuse three pagan boys, anxious to study in our school at reduced rates.

Help—Given and Desired

To raise money for church buildings in Chappo, the Christians invested five hundred dollars in rice fields.

Villagers of Cheungtinnam started to level off a plot for church and priest's residence. They are satisfied with half-pay. The cost to the mission is twenty-one dollars.

A delegation of five from as many families came for catechisms.

The five women catechists are still at the central station. Robbers are every day reported near their villages.

Deputation from village pleads for a woman catechist. The men are ready for baptism, but women's rights delay them till their wives and daughters and sisters are taught. This practice of baptizing families as units compels thought for others and safeguards the new Christians from pagan practices in their home life.

Wong A In, who for the last ten years of his forty has been teaching school, signed up to-day as our twenty-third catechist. He was immediately given charge of nearly one hundred catechumens in Cheunghung. The requests of at least fifteen other villages for catechists we cannot just now grant, but shall as soon as generous America enables us.

Household and Neighborhood

A neighbor kept our alley awake half the night, calling her lost pig.

The pea-pods we had for dinner to-day were delicious. To think of all the tender pods thrown out in America, and the labor wasted in shelling peas!

The Mission made an old man and his wife happy by adopting them at a cost of thirty-six dollars a year.

Two kind neighbors offered their land and mud-brick houses for five hundred dollars each. One had been demanding eight hundred and the other had flatly refused to sell.

No two clocks in Yeungkong agree, and all good citizens say the telegraph office never knows the right time. The sundial of a pagan priest was appealed to, but the committee of three could not agree upon the reading. By splitting differences, our official time went back an hour.

We bless *Maria Circle, Big Six*, of Pittsburgh these days. Their bandages are all the rage, easing sprained fingers and sorely disabled feet, and their fruit and cakes and nuts and candies make us pity Maryknollers in the homeland. If you have a sweet tooth, come to the missions and *Maria Circles* will do the rest.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

More on the School Question

We hope to get even better results from our school than parochial schools at home can show, for our boys, living here, are kept in a strictly Catholic atmosphere from one end of the year to the other. Their life is spent between dormitory, class, chapel, refectory and playground, with a priest as companion of them all. This, in America, would tend to make them hot-house plants, but here it means that they are transplanted from the thoroughly godless atmosphere of a pagan environment into the sunny, healthy life of Catholics.

We of America know the value of the parochial school and need no further argument in its favor. It is a parochial school we are starting in Yeungkong, but it must take the

1. Buildings donated by Christians of Taishap for chapel and school
2. Fathers Hodgins and Ford with the pupils of Saint Thomas' School, Yeungkong
3. Site of the proposed chapel and school at Chiklung

HOPEFUL SIGNS IN THE YEUNGKONG SECTION

form of a boarding-school—and boys have appetites. The food bill, happily, is light. Two meals a day of rice and vegetables cost simply seven cents. On Thursday and Sunday we add two cents more for meat and fruit, and this fare is far better than the meals the boys would have at home. With twenty-five dollars a boy per year, we can make the school a success financially. However, were the boys to eat at home, they would cost their parents only twelve dollars a year, for a mouth more or less at home costs little. So, to bring the school fee within reach of the parents' purse, we charge the Catholic boys simply twelve dollars a year.

We opened with twenty boys selected from the villages. The number was limited because of the deficit in our treasury. If we wish to make the school self-supporting we have only to admit pagan boys at thirty-six a year. As soon as the school was talked about, even before its opening, we had three applicants from pagan families, but we decided for this first term to limit admission to Catholics. The course is spread over seven years, in close imitation of the Government School system here; but with supervised study periods, more regular life, and an earlier introduction to English, the graduates should be better equipped for their life work.

So far the school has only begun, and has little to show. Even the aim in view may seem too costly. But we have been assured by the Scheut Fathers (Belgian), whose condition is parallel to ours in that they were placed in a new region without Catholic traditions, that their success to-day is directly due to the long and costly preparation of their catechists. Twenty years ago their people were uninstructed. The education of a catechist from boyhood on was looking far into the future, but they tried it, and now the village schools, staffed by the graduates from their training-school, have shown the worth of solid and long training. The Government has actually commended their schools as superior to the public ones. We here are handicapped for lack of catechists and teachers. Out of our Catholic population of five hundred there are not ten available as teachers. This is inevitable in the first generation of converts, especially in a farming region, but the want will not remedy itself

without some attempt at training a body of better-instructed men for the position.

A school building large enough to house fifty boys, is a need that must be faced next year. Our present budget calls for two-hundred-fifty dollars for this year's school, limited as it is to twenty because of lack of room for more. They sleep at present along the walls and in the center of the room, three bunks high, like steerage immigrants. Of course the boys enjoy climbing to their bunks at night and might regret a roomier dormitory. We could buy the house next door for five hundred dollars. It would accommodate on the same plan thirty boys more. But we shall not worry about it just now, nor when the time comes, for the school is evidently needed and God always takes care of our pressing needs.

The Poverty of China

I have sometimes wondered if those who have not lived in China appreciate the condition of the average Chinese. Americans especially, whose standard of living is perhaps higher than elsewhere in the world, are apt to stage the scene of daily life in China in a setting decked with paper lanterns and quaintly attractive manners. In this city of thirty thousand population the average carpenter's wage is forty cents a day. This rate, as far as I have had experience, is equally that of a mason, a bricklayer, and similar tradesmen; and they are not by any means the poorest paid. For this average "middle" class, it takes two days' wages to buy a pair of shoes for one child, fifteen days' wages to buy a suit of clothes for a man, a day's wage to buy a chicken. Such luxuries as milk are out of the question. Canned milk would cost one day's wage and more per tin. Stockings cost a half-day's pay. Even rice, the staple food, is dear; each hour's work earns enough for one hungry mouth.

Translate these into terms of American wages and they are out of all proportion, even on the pre-war scale. What is the result in China? Mothers with nursing infants must work as water or stone carriers; children help in their tender years by weaving baskets or foraging for fuel; the average

boy gets a year or two at school, the average girl gets less; babies are sold by thousands annually; and a system of slavery is prevalent.

All this sounds pessimistic, and in the Western world such conditions would quickly breed discontent, but China seems to smile through it all. The natives are a hardy race and survive the cold winds, and lack of clothing, and bare feet, and work that calls for long daylight hours ankle-deep in the cold water of ricefields. Indeed, the average Chinese is more often happy and smiling than otherwise, and a laugh is half his conversation. Class distinction here is based on age and education rather than on wealth; a scholar's robe, no matter how patched and weatherbeaten it may be, commands respect, and in the councils of the village a white beard denotes the arbiter of disputes.

First City Catechumens

The presence of a priest in the city has begun to have its effects. Up to now we have had three solitary *city* men as Catholics. Last year we baptized the family of one. Now we have six families under instruction, besides eight individuals whose families may come later. Of course this is not equal to the *village* experiences, where one Catholic soon means an entire village under instruction. Good pastures are not grown in city plots; the dust of a city's commerce produces only a rare, scrawny flower. But city folk once attracted are easily taught, for they can read and write. I don't know whether it is Father Vogel's smiles or Father Hodgins' daily walks which advertise the Mission, but an increase is noticeable. Especially is this so in the chapel. We have kneeling capacity for a hundred, but seats for only forty, so the Chinese bird must hop to church very lively to find a worm-eaten bench to sit on. Happily, the Chinese are patient and inventive enough to fetch boxes and boards as improvised seats, but the appearance of the chapel suffers.

Making the Best of It

Twelve benches would cost only forty-eight dollars and we should not hesitate at ordering them—indeed, we

haven't. But, once the pews look decent, they will shame the rickety altar rail, the altar, the walls and windows, and even the cracked floor. So, at council we decided, like Saint Francis of Assisi, to renovate the Lord's dwelling.

Two altar rails of painted wood will cost twenty dollars; repairs on the windows, and several panes of glass, call for eight dollars more; leveling of the sunken spots in the floor and new tiles, a bill of five dollars; whitewashing the walls, four dollars; three new beams in the roof, thirty dollars; twelve new benches, forty-eight dollars; and painting the old ones, twelve dollars.

As for the altar, it is well made and will stand without jarring another year or so, but the white ants have made it merely a thin shell of shellac. Every time the tabernacle door is opened a light shower of wood-dust shows that the ants are still on the job. If any "personal gifts" come our way we shall devote them to the white ants, as it is somewhat of a luxury here to say Mass in a decent chapel. There is not much hope of buying a new altar this year— it would cost fifty dollars and far as appearance goes the old one looks as good as new, especially if we could afford some tall candlesticks. Thanks to our Scranton and Hongkong friends, the tabernacle is lined with silk and the altar is neatly linened.

FRANCIS X. FORD

Catechist Activity

We examined and appointed a catechist for Taishap, whither he and a village committee walked, a distance of eighteen miles. He is an ex-school teacher, and sixty-three years old.

The village of *Mosquito Water*, the most northern spot in the Yeungkong mission, has about thirty families and all desire instruction. The robbers are least in check there, however, and it is not considered safe for a woman catechist, though to-day's delegation said they could take one through safely.

Our twenty-first catechist joined us. He is *Pang Ah Sing*, a tall youth of twenty-three who studied for several years

under Father Lou, a Chinese priest formerly in charge of this station. All the men and boys of the twenty families of Chenchukong will be trained by him. Two families in the adjoining village of over one hundred families wish to be taught.

Our second catechist for the western section of the Yeungkong mission set out for "Back Bay" to instruct sixteen boys and ten men of the clan *McHugh*. He is not a member of that family, which has produced no scholars as yet, but he is *Little Hing* of the Hongs, an ex-schoolmaster whose length of beard evidences his sixty-seven years.

The Daily Round

Yeungkong is getting up in the world and now has a postman to bring mail to the door.

Having received word that the run on our bank in Hongkong was a false alarm, we had the carpenter begin work on twenty cribs for abandoned tots. The cribs are so built that they can be taken apart for cleaning. We had to regulate the time when Christians could come for their pro-rata share of the shavings and chips from this work, as too frequent visits were delaying the job.

The contract was signed for purchase at five hundred dollars of a small pond that has to be filled in, and some land around and behind the alley temple near our house. At present we have not the means to buy the land absolutely needed for permanent homes for the aged, the orphans, the schools, and the Sisters, not to mention future growth that would demand catechumenates and a hospital.

A Pakwan citizen walked in to tell us that soldiers have been occupying church property there, and have used kneeling benches, tables, and everything burnable, for firewood.

The infirmarian treated patients for running ear, sleeplessness, and black-and-blue leg, but he sent to the Protestant doctor a boy whose teeth were visible in spots which are usually covered by the gums.

The Mandarin sent a herald to crowds of men engaged in stone fights, but they paid no attention to his requests. There seemed to be no hard feeling among the combatants,

and they and the spectators laughed throughout the battles. Some Chinese acrobats stopped the stone flinging for a time by going through fantastic motions and fighting imaginary enemies.

Our alley temple is well-lighted these nights. On the altar the central figure is a smiling, white-bearded old man; the smaller figure on his left, a woman; and that on his right, a man with a mustache. Not one has Chinese features. Several local elders say no one now remembers what the statues represent. A larger temple near-by they know by name, but do not know what the name means. A well-dressed native watched the alley temple while we were there, and for an hour later.

Walked to Mapo (*Horse Idol*) in about an hour and a half, and visited our "wealthiest" Christian. He is rich in sweet potato lands, and has a kiln that burns twenty thousand tiles every few weeks. Good tiles bring about a dollar a thousand, and half a dozen potatoes, if good, as much as a cent. Potatoes and tiles apparently were not good lately, as the owner is badly in need of a pair of Chinese trousers and his wife has had to go barefoot many a year. We blessed the buildings of the family of thirty, and had a dinner of rice, pigs' feet, bits of chicken, and tea. The signs in the guest and family prayer-room contrasted the Ten Commandments with the three great evils, and asserted that the world, the flesh, and the devil are to be fought with the ten weapons,—the Commandments.

A Yeungkonger came to tell of his father in a distant village, who fell and sprained his wrist. In ten hours of heavy rain the son walked back thirty-six miles with a native remedy bought in Yeungkong.

School Notes

An orphan boy who tends buffaloes a few miles from us heard of the school, and asked us whether any arrangement could be made to give him a schooling.

An old Christian brought a boy for the boarding school, but he was sent back to the village, as our school treasury cannot stand the shock of even one more.

A pagan youth from a near-by village came with his mother to ask about our school.

Two of the boys petitioned for shoes to be worn on Sunday; they are willing to give up the comfort of bare feet one day of the week. We fear they may get luxurious habits at our school.

A new boy began to shout his lessons in our day school. The local medicine man claims that the Chinese habit of studying aloud, especially in the very high tones of the Yeungkonese, prepares the way for consumption of the throat; and others think that here we have the reason why Chinese rarely succeed with Western music.

We divided among the seventeen boarders half a bar of *Ivory Soap*, an adjunct of civilization that many used for the first time. All told, the pupils in Saint Thomas' School number just fifty, and other applicants are being told to try again in September, when our good ship may bring enough to continue and extend our attempt to educate Catholic children in the Yeungkong section. Saint Thomas' is the central attraction, to which our brighter boys come from the chain of village schools our catechists maintain. We are trying to get uniformity in methods and grading and books, as desired by China's Board of Education. It is not an unusual thing to have to refuse, as we did, a Christian widow's offer of her sixteen-year-old boy to the Mission. She cannot clothe him and was hoping we had the means to educate him in our boarding-school.

Missioners on the Wing

Fathers Vogel and Ford left for a visitation of the northern towns of the Yeungkong section, hoping to visit ten towns in about two weeks.

Coolies brought word from Taipat, a market-town, that in that neighborhood bandits and soldiers are fighting and houses are burning. The outlaws, after killing twenty soldiers, retreated towards the west, and the Fathers had to postpone visits to three stations in that direction. Taipat is ready for a combination school and chapel, but the only

available building is a shop of seven rooms, for which we should have to pay sixty dollars a year.

Fathers Ford and Vogel inspected our newly opened school at *Level Mount*, and its ten boys. Seven men study there at night, but the women use one of the houses for catechism class.

The missioners baptized sixteen adults at Taishap. There the Christians desire to give a site approved by the Fathers for a chapel, but we cannot accept it, as three hundred dollars are needed to build. Twenty-four fine boys attend the school.

At Shekhang our missioners had four baptisms and six Communions. All of the sixty villagers are Catholics except seven. The Fathers are reported to be doing well on native food without touching the rice wine or whiskey that every host supplies.

A wretchedly poor hamlet, Chenchukong, sheltered Fathers Ford and Vogel from the rain after a twelve-mile walk. 'Twas the first sight of a priest in seven years. Only ten of the thirty baptized many years ago remain, but twelve boys will go to our school which is to be opened soon.

After hiring a teacher for our twenty-six students of Chashan, the two missioners walked fourteen miles to Yeungkong in double quick time. Not because the bandits were after them, although that was why they shortened the trip, but in order to get their first meal of the day—dinner—at home. They looked tired and hungry, and did full justice to the fried peapods and eggs and black coffee. The expenses of the trip were nearly seven dollars.

Father Ford thought gratefully of kind-hearted America which enabled him to balance his accounts after paying the month's bills and salaries and items of charity to-day.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

The Gold-Brick Man

A friend told us he'd invested twenty-seven dollars, his savings for thirteen and a half years. And in what, pray? Yes, that was what he wished us to ask, as he was anxious

for us to examine a large nugget of gold he had just bought. We looked at the small rock through our sun-glasses, and knocked off a chunk with a hatchet, very thoughtfully sent from Maryknoll, New York, for some such purpose. After half an hour's careful examination (the conventions wouldn't have allowed less time) we solemnly announced that not all that glitters is worth twenty-seven dollars.

Others in the alley gave money to the same individual. We saw him later directing about twenty women who were hauling away what was unsold of the precious stuff. He was a farmer who had discovered a gold mine in his rice fields.

"May the next thunderbolt strike me dead," he said, "and the dread dragon hide my grave from my children, if this is not purest gold!"

We don't know how much the transaction netted, but the gold-brick artist left the town richer than when he entered and is no doubt making for another town with his innovation.

"Lingersoles" and Others

There is a craze here for timepieces, and the Arabic and Roman numerals have been learned by many of the natives so that they can tell time. It isn't of prime importance that the piece tell time, as just having the ornament is satisfaction enough. Some think we Maryknollers are partly to blame for the fad, for we have a great variety of *Lingersoles*, hardly any of which go, and the Catholic jeweler has encouraged the desire to have a decoration "like the Fathers'". One of us gave an old-timer that refused to do time to a bookman, who exchanged it for a still older watch that still ticked. One of our village schoolmasters invested four dollars in a "turnip" wound by an immense key, and the town is full of that kind. He said he needed it for his school, and the other catechists would now like to follow in his footsteps.

The Vote in Yeungkong

The pagan schools and the Protestant had a free day in honor of the inauguration of Doctor Sun,who has

been elected the President of at least one province of China,—that of Kwangtung, in which we live. He would like the other Southern provinces to recognize him, which they, especially Kwangsi, are not disposed to do. China at present cannot be called a united China, and were there a plebiscite, it looks as if the majority of the provinces would set up independent governments. Most of the people have no interest in government at all, and, if they had no officials, would follow the old customs that have always guided them and their forefathers. At present in Yeungkong the voting qualifications exclude the great majority and grant the vote only to graduates of a higher school or those possessed of five hundred dollars in some kind of property. We asked some of these qualified whether they ever cast a ballot, and their answer was "Never," because they had never heard of a time or place to vote. Hence, although the schools had a parade for Doctor Sun, the mass of the people weren't interested.

The Devil Woman

Right next door a woman has taken a lease, plastered the house, and started a rushing business in fortune-telling out in the back yard. We can see and hear everything from our porch. She uses no wooden fish, cymbal, rattle, or other Taoist instrument. She just takes a sup of tea and a bowl of rice mixed with fish and garlic and pig fat, puffs at an ordinary pipe, and gets down to cases. The pagans call her the devil-woman. Father Hui, who ought to know, says it's the first public performance he has ever seen.

A woman (there were about thirty on opening day) makes an offering of a small basket of rice with a string of money on top. The pagan who boards in the same house says she charges sixty cents because she is so clever and wealthy. At any rate, the money secured, the performer half closes her eyes and makes indistinct and low sounds, not in any way cheerful, and then a rumble is heard. A ventriloquist might produce it, trying to imitate some animal, such as the unicorn, that he had never heard. The loud rumble means that the devil is at hand and questions are in

order. The answers are chanted in a clear and not unpleasant voice by the possessed woman. Frequently a reply is refused, and sometimes another answer is demanded by a questioner, who claims the first one is contrary to fact or impossible. Though ordinarily the women laugh at much of the dialogue, they do seem a little frightened at messages alleged to come from the dead.

We asked the husband of one woman why the men allowed their wives and daughters to attend, since the heads of the family have no belief in the power of the devil-woman. He said it was the one recreation that the women have. He added that, in invoking the evil spirit, they thought only of the interest of the family, and that the women would be grateful to the father of lies if he made their children wealthy.

The devil-woman was sick for a few days. Women came to have their fortunes told, or commune with dead relatives, and she let them go away with their offerings. Of course, it may be that she thought she had made enough money for a while, but she looked as if she couldn't produce the groans and rumblings and chant that, as the devil's agent, she has to continue for about fifteen minutes in each case. When the rain let up she leaned against a tree and held her head. Her thin, bloodless face and tired eyes and listless ways gave the impression of nerve strain and sleeplessness. Her business is not all clover, even from the natural viewpoint. But the yard in which her mat-shed stands is, in contrast, bright with trees and bushes and a beautiful vine that appears to grow out of a large and costly porcelain jar.

Rainy-Day Styles

We are certainly having heavier rains than usual. Every one of our roofs leaked to-day, and one got so "weak in the knees" that it caved in. We stayed in all day, but our neighbors are out with umbrellas that look American but are made for much less money in Japan. The picturesque ones of other days, with bright colors and straw-like material, are less often seen now. Under the umbrella the men wear heavy straw hats at least three feet in diameter, even larger than the wonderful helmets worn by the women.

The boys that tend the cattle have a good backstop. It is shaped like a back of a monster turtle and protects the body from head to foot. The soldiers got out their new oilskin coats for the first time. Everybody makes sure of not getting very wet by leaving most of his garments at home, and no one is disposed to grumble at the rain.

Yeungkong Trades

In our congregation are carpenters, watchmakers, brass-workers, and pig-skin-box-makers. Yeungkong does a big business in brass knives and scissors, and we get our Christians many orders from Hongkong. The goods can be made much more cheaply than in the United States and they would make a sensible novelty. Our town is still more famous for its pig-skin boxes, which it exports to Canton. One can get the real pig-skin, but the imitation ones made of bamboo paper are almost as good and cheaper. They are lacquered and withstand white ant and mold and moisture. Our sacristy boxes for altar-breads are of this make and are handsomely finished with a *Chi Rho* design.

Too Much Matrimony

We have a rich man in our alley, and just now he thinks Lazarus or any single man blessed. We know he has money and eats plenty, for he has two houses on opposites sides of the street and two households, in entire accord with each other but not with him. One of his establishments is so magnificent with mud-brick houses that cover much ground that we dreamt of getting it for our school some day, but the price—fifteen thousand—is prohibitive. Just now the owner is not so proud of his riches and of his ability to support two wives. They are shouting their loudest to a crowd gathered in the alley, and the husband dares not appear.

His offense was that he so far forgot himself as to forbid his two the gossip of the alley. Their bitter tears and harangues have gained the people, and the wretch almost wishes his wealth did not require that he be burdened with two women. He has called in our catechist to make peace.

One of the pagans told us the wives began their public attack on a lucky day, according to the local calendar, for exposing evil-doers.

"The Young Intellectuals"

A delegation of pagan students called, but not about the Faith. Some wished us to buy them films, and others were getting our expert opinion upon the value of two bottles of phosphates, one English make, the other American, one of which they wanted to buy from the local druggist. Then they betook themselves to the Protestant camp to get other opinions and practice English. Here, as in America, are some who are broadminded enough, so to speak, to get their winter coal supply from all societies, Saint Vincent de Paul, Salvation Army, United Charities, and others.

Met a public school teacher, a pleasant young man who was baptized a Catholic before he was able to talk. He has no faith now. Through the period of his education at the Protestant school in town, and then at the Protestant college in Canton, out of gratitude he manifested an interest in Protestantism. He lost even that hold on Christianity as soon as he got his public school appointment.

Grandmothers

We accepted three applicants for the grandmothers' home. Eleven applied, but only three were over sixty, and they certainly needed help, not having a relative or friend. One more we would have taken, had funds allowed, is a pagan widow of a Christian, who lives at present in a temple and begs her food. The Protestants in town have no charity such as our little refuge for the old.

A June Visitor

A ray of welcome sunshine helped us welcome Father Hui, a Chinese priest of this section, who has a reputation for learning. He lived up to his reputation, for he understood our Chinese as well as our Latin. Most of the native priests in our vicariate are Hakka, but Father Hui is pure Cantonese. He admitted that when the Yeungkongese speak

fast he catches only snatches, such is the difference in idioms, sounds, and tones. He is on his way back from a retreat for native clergy, given in Latin by the Bishop, and the latter gladly consented to his visit to impress the oneness of the Church on our people and to encourage vocations to the priesthood— already three in number here, with others as possibilities.

Father Hui is no beauty, though his long untrimmed mustaches make one forget he is so short and stout. Like all the native clergy in our section, his dress and appearance are those of any pagan gentlemen. This gives greater freedom in mission work. He lives more simply, however, than do most Chinese of the high classes, his meals costing him five cents each, and his boy earns part of his salary as the village tailor. The rice wine (or any kind, for that matter), which every native gentleman owes to his station, he never touches. He says he has weak eyes but a strong stomach, and Saint Paul's advice doesn't apply.

Father Hui delivered one of his solidly spiritual sermons on the Church's oneness despite its spread among all peoples and in all lands. His was the last Mass, six in the morning, not eleven. Every Catholic and catechumen was at Mass, because now the catechist visits as many as possible on Saturday night and reminds them of Sunday. Not a person can be found in bed after dawn on Sunday, that being a day not of rest but of work like other days. (Of course everybody goes to bed at dusk, as there are no "movies" or other attractions; the sun has power to drive even sluggards out to enjoy the best time of day; then, too, the springless beds, though one becomes reconciled to no mattress over the boards, never completely gain one's affections.) Of the twenty-five communicants, twelve were schoolboys, the others at our school being pagans.

Father Hui had to leave us suddenly, as by delaying he would be prevented from getting away for some time. The soldiers are commandeering all boats for the next few weeks. About five thousand will pass through Yeungkong in a round-about campaign against Kwangsi.

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

Small black triangles indicate

THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS IN CHINA, 1921

THE MOTHER-MISSION

American Catholic Mission,
Yeungkong, August, 1921.

Father Ford and the writer have just paid a visit to West Yeungkong. This is the prefecture, not the city. Hitherto, missioners have passed through this section and made some converts. Twenty-five years ago Sanhui, the most western market, had about one hundred Christians; but since then robbers and hard times and deaths and emigration to Singapore have reduced the Christians to a handful. The French and Chinese priests stationed intermittently at Yeungkong, and, in the last few years, the Maryknollers, have not neglected West Yeungkong; but the conclusion, reached by all was that the most pressing need was for a resident priest. After November, therefore, with Chiklung as center, the writer will make his home there,—the first white man to do so.*

ANTHONY P. HODGINS

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* Six months later a cablegram received at Maryknoll, New York, announced the death of Father Hodgins.

While in his mission, and away from proper medical care, he had contracted pneumonia. Officials of the Standard Oil Company kindly sent a small steamer to take him to Hongkong, and the voyage was completed safely. But the young priest's power of resistance had been too much weakened, and after a few days in the hospital he succumbed—on May 23, 1922.

Father Hodgins was fully conscious to the end, and happy to offer his life to God. His oblation has already borne much spiritual fruit in the Maryknoll Mission.

INDEX

Americans in Far East, *laity*, 8, 21, 47, 70, 133, 178, 276, 278, 285, 286, 294, 318; *missioners*, ix, xv, xvi, 3, 5, 8, 12, 14, 24, 36, 39, 46, 58, 131, 164, 241, 250, 336.
Assignments of Maryknoll missioners, xv, 115, 148, 182, 233, 273, 297.
Asylums (see also "Orphanages"), 33, 42, 49, 270, 307, 341, 357.
Augustinians, 39, 44.
Australia, 101.
Australians in Far East, *laity*, 275.

Babies, baptism of, 33, 42, 52, 86, 194, 243, 248, 249, 338. (For adult baptisms, see "Conversions".)
Babies, disposal of, 49, 66, 85, 86, 142, 192, 204, 310, 311, 320, 338, 347.
Baltimore, Maryland, 12, 265.
Banditry, 34, 35, 36, 53, 73, 85, 95, 108, 112, 117, 143, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 206, 234, 235, 241, 248, 249, 250, 284, 285, 301, 311, 323, 324, 343, 348, 359.
Beaulieu, Fr., 28.
Belgians in Far East, *missioners*, 43, 345.
Benedictines, 29.
Berlioz, Bishop, 14, 15, 16, 20.
Boats in China, 53, 55, 57, 59, 61, 67, 85, 116, 118, 132, 207, 226, 233, 244, 249, 283, 299, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316.
Boston, Massachusetts, 265.
Brooklyn, New York, xvi, 265.
Brothers, *Christian*, 44; *Brothers of Mary*, 12, 17, 18, 24, 30 266; *Little Brothers of Mary*, 47, 180, 268; *Society of the Divine Word*, 35, 36.
Burma, 156.

Cambridge, Massachusetts, 143.
Canadians in Far East, *missioners*, 38, 46.
Canton, 9, 19, 46–56, 58, 74, 75, 87, 95, 114, 116, 147, 152, 165, 178–181, 203, 208, 211, 230, 233, 272, 286, 287.
Catechists, 29, 42, 49, 54, 58, 64, 68, 76, 77, 81, 91, 92, 93, 94, 102, 106, 107, 111, 113, 124, 128, 129, 133, 134, 135, 136, 140, 141, 144, 159, 171, 193, 195, 196, 199, 205, 206, 212, 216, 217, 219, 220, 221, 237, 244, 246, 247, 248, 258, 294, 297, 302, 303, 305, 307, 317, 330, 334, 343, 345, 348, 349.
Catechumens, 33, 71, 75, 92, 93, 94, 102, 107, 110, 129, 134, 141, 151, 190, 192, 193, 195, 196, 199, 205, 252, 258, 292, 294, 302, 307, 322, 342, 343, 347, 349, 352, 358.
Cathedral College, New York, xvi.
Catholic ceremonies, 40, 44, 64, 65, 76, 108, 110, 111, 199, 215, 224, 230, 238, 239, 260, 279, 326, 327.
Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America (see also "Maryknoll"), xv, 176.
Cemeteries in China, 48, 65, 98, 166, 168, 238.
Chanlung, 131, 212, 225, 226.
Chashan, 110, 237, 259, 352.
Chausse, Bishop, 194.
Cheungtinnam, 108–110, 157, 239, 258.
Chicago, Illinois, 295.
Chiklung, 152, 244, 359.
China, xv, 8, 9, 32–38, 40–172, 177–262, 267–359.
Chinese in America, 43, 74, 295, 296.
Chinese in France, 163, 197, 255.
Chinese language, 12, 36, 45, 46, 47, 51, 65, 67, 71, 72, 92, 99, 115, 120, 121, 125, 127, 128, 146, 147, 158, 179, 186, 188, 189, 203, 212, 213, 215, 227, 240, 253, 254, 282, 283, 287, 338, 340, 341, 357, 358.
Chinese traits, 7, 8, 34, 44, 48, 52, 70, 84, 96, 97, 112, 140, 143, 155, 157, 164, 221, 230, 239, 255, 280, 310, 314, 329, 350.
Church buildings, 11, 19, 22, 27, 34, 41, 69, 71, 83, 84, 92, 94, 104, 105, 109, 110, 121, 123, 142, 179, 185, 193, 196, 214, 238, 239, 242, 245, 248, 251, 259, 298, 325, 343, 347, 348, 352.
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania (see also "Maryknoll in Scranton"), 3.

INDEX

Climate in China, 45, 83, 89, 100, 123, 126, 196, 202, 204, 214, 224, 355, 356.
Columbus, Indiana, 175.
Combaz, Bishop, 24.
Confucianism, 34, 36, 76, 98, 248, 304.
Conversions, 33, 55, 64, 73, 76, 84, 92, 158, 194, 210, 215, 228, 259, 261, 275, 279, 286, 302, 306, 324, 347, 352.
Cost of living in China, 70, 101, 121, 193, 222, 252, 344, 345, 352.
Cumberland Maryland, xvi, 182, 195, 286.

Dayton, Ohio, 24.
De Bretenieres, Just, 26, 28.
De Carvalho, Bishop, 16.
De Guebriant, Bishop, 9, 53, 55, 62, 68, 72, 92, 94, 114, 115, 144, 166, 168, 182, 197, 232, 274, 321.
Delegate, Apostolic, see "Fumasoni-Biondi, Archbishop".
Demange, Bishop, 26.
Departures of Maryknoll missioners, xv, xvi, 3–7, 175, 176, 265.
Des Moines, Iowa, xvi.
Dietz, Fr., 265–272, 276–278, 280–283, 286–293.
Dispensaries, see "Medical Mission Work, Catholic".
Dorie, Henri, 26, 28.
Ducoeur, Bishop, 274, 295.
Dunn, Bishop, 4, 6, 28.
Dutch in Far East, *missioners*, 24.

Education, see "Schools".
English language, 15, 19, 28, 36, 41, 47, 154, 162, 179, 339, 357.
Europeans in Far East, *laity*, 8, 10, 38, 47, 178, 276, 277, 289, 303.

Farley, Cardinal, 4.
Ford, Fr., 7–8, 10–29, 30–33, 35–40, 68–72, 82–86, 103–112, 149–168, 237–262, 272–273, 338–341, 344–348.
Foreign missioners, need of, 3, 10, 34, 42, 71.
Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, 5.
Fourquet, Bishop, 208.
French in Far East, *missioners*, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, 41, 44, 46, 47, 51, 52, 53, 58, 68, 122, 135, 156, 166, 170, 177, 179, 193, 226, 227, 266, 276, 283, 306, 321, 326.
Fumasoni-Biondi, Archbishop, ix.
Fusan, 25, 26.

Gauthier, Bishop, 45, 57, 62, 64, 65, 72, 73–77, 82, 90, 91, 110, 113, 114, 124, 136, 151, 184, 188, 192, 198, 205, 294.
Germans in Far East, *missioners*, 12, 34, 35, 36.
Gibbons, Cardinal, 170.
Gypsies, Chinese, 226–227.

Hanna, Archbishop, 7.
Henninghaus, Bishop, 34, 35, 36.
Hoban, Bishop, 3, 4, 176.
Hodgins, Fr., 341–344, 348–359.
Hongkong, xvi, 44–45, 67, 116, 147, 166, 168, 176, 271–272, 273, 359.
Honolulu, 176.
Hospitals, 27, 36, 42, 43, 45, 48, 167, 168, 272, 308, 309, 330, 349.
Hudson, New Jersey, 39.
Hurth, Bishop, 39.

India, 21, 156.
Indo-China, xv, 55, 156.
Industrial training in missions, 27, 29, 36, 41, 45, 66, 271, 341.
Irish in Far East, *missioners*, 41, 44, 49.
Italians in Far East, *missioners*, 166, 170, 273.

Japan, ix, xv, 4, 8, 9, 10–25, 29, 30, 152, 156, 176, 179, 253, 266–267.
Japanese language, 12, 13, 253.
Japanese traits, 12, 13, 14, 17, 20, 23, 267.
Jesuits, 11, 12, 15, 16, 30, 38, 39, 41, 43, 270, 284.

Kentucky, 65.
Knights of Columbus, 23, 24, 39, 265.
Kobe, 17, 20.
Kochow, 118, 119, 130, 144, 146, 148, 182, 184–205, 212, 226, 231, 244, 252, 273, 276, 304, 316, 317–336.
Kongmoon, 58, 74, 117, 166, 283.
Korea, xv, 9, 20, 25–31, 156, 253.
Korean traits, 27.
Kowloon, 44, 273.
Kwangsi, 233, 234, 274, 276, 286, 295, 296.
Kwangtung, xv, 73, 203, 233, 234, 274, 286, 295, 296.
Kyoto, 19.

INDEX

Lazarists, 24, 28, 33.
Leprosy, 54, 66, 71, 84, 86, 256, 297, 309.
Lo Pa Hong, 42, 268, 269, 270, 271.
Loting, 55, 71, 93, 94, 115, 120, 123, 129, 130, 134–147, 148, 182, 198, 201, 202, 203, 205, 206, 233, 234, 235, 273, 298, 299, 307, 310.
Lungwoh, 193, 194, 196, 321.

Macao, 132, 170.
Manchuria, xv, 32.
Manila, 38–40, 43, 44.
Manshui, 107, 108, 149, 257, 258, 348.
Maoming, 116, 124, 182, 195, 215.
Marriage in China, 90, 107, 129, 197, 216, 356.
Martyrs, 16, 20, 24, 25, 26, 28.
Maryknoll, ix, xv, xvi, 31; *on Hudson*, 3, 4–6, 175–176, 189, 215, 243; *in Scranton*, 3; *in San Francisco*, 6, 7, 176; *in China*, ix, xvi, 5, 9, 45, 53, 61–172, 181–262, 273–359.
McShane, Fr., 213–214, 307–315.
Medical mission work, *Catholic*, 8, 37, 49, 82, 88, 103, 187, 190, 193, 198, 205, 215, 225, 300, 301, 302, 307, 329, 330, 349.
Medical mission work, Protestant, see "Protestant missions".
Methods of missioners, 23, 24, 33, 36, 49, 93, 107, 145, 157, 220, 221, 258, 294, 329, 343, 345.
Meyer, Fr., 3–6, 40–45, 46–52, 53–56, 57–62, 63–64, 65–67, 81–82, 86–92, 95–98, 100–102, 113–115, 116–120, 121–126, 127–132, 171–172, 211–213, 214–236, 298-307, 336–337.
Milan Foreign Mission Society, 273.
Mission establishments, 26, 27, 33, 41, 63, 68, 83, 94, 97, 121, 142, 185, 192, 202, 209, 232, 275, 276, 280, 281, 283, 286, 294, 298, 333, 343, 349.
Muiluk, 132, 211, 250.
Mukden, 30, 32, 33.
Mutel, Bishop, 27, 28.

Nagasaki, 12, 17, 24, 25, 30.
Nagoya, 17, 18.
Namfootong, 187, 192, 196.
Namkonghau, 139, 299, 311.
Nanking, 37, 38.
Native clergy, *Chinese*, 48, 58, 117, 154–158, 183, 250, 349, 358, *Japanese*, 14, 15, 16; *Korean*, 28, 30.
Native Sisters, *Chinese*, 126; *Japanese*, 15, 30.
New York, 39, 139, 175.
North Carolina, xv, 100, 170.

Oberlin, Ohio, 265.
O'Doherty, Archbishop, 39, 40, 43.
Orphanages, 26, 27, 41, 45, 46, 48, 49, 52, 67, 71, 82, 103, 142, 191, 192, 198, 200, 204, 209, 307, 308, 309, 315, 338, 339, 342, 349.
Osaka, 18.
O'Shea, Fr., 176–181, 183–187, 191–192, 196–197, 199–205, 318–336.
Outremont, Canada, 46.

Pagan worship, 18, 19, 38, 48, 97, 110, 114, 117, 162, 180, 222, 228, 258, 267, 302, 303, 317, 350, 354, 355.
Pakkai, 283.
Pakwan, 82–85, 86, 105, 106, 256, 349.
Paris, Bishop, 38, 41.
Paris Foreign Mission Society, 9, 31, 38, 41, 44, 52, 53, 89, 166, 177.
Peking, 32, 33, 36, 152, 224, 284, 287, 294.
Pengkong, 91, 92, 244.
Persecutions, 15, 16, 26, 27, 74, 75, 306.
Petitnicolas, Fr., 28.
Petrelli, Msgr., 39, 40.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, 265, 344.
Philippine Islands, xv, 9, 39–40.
Pingnam, 275, 293, 297.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 265, 344.
Postal service in China, 145, 163, 224, 349.
Pozzoni, Bishop, 166, 168, 169, 170, 273.
Premonstratensians, 39.
Price, Fr., 29–30, 33–34, 62, 64–65, 67–68, 92–95, 102–103, 159, 163, 165–172.
Propositum, 4, 176.
Protestant missions, 8, 21, 25, 36, 38, 44, 48, 51, 58, 65, 67, 74, 82, 86, 87, 92, 93, 97, 106, 139, 143, 144, 153, 186, 197, 209, 251, 256, 257, 262, 266, 275, 276, 281, 288, 290, 293, 308, 325, 342, 349, 357.
Publications in missions, 11, 28, 29, 36, 39, 58.

Qualifications of missioners, 50, 51, 100, 101.

INDEX

Railroads in China, 37, 55, 156, 214, 233.
Reactive influence of missions, ix, 3.
Redemptorists, 39, 40.
Rhode Island, 43.

Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, 182.
Salem, Massachusetts, 147.
Salesian Fathers, 166.
Sancian Island, 21, 24, 60, 73.
Sanhui, 149, 245, 248, 317, 359.
San Francisco, xv, 6, 176, 208, 265.
Scheut Fathers, 43.
Schools in missions, 12, 15, 18, 26, 27, 29, 33, 41, 42, 47, 49, 73, 77, 82, 87, 88, 91, 92, 94, 104, 106, 109, 110, 111, 123, 130, 134, 137, 142, 144, 154, 157, 180, 185, 186, 192, 193, 195, 197, 198, 201, 206, 209, 217, 220, 230, 239, 248, 268, 284, 308, 339, 340, 342, 344, 345, 346, 350, 351, 352.
Scranton, Pennsylvania, 3, 4, 176, 265, 348.
Seminaries in missions, 14, 15, 26, 27, 28, 29, 33, 36, 155, 156, 169.
Sendai, 14–16.
Seoul, 20, 27–29.
Shameen, 179, 181.
Shanghai, 37, 38, 39, 40–43, 176, 177, 197, 268–273.
Shantung, 34.
Shekhang, 112, 259, 352.
Sheklung, 54.
Shuitung, 116, 201, 211, 233, 251, 316.
Sicawei, 41, 270.
Singapore, 249.
Singer Sewing Machine, 239.
Sisters, need of, 68, 102, 307, 308, 341.
Sisters, *Assumptionist*, 44; *Franciscan Missionaries of Mary*, 43, 272; *Helpers of the Holy Souls*, 38, 41; *Little Sisters of the Poor*, 49, 179, 309; *Maryknoll*, 5, 144, 198, 200, 209, 307, 308, 341; *of the Holy Ghost*, 34, 35, 37; *of the Immaculate Conception*, 46, 52, 54, 126, 130, 179, 309; *of Saint Maur*, 12; *of Saint Paul de Chartres*, 15, 27, 45, 169, 170, 315.
Society of the Divine Word, 33–37, 40.
Spanish in the Far East, *missioners*, 39, 170.
Standard Oil, 8, 59, 70, 106, 208, 276, 287, 294, 359.
Stuart, Iowa, xvi.
Support of missions, 37, 40, 54, 73, 82, 93, 94, 193, 200, 209, 220, 238, 239, 257, 295, 315, 326, 343, 352.
Sunyi, 55, 68, 93, 94, 115, 116, 128, 129, 131, 136.

Taikou, 26, 27.
Tinpak, 73, 76, 95, 149, 151, 234, 244, 245, 250, 252.
Tokyo, 10–14.
Tongking, 117.
Tsu, Mr. Nicholas, 43, 268, 269, 270, 271.
Tungchen, 94, 115, 116, 119–130, 182, 212–215, 222–230, 231, 232, 234, 273, 284, 285, 300–303, 305.
Tungon, 55, 115, 148, 198, 219.

United States, 101.
Urakami, 24, 25, 30.

Venard College, see "Maryknoll in Scranton".
Venard, Bl. Theophane, 117.

Wages in China, 47, 55, 66, 70, 92, 118, 121, 164, 346.
Walsh, Fr. J. E., 46, 52–53, 72–73, 99–100, 120–121, 126–127, 133–148, 171, 187–191, 192–196, 198–199, 200, 205–210, 274–276, 278–280, 284–285, 286, 294–297.
War, *civil in China*, 34, 35, 36, 51, 67, 73, 83, 84, 95, 152, 225, 233, 234, 261, 262, 276, 277, 282, 286, 287–293, 295–297, 300, 305, 317, 318–320, 329, 330–337, 358; *European*, xv, 3, 11, 16, 23, 36, 38, 46, 54, 70, 72.
Washington, District of Columbia, 43.
West River, 8, 57, 123, 139, 143, 207, 233, 234, 274, 276, 310.
Wiseman, Fr., 272, 316–318.
Woman, position of in China, 109, 162, 258, 303, 306, 307, 315, 327, 346.
Worcester, Massachusetts, 265.
Wuchow, 273, 274–281, 283, 286–297, 310, 313.

Xavier, Saint Francis, 12, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 60, 73, 278.

Yamaguchi, 20–24.
Yenchowfu, 33–37.
Yeungkong, 46, 53, 55, 58, 59, 61, 62–77, 81–115, 120, 123, 130, 149–165, 171, 180, 182, 198, 234, 237–262, 338–358.
Yokohama, 10, 11, 17.
Y. M. C. A., 11, 44, 51, 197.

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